THE

J: A: Brimmer's.

NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY

MAGAZINE;

COMPREHENDING

LITERATURE, MORALS,

AND

AMUSEMENT.

Inter cuncta leges, et percunctabere doctos,
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum.
Horace. Epist. 8. Lib. I.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1809
COPYRIGHT ENTRY

NUMBER I.

For APRIL, MAY & JUNE.

3 nos or vols.

BOSTON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

BY HOSEA SPRAGUE, NO. 44, MARLBORO' STREET.

1802.

C
9
19

AP2
.A2N45
2d set.

TO THE PUBLIC.

ALTHOUGH the literary periodical publications, which have lately iſſued from Boſton Preſſes have from various cauſes been diſcontinued, the Editors of the preſent undertaking have not been deterred from making a new attempt to deſerve and obtain patronage. They conceive, that the Inhabitants of New-England are willing and able to ſupport a Magazine, eaſy of attainment, comprehenſive and uſeful. Maſſachuſetts and the neighbouring ſtates do not compoſe the Beotia of America. The maſs of the people are enlightened, and in their leiſure hours addicted to reading. What has prevented literary publications from receiving merited encouragement, is not the *dulneſs* of the Public, but its purſuits and habits. Buſineſs and Politics have engroſſed moſt of their time; and during an intereſting European war, in which each of the belligerent parties have wanted the commercial aſſiſtance of our neutral and fertile nation, and each has had its partiſans among our citizens, it could not be expected that the ſilent charms of literature would attract the attention of our merchants and politicians, wholly engaged in the acquiſition of lucre, and contentions for the aſcendency of their party.

But the hope of rapid gain, and the conteſt for political power have at length in a great degree ceaſed to operate, and our citizens have leiſure now to enjoy the pleaſures of the Muſes. The din of war and the buſtle of buſineſs are over; the regularity of gradual accumulation and the ſtillneſs of peaceful employment have ſucceeded.

We hope this opportunity will be improved. It is only in calms, like the preſent, that a country can advance in literature. Science will not be ſtationary; if ſhe is not brought forward, ſhe will recede. We conceive it, therefore, peculiarly incumbent on us at the preſent time to encourage the means of diffuſing knowledge. The late war in Europe, while it has withdrawn our attention from ſcientific purſuits, has brought ſufficient affluence into our country to enable it to riſe to a higher grade in the ſcale of national literature. The United States are more advanced in wealth and political power, than in the arts and ſciences. It is time that the attention of the people ſhould be called to this ſubject. In a republic ignorance is the worſt of evils. To prevent political deception, the people muſt be enlightened. Let then every method be adopted, that will contribute to the diffuſion of knowledge, and the promotion of ſcience; let no opportunity, that is eaſy to be embraced, and may be effectual, paſs unimproved.

The Editors offer their ſervices to the public. They think their plan is calculated to circulate knowledge upon every ſubject, ſaving *Politics*, which they entirely diſcard from their Numbers. There are political publications enough in our country. It is our attention to confine ourſelves wholly to literature, morals, and amuſement. The preſent Number is offered chiefly as a *Proſpectus* of the manner, in which future Numbers will be conducted. It was not intended to be an accurate ſpecimen of our future publications, although we flatter ourſelves that few will riſe from reading it without being amuſed and inſtructed.

Our Publications will be large for a work of this kind, and will be iſſued but once a Quarter. They are intended to be companions in leiſure hours; they may lie upon the table, the ſhelf, or the counter, and taken up when opportunity or inclination renders reading pleaſant.

In ſome of the Southern States literary periodical publications are handſomely ſupported. Why are they not in New-England? Are the inhabitants of the latter more illiterate than thoſe of the former? Are they more deficient in genius? Are they more engaged in diſſipation of time and fortune? Or are they more parſimonious? We believe we may ſafely anſwer in the negative each of theſe interrogatories. Why then have not literary publications ſucceeded here? The only reply, perhaps, is becauſe the inhabitants of New England are more engaged in buſineſs. But is New England to be engaged ſolely in agriculture and commerce? Are we to have no literature? Are we to reſemble Thebans and Dutchmen? Forbid it, ye who are intereſted for the honor of New England; Let it not be ſaid, that New England, which is ſuperior to other parts of the United States in other points of compariſon, is inferior in the moſt honorable reſpect, in literature and the arts and ſciences.

And what ſpecies of publication is more calculated to excite a taſte for literature, diffuſe knowledge among the people, or communicate a greater variety of amuſement and inſtruction, than a Magazine, cheap, comprehenſive, and well conducted? If none; then let one be encouraged which, it is intended, ſhall embrace whatever is important in ſcience, correct in morals, uſeful in education, entertaining in miſcellany, pleaſing in poetry and intereſting in literature.

Boſton, July 1, 1802.

CONTENTS.

PHILOSOPHY.

CURSORY VIEW of Philoſophical Improvements in different branches of Science, ... Page 1
Count Morozzo and F. Van Humbolt on Atmoſpheric Air, . 12
On Perkinſiſm, or the Metalic Tractors of Dr. Perkins, . . 15
The different properties of Metal and Wooden Springs, . . 16
On the Mode of Dreſs moſt conducive to the health of the Body, . 16
Superiority of the Northern Hemiſphere over the Southern, . . 21
Concluſion of Adam's Lectures on Natural & Experimental Philoſophy, 23

NATURAL HISTORY.

On Natural Hiſtory, ... 25
Of Animals, ... 27
The Art of Prolonging Life, ... 36
On the Phoſphorence of the Fire Fly, ... 40
Natural Hiſtory of the Oſtrich, ... 42
Natural Hiſtory of the Pelican, ... 44

BIOGRAPHY.

On Biography, ... 46
Character of Alexander the Great, ... 47
Account of Copernicus, the Diſcoverer of the Solar Syſtem, . 48
Lord Coke, ... 50
Deſcartes, ... 50
Grotius, ... 52
Lope de Vega, the Spaniſh Poet, ... 54
Sir Thomas More, ... 55
Rochefocault, Author of the celebrated Maxims, . . 56
Cardinel De Retz, ... 56
Locke, the celebrated Metaphyſician, ... 58
Bolingbroke, ... 60
Boſſuet, the celebrated French Divine, ... 60
Boileau, ... 63
Voltaire, ... 64
D'Alembert, ... 65
Frederick the Great, ... 67
George Alexander Steevens, Author of Lecture upon Heads, . 68
Dr. Adam Smith, ... 71
Life of Zimmerman, Author of Treatiſe on Solitude . . . 72
Sir Joſhua Reynolds, ... 77
Characteriſtical Traits of Quin, the Comedian, . . 80
Lord Mansfield, ... 82
Lords Chatham and Holland, ... 84

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY. Page

Madame De Sevigné, ... 84
Charlotte Corday, ... 85
Memoirs of Miſs Hannah More, ... 86
Miſs Sophia Lee, Authoreſs of Chapter of Accidents, &c. . 91

MORALS AND CONDUCT OF LIFE.

Falſity of the new-fangled Philoſophy, . . 95
On Virtue, ... 101
On Pleaſure, ... 102
On Politeneſs, ... 105
On Strength of Character, ... 109
On Cheap Pleaſures, ... 112
The Art of Thinking, ... 117
How much we ſhould regard the opinion of the World, . 124
Correct idea of the value of Poſthumous Fame, . . 127
Practical Obſervations on Habit, ... 129

EDUCATION.

Of the Mode of Education proper in a Republic, . . 133
Of Awakening the Mind, ... 139
The neceſſity of cultivating the Diſpoſitions of Children, . 141
Dr. Ruſh's Toughts upon Female Education, . . 146
The Comparative Value of different Studies, . . 153
On Female Accompliſhments, ... 162
On Knowledge of the World, ... 168
On Acquirements, ... 170
Novel-Reading n cauſe of Female Depravity, . . 172

CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Examination of Popes Eſſay on Criticiſm, . . 175
Criticiſm on Virgil, ... 182
——— *Horace,* 185
Literary Character of Pope, ... 189
Character of Gray as a Poet, ... 190
Criticiſm on Joan of Arc, an Epic Poem, . . 191
The Drama of the Seventeenth Century, . . . 192
Dr. Darwin's Botanic Garden. 193
On Godwin's Political Juſtice, ... 194
Goldſmith's Edwin and Angelina—a Plagiariſm, . . 197

BOSTON REVIEW.

Atala, or the Loves of two Savages in a Deſert, . . 201
Letters of Shaheoolen, a Hindu Philoſopher, . . 203
Gardiner's Sermon at the Ordination of Mr. Bowers, . 205
Abbot's Artillery Election Sermon, ... 207

TRAVELS AND MANNERS OF NATIONS. Page

Deſcription of the Ladies of Paris, ... 209
Portugueſe Sculpture, ... 212
Character of the Welch, ... 214
Account of the Ruſſian Expedition for making Diſcoveries in the North Sea, ... 215
Letters from ſome of the Men of Science engaged in the French Expedition to Egypt, ... 218
Engliſh Inns, ... 220
The Character of the Engliſh, ... 223
Sketch of the Seraglio, and Female Sex at Conſtantinople, . 227
The preſent Pope—Roman Nobility—and Manners of the modern Romans, ... 232

LITERARY HISTORY.

Review of Engliſh Poetry of the laſt Century, . . 235
Hiſtory of Aſtronomy, ... 238

INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING MISCELLANY.

Illiberality of Criticiſm, ... 242
The Republic of Letters, ... 244
The Six Follies of Science, ... 245
Poets, Philoſophers and Artiſts made by accident, . . 246
The Student in the Metropolis, ... 248
Anecdotes of Faſhions, ... 249
Female Beauty and Ornaments, ... 253
On Judging by the Perception of others, ... 254
Obſtructions in the way of Fame, ... 255
On Common Superſtitions, ... 256
On Friendſhip, ... 256
On Converſation, ... 258
Party Spirit, ... 259
Science, ... 260
Love, ... 261
To homely Females, ... 263
Hiſtory of the Maid of the Hayſtack, . . . 263
Danger of ſporting with the affections, a Tale, . . 266
Convent of La Trappe, ... 267

ANECDOTES, ... 269

POETRY.

Deſcription of New England, ... 275
Evening Contemplations in a College, an Imitation of Gray's Elegy, 278

	Page
A Female Worthy,	281
An intended Inſcription, written for the Monument on Beacon-Hill, in Boſton, and addreſſed to the Paſſenger,	283
To Gleantine,	284
Ode to the peremptory, ill-natured, and unwelcome monoſyllable—No,	285
Progreſs of Science,	286
To my Pen,	287

THE

NEW-ENGLAND

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

April, May & June, 1802.

PHILOSOPHY.

BEFORE we devote this part of our volume to any particular Philoſophical diſquiſitions, we have thought it would be uſeful to give an account of ſome late diſcoveries in different branches of Science. We have therefore extracted, chiefly from DE LA METHERIE's Introduction to the *Journal de Phyſique*, the following curſory view of Phyloſophical improvement.

MATHEMATICS.

THIS ſublime part of knowledge, though carried in all appearance to its utmoſt extent, ſtill continues to make ſome progreſs. Lagrange has finiſhed a very important work, which he began ſeveral years ago, entitled, *The Theory of the Analytical Functions, &c.* in which he ſhews that every thing hitherto called the differential calculus, whether one follows the method of Leibnitz or that of Newton, may be reduced to the ordinary calculation of finite quantities.

ASTRONOMY. Herſchel, who has paid great attention to the ſpots of the ſun, conſiders that luminary as ſimilar to the planets, and not a flaming body. It contains mountains, ſome of which he ſuppoſes to be 200 leagues in height. Its atmoſphere is compoſed of different elaſtic fluids, ſome of which are luminous or phoſphoric, and others only tranſparent. The former make the ſun appear like a maſs of light or fire; but the parts of that atmoſphere which are only tranſparent, ſuffer his body to be ſeen. Theſe are the ſpots. He believes the ſun to be inhabited like the other planets.

Lalande, on the other hand, thinks that the ſun is really a ſolid body, but that his ſurface and part of his maſs are compoſed of an incandeſcent fluid. This fluid, by any movement, leaves uncovered ſometimes a portion of the body of the ſun or his mountains, and theſe are the ſpots. Wilſon conſiders the ſpots of the ſun as eruptions or volcanoes.

Shroeter has ſhown that in Venus there are very high mountains, as is the caſe on the earth and in the moon. The greater part of theſe mountains in Venus, like thoſe of the moon, are in the ſouth-

ern part of that planet, while on the earth the greater part of the mountains are towards the north. The day in Venus appears to that aſtronomer to be 23 hours 21 minutes. It differs therefore very little from the ſidereal day of the earth, which is 23 hours 56 minutes 4 ſeconds.

The volcano of the moon has been ſeen ſeveral times by the naked eye. Caroché ſaw it at Paris on the ſecond of March 1797. It exhibited the appearance of a candle juſt going out. It reſembled a brilliant ſpot leſs ſenſible than the greateſt ſatellite of Jupiter, but larger. Its exiſtence therefore can no longer be doubted.

La Place has publiſhed an excellent memoir on the movements of the moon.

Hennert ſays that the diurnal movement of the earth may undergo ſome variations; but that its variations are compenſated in ſuch a manner, that they may be conſidered as uniform.

Herſchel has obſerved around Saturn a quintuple belt of ſpots. By theſe means he has ſhown the lenghth of the day of that planet, and determined its diurnal rotation, which he eſtimates at 10 hours 16 minutes 2 ſeconds.

Lalande calculated the orbit of the 83d comet to the month of December 1793; but an 84th comet was ſeen by Bode at Berlin, on the 11th of November 1795, near the conſtellation of Herculus. It was ſeen alſo by Bouvard, at Paris, on the 14th of the ſame month. It was ſmall, had no tail, and was not viſible to the naked eye. Its orbit has been calculated by Zach. It was in its perihelion on the 14th of December at 15 hours 32 ſeconds mean time at Gotha. Its diſtance then from the ſun was 0,22.

An 85th comet was diſcovered in Virgo by Olbers, at Bremen, who calculated its orbit.

An 86th was diſcovered from the obſervatory at Paris, by Bouvard, on the 14th of Auguſt 1797, at ten o'clock at night. It was ſeen the next day, at Leipſic, by Rudiger. It was ſeen alſo by various aſtronomers in other places. It paſſed the earth ſix times nearer than the ſun, which was the cauſe of its apparent motion being very rapid. It was ſmall, appeared only like a faint white ſpot, and had no tail. Zach, at Gotha, makes the number of the comets now known to be 90.

One of the moſt difficult labours of aſtronomy is what relates to the ſtars. Their immenſe number indeed is ſufficient to deter any one from the taſk of numbering them; for thoſe which we ſee, and we are far from ſeeing them all, may be eſtimated at more than a hundred millions. Many of theſe it is well known have peculiar motions, ſome of which are very conſiderable. It is to them, however, that we are obliged to refer all the motions of the ſun, the planets, and the comets. It is of importance then to endeavour to determine the motions of the ſtars; and this object has at all times engaged the attention of aſtronomers. Maſkelyne has determined with the utmoſt preciſion the poſition of 34 ſtars. Zach has ac-

compliſhied the ſame thing in regard to 1200. Lalande, with his nephew and niece, have undertaken a labour far greater, to determine the poſition of more than 40,000 ſtars, from the arctic pole to the topic of capricorn. This ſublime taſk is already very much advanced, as the poſitions of 42,700 are already known.

HYDROSTATICS. Venturi has made intereſting experiments on the lateral efflux of fluids. He ſhews that the efflux is more conſiderable, when a pipe, rather a little long, is adjuſted to the aperture of the veſſel, than when there is no pipe, or only one that is ſhort. Thus, when one wiſhes to draw wine, the jet will be more conſiderable by putting a cock into the aperture of the caſk, than if there were no cock; and if the cock be ſome inches in length, the quantity that flows out will be greater than if it were very ſhort.

It is well known, that when ſmall bits of camphor and other ſubſtances, ſuch as the juice of the euphorbium, are placed upon water, they appear agitated in a very remarkable manner. Romieu aſcribed this phenomanon to electricity, but Volta has proved that electricity has no connection with it. Lichtenberg was of opinion, that camphor, loſing a great deal by evaporation, continuully decreaſes in bulk, and that theſe ſmall fragments of it change their configuration, which makes a variation in their reſpective attractractions. Volta thinks that the vapours which exhale from theſe bodies ſtrike the air and the water with ſufficient force to cauſe the moleculæ, from which theſe vapours are exhaled, to be agitated as above mentioned.

Brugnatelli has convinced himſelf that this phenomenon takes place with all ſubſtances that contain much eſſential oil, ſuch as the leaves of laurel, ſage, thyme, vanilla, the nutmeg-tree, the *rhus toxicodendron* (the poiſon oak), the *rhus vernix* (the poiſon-aſh.) He found alſo that ſmall bodies which did not move on the water acquired that property after being impregnated with eſſential oil. A piece of bread, for example, rubbed againſt a piece of lemon-peel and impregnated with eſſential oil of lemons, moved, after being placed upon water a little warm.

Theſe experiments prove that it is jets of eſſential oil thrown out with rapidity from theſe bodies, which make them move on the water. Theſe jets experience a reſiſtence from the air and the water, as a lighted rocket experiences a reſiſtance from the air by which it is made to aſcend; that is to ſay, in a direction oppoſite to the jet of the flame.

Venturi, who repeated all theſe experiments, made ſeveral ſmall ſticks of camphor, which he placed on water, adding to them a bit of lead by way of ballaſt. They all moved as uſual; but he obſerved them become a little ſmaller above the ſurface of the water, and at length break in two. This effect is more ſpeedy if the water be a little warm, and is occaſioned by the continual evaporation of the parts.

BOTANY.—Though the number of plants is ſo conſiderable, being eſtimated at about twenty thouſand, that the moſt retentive memory can ſcarcely remember their names, the ardour for this branch of ſcience does not ſeem to decreaſe.

La Billardiere, who went round the world with d'Entrecaſteaux, brought back with him a valuable collection in every part of natural hiſtory. His herbal is moſt beautiful; and though nearly one fourth of it has been loſt, he has ſtill about three thouſand plants, of which from twelve to fifteen hundred are new.

He carried with him from the Friendly Iſles twenty-two bread-fruit-trees, twelve of which were left at the Iſle de France. Of the eight brought to France, five died; two have been ſent to Cayenne; and the other was brought to Paris, where it is now in the *Jardin des Plantes*.

La Billardiere brought with him alſo about three hundred birds, a third of which almoſt are unknown. His collection of inſects has been much damaged; but he has ſtill a great many in ſufficient preſervation to be deſcribed. Riché, who went on the ſame expedition, brought with him a variety of objects, and particularly birds. He died not long ago.

Michau has returned from South America, and brought with him a great number of plants in excellent preſervation. He will no doubt ſoon publiſh an account of them, as well as of thoſe which he brought from Perſia.

Coloumb having ordered ſome poplars to be cut down in the ſpring time, obſerved, that when the axe approached the centre of the tree a very large quantity of air was diſengaged, but that none was diſengaged when the inſtrument attacked the other parts of the tree. It is well known that the *medullary parts*, in which the air circulates particularly, is ſituated towards the centre. From this medullary part proceed thoſe tranſverſal veſſels which extend to the bark of the tree for the circulation of the air. The plant contains alſo other veſſels for the circulation of the ſap and of all the vegetable juices. There are alſo glands where the ſecretion of all theſe different liquors is performed to produce the *propolis pollen*, &c. A vegetable, therefore, in the ſimpleſt caſe, may be conſidered as an aſſemblage of ſeveral pliable elaſtic fibres, compoſing a great number of veſſels of different calibres, in which water, air, and various kinds of fluids drawn from the boſom of the earth and the atmoſphere, circulate.

Light alſo has a great influence on vegetation. Humboldt has ſhown that the light of a lamp may, in this reſpect, ſupply that of the ſun; and that plants which receive the light of a lamp are coloured green, as if they received that of the ſun. Exceſs of light hurts plants, eſpecially when they begin to riſe.

According to Ingenhouz, plants ſuffer oxygen to be diſengaged in the light, and the carbonic acid in darkneſs. Senebier is of opin-

ion that the latter changes the oxygen into the carbonic acid, by furniſhing it with carbon.

Humboldt has obſerved that muſhrooms furniſh hydrogenous gas in the day, as well as the night-time.

MEDICINE.—The carbonate of barytes and pure cauſtic barytic earth are moſt active poiſons. Pelletier killed ſeveral dogs by making them take from twelve to eighteen grains of theſe ſubſtances.

Mankind have been long employed in attempting to diſcover means for the prolongation of life. Valli, after laying down principles well known, viz. that old age comes on naturally, becauſe the calcareous phoſphate or calcareous carbonate is continually accumulating in the greater part of the ſolids, ſuch as the bones, the arteries, veins, tendons, &c. ſays, that this accumulation can be guarded againſt only two ways; either by preventing that ſubſtance from being formed in the maſs of the fluids, or by expelling it as ſoon as it is formed.

1. To prevent too abundant a production of that earth, one muſt uſe aliments which contain the leaſt quantity of it, ſuch as vegetables, milk, fiſh (but fiſhes contain a great deal of the phoſphoric acid.)

2. The means which he thinks moſt proper for expelling that calcareous earth, or calcareous phoſphate, are, bathing, frictions, duretics, pure water, and beverages cooled with ice. In ſhort, he conſiders the oxalic acid given in ſmall doſes as the beſt remedy. That acid, ſays he, decompoſes the calcareous phoſphate: the oxalate of lime which thence reſults will be carried into the torrent of circulation, and will be driven outwards.

Vauquelin and Brogniard have proved that the acetic acid diſſolves the vegetable glutten and the animal fibres. It is well known that there is a diſeaſe called by noſologiſts *malacoſteon*, or *mollities oſſium*, where the bones become entirely ſoft. The calcareous phoſphate is almoſt entirely carried away, and there ſcarcely remains any thing but the cellular tiſſue of the bones, with the gelatinous and greaſy part, or the marrow. Were it poſſible to find out the means of diſſolving, gradually, in this manner the calcareous phoſphate, without depriving the bones of their ſolidity, and without hurting the other animal functions, the fountain of youth would be diſcovered. It appears therefore that it may not be altogether impoſſible to retard age at leaſt.

PHYSIOLOGY.—Spallanzani having deſtroyed the eyes of bats and ſet them at liberty in an apartment, obſerved that they could guide themſelves from one place to another as before. They avoided every obſtacle that was preſented to them, and even paſſed through rings which he placed before them: and for this reaſon he aſks, "May not theſe animals poſſeſs a ſenſe with which we are not acquainted, and which may ſupply that of ſight? or, May not ſmell be ſufficient for that purpoſe?"

Jurine is of opinion that it is hearing which ſupplies the above want. He filled with wax one of the ears of thoſe animals which he had deprived of ſight and he obſerved that they flew about with difficulty: when he filled both their ears, they could not fly at all.

Meteorology.—Meteorology, which depends only on an immenſe number of obſervations, has, however, been exalted into a ſcience. It affords general reſults of great importance; a collection of which has been made by Cotte. By theſe it appears that the barometer varies very little under the equator. Its variation becomes greater in proportion as it approaches the poles. It ſeems to experience a diurnal and an annual variation.

Diurnal variation.—Between the hours of ten and two, both of the day and the night, the riſings and fallings of the mercury are the leaſt. The contrary takes place between the hours of ſix and ten of the morning and evening. This ſeems to depend on the ſun and the moon paſſing the zenith.

Annual variation.—The oſcillations are leſs in ſummer, greater in winter, and very great at the equinoxes. This ſeems to depend, like the tides and the winds, on the ſame action of the ſun and the moon.

Thermometers.—The mean degrees of heat are almoſt the ſame in all latitudes. Kirwan has given a table for calculating the mean degrees of heat in different latitudes.

Rains are more frequent in winter than in ſummer; more abundant in ſummer than in winter. Mean quantity of rain at Paris twenty-two inches. The evaporation generally exceeds the rain at Paris. The mean evaporation is thirty-three inches.

Aurora borealis is more frequent about the time of the equinoxes than at any other ſeaſon. This phenomenon is almoſt continual in winter in the polar regions. For ſome years paſt it ſeems in our climates to have become leſs frequent.

Lunar period of nineteen years.—It appears that the general temperature of a year returns the ſame every nineteen years, an epoch when the phaſes and poſition of the moon, in regard to the earth, are alſo the ſame. From the above period, therefore, we may predict, very nearly, the temperature of any given year. This method is practiſed by the makers of almanacks; and their predictions, to a certain degree, may be depended on. This mode of calculation is well known alſo to merchants who ſpeculate in the price of proviſions.

Maurice at Geneva makes meteorological obſervations of the utmoſt importance, becauſe he has thermometers placed at different heights above the ſurface of the earth, as Pictet had formerly, and others at the depth of four feet below it. He gives an acount, therefore, of the evaporation of the earth, electricity, humidity, &c. His obſervations appear every month in an excellent collection, publiſhed by the brothers Pictet, under the title of *Bibliotheque Britannique.* It appears that the thermometer, which is four feet below

the earth, ſtands generally between 9° and 10° Reaum. (52° and 54° Fahr.) and that it experiences very little variation.

Zoology.—Great attention has been paid to the natural hiſtory of animals. Cuvir has publiſhed a number of memoirs on Zoology, and ſome have been publiſhed alſo by Geoffroy. Daubenton propoſes to divide the animal kingdom into eight claſſes:—1ſt, viviparous quadrupeds, of which he reckons 415; 2d, cetaceous animals 15; 3d, birds 2,424; all theſe animals have two ventricles in the heart: 4th, oviparous quadrupeds, of which he reckons 113; 5th, ſerpents 175; 6th, fiſhes 866; all theſe animals have only one ventricle in the heart, and their blood is almoſt cold; 7th, inſects, of which he reckons 15,000; their heart is of different forms; their blood is white; they have tracheæ, and breathe by ſtigmata; 8th, worms, of which he reckons 1,159; their heart is of different forms, their blood is white, and they have no apparent entrance for the air.

Cuvier and Geoffrey have made ſeveral intereſting reſearches in regard to that claſs of animals called mammalia. The former, in a memoir on the rhinoceros, has proved that the two kinds known by Camper, viz. that of Aſia and that of Africa, may have one, two, or three horns. The horns, therefore, cannot be a characteriſing mark to diſtinguiſh them. The diſtinguiſhing mark, however, of the African rhinoceros is, that it has only twenty-eight *dentes molares*, while that of Aſia has twenty-eight *molares* and ſix *inciſores*. He is of opinion alſo, that there are at leaſt two other ſpecies in exiſtence, and perhaps a third.

Camper has proved alſo, that the African elephant is different from that of Aſia. The teeth of the latter are compoſed of tranſverſal zones, and thoſe of the African elephant repreſent on their ſurface a kind of trefoils or lozenges. It appears, that beſides theſe two ſpecies there exiſt two others, and perhaps three. Swediaur ſays, that the greater part of the elephants' tuſks uſed in commerce are collected in the immenſe paſtures of Africa, where theſe animals feed, and that the negroes ſet fire to the meadows in order to diſcover them.

Audibert propoſes to give a hiſtory of apes. He has already publiſhed one number, containing ſix coloured plates, folio ſize.

Birds.—Le Vaillant has already publiſhed a part of his *Natural Hiſtory of the Birds of Africa*, conſiſting of five numbers, each containing ſix coloured plates, in folio and quarto. He has announced that the whole work will contain 600 plates. An edition in twelves, with ſome plates, will appear alſo. The two firſt volumes will be publiſhed without delay. He propoſes to give a complete hiſtory of birds.

Fiſhes.—Bloch has publiſhed the laſt ſix volumes of his beautiful work on fiſhes. They contain, like the former ſix, 216 plates, on ſeveral of which are repreſented from two to three ſubjects He has been obliged to make ſeveral new genera. This is one of the moſt beautiful works that ever appeared on ichthyology.

Lacepede is preparing a large work on the ſame ſubject. He has ſhewn that the anableps, a fiſh hitherto believed to have had four eyes, has in reality only two; but each of its eyes has two corneæ, two cavities for the aqueous humour, two irides, two pupils, but only one cryſtalline humour. Different naturaliſts have publiſhed ſeparate memoirs on ſome particular kinds of fiſh, and their different parts. Herbſt has publiſhed at Berlin a very beautiful work on crabs, with coloured plates.

Inſects.—This part of natural hiſtory is become almoſt as immenſe as botany. Brogniard continues his ſuperb collection of the butterflies of Europe. Fabricius has given a new edition of his *Entomologia Syſtematica, emendata et aucta.* Latreille has publiſhed his *Genera of Inſects*, and D'Anthoine has publiſhed an excellent memoir on the cynips (gall inſect) of the oak. Boſc has deſcribed ſome other ſpecies of the cynips, and Luce has deſcribed a phoſphoreſent beetle, found near De Graſſe.

Panzer is now publiſhing a work on the inſects of Germany, entitled *Fauna Inſectorum Germaniæ*, printed at Nuremberg. He has publiſhed alſo a hiſtory of the inſects of America. Raeuſchel has printed a work at Leipſic, entitled *Nomenclator Entomologicus emendatus.* Hedwig has given a new edition of the *Fauna ſiſtens, Inſecta*, by Roſſi; in which are deſcribed the inſects found in the neighborhood of Florence and Paſa. Martin has publiſhed the Inſects of England. This work, like that on ſhells, is executed in a maſterly manner.

Polypiers.—There are certain ſubſtances which are neither animals nor vegetables, called *polypiers;* ſuch as coral, corallines, madrepores, &c. Girod Chantram has carefully examined ſome of theſe ſubſtances, which had hitherto been claſſed among the *cryptogamia* kind of plants: ſuch as the *byſſus, conferva, ulva, tremella*, &c.; and obſerved, that the greater part of them are compoſed of tubes or veſſels, in which beings that appear to be animated circulate. He even diſtinguiſhed in one ſpecies of *conferva* a real *volvox*, which had ſome ſimilarity to the *rotator* of Gmelin.

Theſe ſuppoſed plants, by a chemical analyſis, give the ſame reſults as animal ſubſtances. He therefore concludes that they are not plants, but ſpecies of *polypiers*, formed, like coral, by ſmall animals. Of theſe *polypiers* he diſtinguiſhes two kinds; ſome without tubes, and ſome which have tubes. We ſhall then have three orders of *polypiers:* 1ſt, The calcareous, ſuch as corals and madrepores; the ſubſtance of which is hard and calcareous:—2d, Corallines, the ſubſtance of which is ſoft and flexible, like ſponge:—3d, The *confervæ*, the ſubſtance of which is abſolutely herbaceous. It is to be wiſhed that naturaliſts would pay attention to the ſtudy of the inſects which conſtruct theſe different kinds of *polypiers*, as they are ſtill unknown.

Sensibility of Plants. The cauſe of this ſenſibility is ſtill little known. The following is the explanation given of it by

Lamark :* " In my opinion, there exiſt in the articulations of many plants, and in certain parts of them, particular veſicles which, eſpecially in warm weather, become filled with elaſtic and very ſubtle excretory vapours. Theſe vapours, which are accumulated and retained to a certain degree in the veſicles, ſwell them out, and make them produce an extenſion in all the moveable parts where they are ſituated; but on the leaſt ſhock or agitation the elaſtic and ſubtle vapours which fill theſe veſicles eſcape, and are exhaled into the atmoſphere. The veſicles being then emptied ſhrink; and the vegetable part, which is not preſerved in its extended ſtate, ſhrinks alſo, and falls back into the articulation where the veſicle was placed. Soon after the veſicle becomes filled again, though in an inſenſible manner, and ſtill produces an extenſion of the leaf-ſtalk or petiole, which a cauſe like the former may deſtroy.

" In the *hedyſarum gyrans*, the veſicles of the bottom of the ſmall leaves being filled to a certain degree, then empty themſelves inſenſibly, become filled again as before, and re-empty themſelves in the like manner, without any other determining cauſe than the effect of their plenitude. But this continued alternation of repletion and evacuation keeps in conſtant movement the ſmall leaves of the plant, which, when the weather is warm, riſe and fall alternately, but in a ſlow manner."

Shade, or the abſence of light, by the coolneſs reſulting from it, cauſes that evacuation or ſhrinking of the veſicles juſt mentioned. Hence the cloſing up in the evening of certain parts of plants, eſpecially of the leguminous families, to which botaniſts have given the name of *their ſleep*.

It is by theſe cauſes, or others analogous, that all the movements of theſe plants ought to be explained. A great number of plants experience particular movements in the ſexual parts at the time of their fecundation. Theſe movements muſt be produced by the *aura ſeminalis*.†

---

* *This is done by taking out the cork with the funnel, &c. filling the veſſel with water, and inverting it with its opening under water. Thus, if a tube leading from the aparatus whence the gas is produced, be brought under the mouth of the veſſel, the gas will aſcend and diſplace the water till it be full.*

† *It may not, perhaps, be improper to take notice here of the following curious circumſtance reſpecting a* conferva *never before found in France, and the ſame repreſented by Muller in his* Flora Danica, *under the name of* conferva jugalis, *which was communicated, not long ago, to the Philomatic Society at Paris. Citizens Charles and Romain Coquebert having collected ſome of this* conferva, *in the neighbourhood of Paris, aſcertained by means of an excellent microſcope, conſtructed by Nairne and Blunt, that in this ſpecies there are male and female filaments, which unite by an actual copulation; that certain globules contained in the male filaments paſs into the in-*

IRRITABILITY OF THE ANIMAL FIBRE. Notwithſtanding the many reſearches made reſpecting the cauſe of this irritabillty, much is ſtill wanting. Girtanner aſcribes it chiefly to oxygen: but the proofs which he gives in ſupport of his opinion do not appear ſatisfactory; ſince the air does not ſeem to have a direct influence on the irritability of the heart. For example, if the vein of an animal be opened, and if a bubble of vital air or oxygen gas can be introduced into it, by means of a ſmall tube, as ſoon as the air reaches the heart the animal ſends forth a cry of pain and expires. Bichet, who made this experiment,* repeated it with atmoſpheric air, azot, hydrogen, and the carbonic acid gas, and the animal periſhed in the like manner; but cold water injected into a vein does not produce the like effect. Bichet concludes, that the death of the animal is occaſioned by the interception of the air between the columns of the arterial and venal blood. But, in this caſe, we may reſt aſſured that oxygen gas deſtroys the animal.

Dr. Menzies obſerved, that the irritability of the heart preſerved itſelf longer in animals ſtrangled or drowned than in thoſe which periſhed in gas. He thence concludes, that the particular ſtate which the blood acquires in paſſing through the lungs, and which gives it thoſe ſenſible qualities that diſtinguiſh the arterial from the venal blood, is not the real cauſe which gives play to the irritability of the heart, but that its action is particularly owing to the *effect of heat combined with humidity*.

Van Marum, Hildebrant, and other philoſophers think that there is a real *irritability* in plants, and particularly in thoſe which have ſpontaneous kinds of movement. It has thence been aſſerted, that oxygen has the ſame effect upon thoſe plants called ſenſitive, ſuch as the humble plant *(mimoſa pudica,)* the *hedyſarum gyrans*, &c. as upon animals.

Peſchier has made ſeveral experiments to aſcertain whether this opinion was well founded; but oxygen never appeared to him to produce any effect upon theſe plants. He afterwards examined whether theſe movements of thoſe plants called ſenſitive are owing to *real irritability*, like that of animals. The numerous experiments which he made on this ſubject gave him reaſon to conclude, that *no real irritability could be aſcribed to theſe plants*, and that all the movements they experience, by the ſimple touch or otherwiſe, are merely mechanical; and indeed plants have neither nerves nor muſcles, nor any organs analogous to thoſe which, in animals, appear to be the ſeat of irritability.

This difference in the organization of animals and vegetables cannot be denied; but on the other hand it is equally certain, that

---

terior part of the female filaments; and that by this union there are formed in the latter ſeeds, or, if we may uſe the expreſſion, ſmall ova, *which reproduce the ſpecies. This is the firſt inſtance in the vegetable kingdom of a reproduction abſolutely analogous to that which we find among animals.*

* *Société Philom. page* 18.

what is called *irritability* in animals is owing to mechanical cauſes. The movement of the muſcular fibre in animals is altogether as mechanical as the ſhrinking of a ſprig of the ſenſitive plant when it is touched. That of the muſcular fibre is owing to an efflux of the nervous fluid; that of the ſenſitive to the efflux of another fluid, which is as little known. But it may here perhaps be ſaid, The animal fibre, ſuch as the heart, is ſtill irritable a long time after it has been ſeparated from the reſt of the body, which is not the caſe with the vegetable fibre. This is true: but it does not prove that it is not always a mechanical cauſe which acts in theſe circumſtances; its action only is of longer duration; for, in whatever manner the action of this muſcular fibre be conſidered, it cannot be moved but by phyſical cauſes. The queſtion then will be, to diſcover what are theſe phyſical cauſes.

It appears very certain that the cauſe of muſcular movement is owing to the nerves, ſince a part in which the nerves are palſied, or confined by a ligature, has no longer any movement. But how does the nerve move? Some philoſophers have compared its movement to the oſcillations of an extended cord which is ſtruck: But, 1. The nerves are not extended: 2. They are enveloped on all ſides; whereas the cord has no points of contact but at its two extremities.

It appears more probable to others to conſider the nerve as one or more veſſels conſtructed almoſt like the lymphatic veſſels; that is to ſay, compoſed of a ſeries of veſicles in which flows a fluid called the nervous fluid. I have ſuppoſed that this nervous fluid is of a nature analogous to that of the *aura ſeminalis*. Others have ſought for the cauſe of irritability in electricity, and the experiments on Galvaniſm ſeem to give ſome weight to this opinion.

Luminous Fluid. There are two principal opinions entertained by philoſophers reſpecting the nature of the luminous fluid. Some, with the ſchool of Epicurus, think that this fluid is a continual emanation of the luminous body which throws to a diſtance a portion of its ſubſtance. This is what is called the emiſſion of light, and was the opinion adopted by Newton.

Others, among whom is Euler, think that the luminous fluid is diffuſed throughout infinite ſpace, and that it is acted upon by the luminous bodies as the air is by ſonorous bodies. This opinion appears to Cit. de la Metherie much more probable than the former.

One of the ſtrongeſt objections made to this opinion is, that light is never propagated but in a ſtraight line. Objects cannot be ſeen, except when no opake body is interpoſed between them and the eye, whereas ſounds are heard in every kind of direction. Euler replied to this, by ſaying, that bodies are permeable to ſounds. Beſides there are circumſtances where ſounds alſo cannot be propagated but in a right line; for example, in echoes which are heard only in a very ſmall ſpace.

Chemiſts likewiſe are divided in their opinions reſpecting the luminous fluid. Some believe it to be an elementary ſubſtance, and

others have confounded it with fire. Richter believes that it is compoſed of the inflammable principle and caloric.

Benedict Prevoſt has endeavoured to eſtimate the gravity of the luminous fluid. He made to float on water very thin round plates of tin, and theſe bodies were repelled when a cylinder of red hot iron was preſented to them obliquely at ſome diſtance, or when the rays of the ſun collected into a focus by a lens were made to fall upon them. Prevoſt is of opinion that the rays of the ſun penetrating the tin-plate are thus combined with a matter more denſe, and form therein a very expanſible fluid; but being leſs ſubtle, it becomes ſuſceptible of acting by impulſion on very large maſſes, and iſſuing with impetuoſity from the plate but more rapidly from the focus, puſhes it backwards, and purſues its way through the water, which acts as a conductor to this fluid.

The author conjectures, from theſe experiments, that it is poſſible to determine the gravity of light. It is well known that it takes about eight ſeconds to come from the ſun to the earth, that is to ſay, to traverſe a ſpace of about thirty-three millions of leagues. According to ſome ſuppoſitions, he finds that the light which in a ſecond of time falls upon the ſurface of a ſquare league, containing 2,283 toiſes on each ſide, would weigh about a dram *(gros)* and a quarter. It may be readily perceived that all theſe calculations are very hypothetical; and we may add, that from ſome experiments made by Profeſſor Wilſon of Glaſgow,* with a view to a different object, there is reaſon for calling in queſtion the effect produced upon the thin plates, or tin foil, as being at all produced by the impulſe of light. Heat only ſeems to be here concerned. The water at firſt being of an uniform temperature, has all its parts in a ſtate of equilibrium and reſt. When the tin foil is heated, it is evident that a very active cauſe is introduced tending to deſtroy that equilibrium. Heat being communicated by the tin to the water in contact with it, that portion of the water endeavouring by its expanſion to move from under the tin, muſt tend to move the tin from its place. *(to be continued.)*

ON ATMOSPHERIC AIR.

Obſervations on the Conſtituent Parts of Atmoſpheric Air. By Count de Morozzo. With the Remarks of F. Van Humbolt. From the Journal de Phyſique, *Fructidor, 6th Year.*

IN the memoir which I publiſhed in 1784, on animal reſpiration in dephlogiſticated or oxygen gas, I offered ſome reflections reſpecting the conſtituent parts of atmoſpheric air founded on experiments

* *See the Profeſſor's experiments on ſmall lighted wicks floating on oil, inſerted in the Edinburgh Tranſactions, Vol. IV. See alſo Count Rumford's Experiments on Heat.*

I had made. Lavoiſier, in his Elementary Treatiſe of Chemiſtry, does not agree with my experiments. That author ſays, that the component parts of atmoſpheric air are 73 parts of mephitic or azotic gas, and 27 of oxygen gas, eminently reſpirable. It will then be ſeen, adds he, that when animal ſubſtances are diſſolved in the nitric acid, there is diſengaged a great quantity of gas, which extinguiſhes a lighted candle, injures animals, and which has a perfect reſemblance to that part of atmoſpheric air which is unfit for reſpiration. If to 73 parts of this fluid we add 27 of oxygen gas, obtained from mercury reduced to the ſtate of an oxyde by calcination, there is formed a fluid perfectly ſimilar to that of the atmoſphere, and which has all its properties.

The following, on the other hand, are the corollaries which I have deduced from a great number of experiments made to aſcertain the duration of animal life in noxious aeriform fluids, mixed in different proportions with oxygen gas, tending to illuſtrate the real compoſition of atmoſpheric air.

1. The examination by means of burning tapers is not accurate for aſcertaining the ſalubrity of the air. I ſhall quote only two examples. A fifth part of oxygen gas mixed with air contaminated by the vapour of ſulphur, ſuffered a candle to burn, while an animal ſhut up in it, died in a few ſeconds. A ſeventh part of the ſame gas mixed with air vitiated by the vapour of charcoal, ſupported flame, while an animal died in it almoſt inſtantaneouſly.

2. That pure and ſalutary part ſaid to be contained in atmoſpheric air, which forms a third of it according to Scheele, and a fourth according to Lavoiſier, is not a real dephlogiſticated oxygen gas; ſince this gas united with mephitic airs, in a much leſs proportion than a third or fourth, ſupports the flame of a candle after an animal dies in it, which is not the caſe with atmoſpheric air.

3. The real component parts of atmoſpheric air are ſtill unknown; ſince, with a mixture of different gaſes, nothing has been obtained but compound gaſes, which have indeed ſome properties of air, but never thoſe of atmoſpheric air.

The author, to illuſtrate the queſtion, relates eight characteriſing marks of atmoſpheric air, acknowledged by philoſophers; and adds, that though he tried, by a multitude of experiments, to compoſe atmoſpheric air, by mixing dephlogiſticated gas with different mephitic gaſes, the gaſes ſo obtained always contained ſomething not to be found in atmoſpheric air.

He repeated the experiments of Lavoiſier, by mixing 73 parts of fixed air (carbonic acid gas,) obtained from lime, with 27 of gas obtained from the red precipitate. This mixture, indeed, exhibited to him all the characters and properties of atmoſpheric air, but it differed conſiderably from it in its eſſential property.

A candle is ſuddenly extinguiſhed in atmoſpheric air in which an animal has died; another animal could not live in it an inſtant. On the other hand, in this artificial mixture, a flame burnt with

vivacity; and a ſecond animal, a ſparrow, lived 25 minutes, a third 14 or 15: a light, introduced after the death of the third ſparrow, burnt ſtill with a bright flame. "*This mixture then does not form an elaſtic fluid perfectly ſimilar to that of atmoſpheric air, and having all its properties.*" He tried to add to this mixture phlogiſticated gas, inflammable air, and that in which an animal had died. A ſecond and third animal lived in them ſome time, and a candle was not extinguiſhed.

Remarks on the above Obſervations, by F. Von Humbolt.

The memoir of Count Morozzo treats of a very important ſubject, with which I have been engaged for ſome months. The Italian philoſopher has obſerved the difference between natural atmoſpheric air and an artificial compound of azot and oxigen; but, in my opinion, he goes too far, in aſſerting that atmoſpheric oxygen is not vital gas; though I agree with him that we are not able to form an aeriform fluid, ſuch as the illuſtrious Lavoiſier announces in his Elements of Chemiſtry, perfectly ſimilar to that of the atmoſphere. I however find that this difficulty conſiſts neither in our ignorance of the *quantity*, nor of the *quality* of the two gaſeous baſes. The difference found between the effect of natural and artificial atmoſpheric air, is to be aſcribed to the *ſtate of the combination* in which the oxygen is joined to the azot. The atmoſphere is not a *mixture:* its conſtituent parts ought to be conſidered as in a ſtate of *chemical combination.* It is for this reaſon that the two baſes of a ſpecific gravity ſo different, that of azot and that of oxygen, do not entirely ſeparate from each other, though the high regions are moſt charged with azot. Hence azot retains ſo ſtrongly the laſt portion of the oxygen, which phoſphorus, the ſulphure of potaſh, and other acidifiable baſes ought to take from it; and I have for this reaſon ſeen that the nitrous gas acts in proportions very different in decompoſing the natural atmoſpheric air, or a compound of 27 of oxygen and 73 of azot. But how could Morozzo think to imitate the atmoſphere by mixing the carbonic acid and oxygen? He has confounded azot with the carbonic acid gas. But he aſſures us that his atmoſpheric air with a carbonic acid baſe, gave the ſame ſpecific weight as atmoſpheric air. Here is a very ſtriking experiment: one cubic inch of azot weighing 0,46624 grains, while the ſame cubic inch of carbonic acid weighed 0,67500 grains! Morozzo tells us that a candle burnt in his artificial mixture with a very brilliant flame *(con fiamma lucidiſſima.)* By combining 0,25 of the carbonic acid with 0,75 of oxygen, I have ſeen a wax taper extinguiſhed. The ſame thing took place when in company with Taſſeart in Vauquelin's laboratory, I mixed two parts of the carbonic acid gas with ten parts of atmoſpheric air. There is then formed a new chemical combination: the carbonic acid lays hold ſo ſtrongly of the oxygen of the atmoſphere, that the affinity preſented by the lighted wax taper is not powerful enough to take it away. In my work on the analyſis of the mephitic vapour of mines, which is about to be tran-

ſtated into French, it will be ſeen that there exiſts airs not unfit for reſpiration, which are compoſed of 0,27 of oxygen, 0,70 of azot, and 0,03 of carbonic acid gas. It is the ſtate of the combination, and not always the quantity of oxygen, which renders air more or leſs capable to deſtroy animal life, or to extinguiſh flame.

ON PERKINSISM, *Or the* METALIC TRACTORS *of Dr.* PERKINS, *of* NORTH AMERICA.

Tranſlated from a Daniſh publication.

PROFESSOR Schumacher at Copenhagen made experiments with tractors of braſs and iron on ten patients in Frederick's hoſpital at Copenhagen. He tried alſo tractors of ebony and ivory, which are ſaid to have cured a pain in the knee; with others of ſilver and zinc; and ſome of copper and lead. By the two laſt, pains in the knee, arm, and face are ſaid to have been mitigated. According to M. Klingberg's experiments, this remedy was of uſe in *malum iſchiaticum;* and according to thoſe of M. Steffens, in *malum iſchiaticum* and megrim. According to M. Bang, the pains in ſome caſes were increaſed, and in others allayed. According to M. Blech, the tractors were of uſe in *hemicrania* and gouty pains in the head; and, according to M. Hahn, in rheumatic pains in both ſhoulders. The principal document in this collection appears to be a letter of Profeſſor Abilgaard, in whoſe opinion Perkins's tractors will never acquire much value in medicine, and ſcarcely even have the merit of being a palliative; but, in a phyſical point of view, he thinks they deſerve the attention of phyſicians, and particularly of phyſiologiſts. Mankind, he ſays, hitherto have paid too little attention to the influence which electricity has on the human body; otherwiſe they would know that the effects produced on it by our beds, is no matter of indifference. If the feather beds and hair mattreſſes, &c. are perfectly dry, the perſon who ſleeps on them is in an inſulated ſtate; but the contrary is the caſe if they are moiſt. He three times removed a pain in the knee, by ſticking the tractors, one on each ſide of the knee, ſo deep through the ſtockings that the points touched the ſkin. He removed a rheumatic pain in the head from a lady by the ſame means. M. Kaſn, by the tractors, relieved, in others, gouty pains of the head, and megrim; and in himſelf, a rheumatic pain of the back, which, according to his ſenſations, was like a conſtriction in the cellular tiſſue. M. Herholdt, from his experiments, conſiders the effect of the tractors as indefinite and relative as that of other remedies. He, however, ſaw relief given by them in the ſtrangury in a caſe of ſyphilis. M. Bang alſo, at Soroe, freed a man from a violent gouty pain in the thigh by drawing the tractors 200 times over the affected part. M. Jacobſen likewiſe found benefit derived from theſe tractors ſeveral times in the common hoſpital at Copenhagen. M. Tode tried them alſo in rheumatic pains, tooth-ache, inflammation of the eyes, and obſerved that they neither did good nor harm.

According to the editor, the tractors act as a mechanical ſtimulus, as conductors of electricity, as galvaniſm, and alſo by the effects of the imagination.

On the different properties of METAL *and* WOODEN SPRINGS.

THE ſpring is, in a variety of peices of mechaniſm, not only a very uſeful auxiliary, but in ſome (as in pocket watches, gun locks, &c.) an indiſpenſable requiſite. But from the difficulty of getting good ſprings, they are not ſo frequently applied to the purpoſes of mechanics as they otherwiſe might be.

It is a circumſtance not commonly obſerved reſpecting a metal ſpring, that if it has not ſomething to ſtop againſt, but is ſuffered to vibrate after performing the requiſite action, it will, in a ſhort ſpace of time, if the action be frequently repeated, either break or ſet. It is mentioned that, in caſes which will admit of it, this inconveniency may be guarded againſt. In thoſe caſes in which the vibration cannot conveniently be avoided, a wooden ſpring, which is not ſubject to the like inconveniency, is the beſt, and perhaps the only ſubſtitute. A wooden ſpring is, in the property alluded to, the reverſe of a metal one; if ſtopped in its vibration, it ſoon ſets or breaks; if permitted to vibrate, its temper or elaſticity ſuffers not the ſmalleſt dimunition.

Theſe obſervations are the reſult of the deciſive experiments of a gentleman in England, who has eſtabliſhed ſeveral mills for various manufacturing purpoſes.

ON DRESS.

Extracted from a late Engliſh publication.

"THE latter cuſtom," ſays the author of the anonymous MEDICAL EXTRACTS, alluding to the Chineſe cuſtom of *pinching the feet* into the ſmalleſt ſize imaginable, "the latter cuſtom has unfortunately reached theſe kingdoms. Inſtead of having the ſize and figure of the ſhoe adapted to the ſhape of the foot, the toes muſt be crampt, and deprived of all ſeparation, which the perſpiration of that part ſeems to demand,* and nine tenths of mankind are troubled with corns, a complaint that is ſeldom or never occaſioned but by narrow and pointed ſhoes. The ladies, who ever improve on the faſhions of the time, to gain a little in height, lengthen out the heel, and conſtantly walk on *tiptoe*. The conſequence of which is, acting contrary to the intentions of nature, they never ſeem to walk well, and as the fibres of the muſcles of the calf are not drawn into their due tenſion, they become ſubject to frequent and incurable *cramps*, which, as diſturbing ſleep, is again the remote cauſe of other dreadful diſorders.

---

* *Dr.* VAUGHAN, *of Rocheſter, recommends ſtockings to be made with the ſeparation like gloves.*

The ſhape God has given is too often attempted to be *mended* by dreſs, and thoſe who know no better, believe that mankind would be frights without its aſſiſtance. The bones of growing perſons are ſo cartilaginous, that they readily yield to the ſlighteſt preſſure, and eaſily aſſume the ſhape of the mould in which they are confined. Hence it is that ſo many girls in proportion to boys are miſshapen.* Deformity of body may indeed proceed from weakneſs or diſeaſe; but in general, ſays Dr. BUCHAN, it is the effect of improper cloathing. The preſſure of the abdomen by ſtays impedes the action of the ſtomach and bowels, and the motion neceſſary for reſpiration, and conſequently the juſt circulation of the blood. Hence a train of dreadful diſorders enſue. The pliancy of the body, and the natural grace of the female form, is prevented by this rigid coat of mail. The imprudent zeal of the mother for a fine ſhape performs another moſt unkindly office to the child. She frequently becomes either incapacitated for marriage, or dies in child-birth. The madneſs in favour of ſtays ſeems, however to be ſomewhat abated; and it is hoped the world will, in time, become wiſe enough to know, that the human ſhape does not ſolely depend upon whale-bone and bend-leather.

In *England* we ſeldom enjoy any continuance of ſettled weather, except towards the cloſe of ſummer, and the beginning of autumn, and even then we are frequently balked in our expectations. The ſudden changes that take place during three fourths of our year may be regarded as no leſs prejudicial to the health, than diſagreeable to our feelings; and our terrors of *catching cold*, which have frequently appeared ridiculous to foreigners, are really better founded than we ourſelves are apt, moſt of us, to apprehend; *colds* in their conſequences proving fatal to thouſands every year. Though we cannot hope entirely to eſcape the unpleaſant ſenſations, or altogether to ward off the fatal effects occaſioned by this caprice of our climate; yet conſidering properly *the nature of cloathing*, we may avoid much of the danger. If *ladies* are ſubject to *catch cold* more frequently than men, it is not *alone* their delicacy of conſtitution, or their being more confined within doors; but the frequent changes they make in the quality or quantity of their garments, and ſometimes, however fearful of a partial current of air, becauſe they expoſe even thoſe parts of the body, that a little before had been warmly covered. If a greater proportion of females fall victims to

---

* *A lady in the city, who had had no girls, though her family was numerous, but were* miſshapen, *conſulted the celebrated anatomiſt Mr. Cline, on the prevention.* "To have no ſtays—and to let the next girl run about like the boys," *was the excellent advice of this gentleman, which being complied with, neither ſhe or any of the future children were afterwards* marred *by the ill-placed attention of the ignorant mother. This ſtory Mr. Cline is very careful to deliver in his public lectures at St. Thomas's Hoſpital twice a year.*

conſumption, is it not becauſe, loſing ſight more than men of its primary purpoſe, ſays Dr. BEDDOES, they regulate their dreſs ſolely by fantaſtic ideas of elegance? If happily our regret ſhould recal the age of chivalry,—to break the ſpell of faſhion would be an achievement worthy the moſt gallant of our future knights. Common ſenſe has always failed in the adventure; and our ladies, alas! are ſtill compelled, whenever the enchantreſs waves her wand, to expoſe themſelves, half undreſſed, to the fogs and froſts of our iſland.

It is, I believe, adds the celebrated Dr. BEDDOES, unfortunate for the inhabitants of this country, that we are not ſubject to ſuch a continued ſeverity of cold, as ſhould oblige us regularly to fortify ourſelves by warm clothing. By linen, worn excluſively, we loſe more in health than we gain in comfort; which comfort is, perhaps, after all, merely imaginary; for from the repreſentation of Dr. THORNTON, he appears to have ſupported the remarkable heats of a very hot ſummer, better than moſt other perſons, by having on, inſtead of linen next his ſkin, a *fleecy hoſiery waiſtcoat*.*

It is a miſtaken notion, ſays Sir BENJAMIN THOMSON, that flannel is too warm a clothing for ſummer. I have worn it, ſays he, in the hotteſt climates, and in all ſeaſons of the year, and never found the leaſt inconvenience from it. Sir BENJAMIN moreover adds, I ſhall be happy if what I have ſaid or done reſpecting *flannel* † ſhould induce others to make a trial of what I have ſo long experienced with the greateſt advantage, and which I am confident they will find to contribute greatly to health, and conſequently to all other comforts and enjoyments of life. As being the moſt effectual method to eſcape the influence of ſudden changes of the atmoſpherical temperature, and becauſe flannel is ſo much leſs unpleaſant, when moiſt, than linen. *Fleecy hoſiery* or *flannel* ſhould be worn during every ſeaſon in Great Britain; and thoſe who feel it neceſſary may add above the linen in winter a cotton under waiſtcoat, which he may put off during the warm weather, and reſume again in the autumn. The philanthropic JONAS HANWAY was a very great advocate for *warm cloathing*. Being in a decline, he was ordered by his phyſician to the ſouth of France: but ſome very urgent buſineſs called him to viſit Holland, in the moiſt air of that country he ſpeedily recovered, and remarks that the Dutch are free

---

* *Vide his Letters as publiſhed by Dr.* BEDDOES, *in which he adds*, "and ſince my firſt uſing this under garb, I am not ſubject to catch "cold as formerly from the viciſſitudes of the weather."

† *Had Sir* BENJAMIN THOMSON *known the* fleecy hoſiery, *he would moſt probably have recommended it in preference to* flannel. *It* equally *attracts and imbibes the moiſture of the ſkin: but the former as being* elaſtic *embraces the body, as being from an animal ſubſtance is* warmer *and* lighter *for wear than flannel, and as being of a* ſofter texture *does not unpleaſantly and injuriouſly* irritate *the ſkin.*

from this dreadful calamity, which he attributes partly to the air,* and partly to their warm method of clothing. He adds, if a number of perſons meet in a room, where there is no fire, and they feel cold, no pleaſant converſation takes place, and *warm clothing* ought therefore to be uſed, if for no other reaſon than for the preſervation of *good humour*. BOERHAAVE's favourite receipt for health was, "to leave off our winter clothing on Midſummer day, and to reſume it the day following."

To keep an animal in health, beſide the retaining of a due degree of animal heat, there muſt be a continued generation of new juices, and a perpetual diſcharge of the old. Without the due quantity of PERSPIRATION, which in a great meaſure depends on our clothing, neither the vegetable or animal can continue in health; a plant whoſe *perſpiration* is ſtopt becomes ſickly and dies; and an egg whoſe ſhell has been covered with a varniſh, and the *perſpiration* ſtopt by this means, will produce no living animal, either by the application of common heat, or that of incubation from the hen. The celebrated SANCTORIUS affirms, that the inſenſible perſpiration alone diſcharges more than all the ſenſible evacuations together; and that the proportion of this to all the other evacuations, is as 5 to 3: though this proportion varies in different ages, climates, and conſtitutions, yet is it of ſuch importance in all, that where it is in any conſiderable degree deficient, a diſeaſed ſtate of the body muſt enſue. The matter of *inſenſible perſpiration*, or in other words, the ſubtile vapour that is continually exhaling from the ſurface of the body, is not ſecreted by any particular glands, but ſeems to be derived wholly from the extremities of minute arteries, that do not terminate in veins, and are every where diſperſed on the ſurface. Theſe *exhaling veſſels* are eaſily demonſtrated in the dead ſubject, by forcing water into the arteries; for then ſmall drops exude from all parts of the ſkin, and raiſe up the cuticle, the pores of which are cloſed by death; and in the living ſubject, a looking-glaſs placed againſt the ſkin, is ſoon obſcured by the vapour. When the perſpiration is by any means increaſed, and ſeveral drops that were inſenſible when ſeparate, are united together, they form upon the ſkin thoſe viſible drops called *ſweat*. This particularly happens after much exerciſe, or whatever occaſions an increaſed determination of fluids to the ſurface of the body; a greater quantity of perſpirable matter being in ſuch caſes carried through the paſſages that are deſtined to convey it off.

---

* *Theſe conſumptive patients, whom* we *hurry off to the clear air in the ſouth of France, the* French phyſicians, *on the contrary, order to the foggy air of Lyons. As they cannot* both *be right, and as the* HOT WELLS *favours the ſentiments of the latter, being near a great town, where innumerable works are carrying on, and ſituated on the borders of marſhy ground, and a river the moſt choaked up with mud of any in the world, there is ſome probable grounds for doubting of the juſtneſs of* our *prevailing practice.*

Now the reaſon of the propriety of *fleecy hoſiery* in *ſummer* is, that though it promotes the perſpiration, it equally favours its *evaporation*: and we know that *evaporation* produces *poſitive cold*, the *aqueous diſcharge* being the means deſigned by Nature for carrying off the ſuperabundant heat,* whether ariſing from climate, exerciſe, or fever.

In CHILDREN, where the food is continually combining with oxygen, and the fibres are irritable, it is of the utmoſt conſequence to keep the body temperate, but never to ſuffer it to get *chilled*. Thus, without being enervated, they may eſcape the bad conſequences ariſing from the ſudden changes in this inconſtant climate; for it is not true, that cold hardens *children* as it hardens *ſteel*. If delicate children are ſubject to diſeaſes and danger in ENGLAND, to which they would not be ſubject in the warmer climate of ITALY, is it not evident that *the difference* between the climate of ENGLAND and ITALY is the cauſe of theſe diſeaſes and dangers? I firmly believe, ſays Dr. BEDDOES, that the greateſt mortality is among thoſe children who are hardily brought up. Nearly one third of the poor, born in this iſland, ſink into the tomb, as ſoon almoſt as they have catched a few glimpſes of the light of heaven. And even when they have weathered out the early inclemencies of their ſtation, unleſs they afterwards wear warm and comfortable clothing,† they enjoy no ſuch advantage of freedom from *pulmonic complaints* as we are taught to imagine. Among the peaſantry of *Warwickſhire* and *Staffordſhire*, I am creditably told that *conſumptions* are not leſs frequent, than among the better order of people who are more delicately bred up.

FAT PEOPLE need a leſs warm raiment than thoſe that are lean; for oil, as being a bad conductor of heat, acts as a fleecy hoſiery waiſtcoat, reflecting back the vital warmth. Here we cannot but admire the benevolent care of PROVIDENCE to the lower order of animals, by giving the whale, the bear, and other animals who inhabit the colder climates, a deep covering of fat.

OLD PEOPLE, as requiring *abundant excitement*, ought more eſpecially to be warm clad, and rather to exceed, than to be deficient in the quantity of their clothing, and to wear that which affords them the greateſt warmth with the leaſt poſſible weight. They will not then be liable to be injured by ſitting all day in the chimney corner, breathing an unwholeſome air, and in a current of wind. A perſon ſufficiently cloathed with the *fleecy hoſiery* next his ſkin may wear any ſlight ſubſtance for ornament above it, and will, I am certain, feel more comfortable even at ſome diſtance from

---

* *When dogs are exerciſed, who do not perſpire, they carry off the ſuperabundant heat by the* kidneys, *as well as by the* tongue.

† *No people are better clothed than the* farmers *in this iſland, who uſually enjoy* rude health.

the fire, than when he was ſcorching on one ſide, and felt half frozen on the other.

The under garment of *fleecy hoſiery* ought to be frequently changed, as it promotes the perſpiration, and is continually abſorbing it. Diſeaſes of the ſkin are chiefly owing to want of cleanlineſs. They may indeed proceed from other cauſes; but they ſeldom continue long where cleanlineſs prevails. To the ſame cauſe muſt we impute the various kinds of vermin which infeſt the human body, &c. Theſe may always be baniſhed by cleanlineſs alone, and wherever they abound, we have every reaſon to believe it is neglected. It is remarkable that, in moſt eaſtern countries, cleanlineſs makes a great part of their religion. Indeed the whole ſyſtem of the Jewiſh laws has a manifeſt tendency to promote cleanlineſs. Whatever pretenſions people make to politeneſs and civilization, I will affirm, that as long as they neglect cleanlineſs and appear naſty, they are ſtiled Goths and barbarians. Cleanlineſs is certainly agreeable to our nature. It ſooner attracts our regard than even finery itſelf, and often gains eſteem where that fails. It is an ornament to the higheſt as well as the loweſt ſtation, and cannot be diſpenſed with in either.

Few things are more unreaſonable, than the dread of cleanlineſs in ſick people. They had rather wallow in all manner of filth, than change a tatter of their apparel. Yet how refreſhed, how cheerful, how comfortable do people feel when in health upon being ſhaved, waſhed, and ſhifted! If cleanlineſs be proper for perſons in health, it is certainly more ſo for the ſick. By being neglected the ſlighteſt diſorders are often changed into the moſt *malignant*. The ſame miſtaken care which prompted people to prevent the leaſt admiſſion of *freſh air* to the ſick, ſeems to have induced them to keep them dirty.* If the *fleecy hoſiery* waiſtcoat was changed on going to bed, which is the time we are in the habit of being expoſed to cold, there can be no danger of catching cold, nor can there be any impropriety of doing this at leaſt twice a week in the ſummer, and once in the winter. The only caution neceſſary, is to ſee, previous to its being put on, that it contains no dampneſs.

On the SUPERIORITY *of the* NORTHERN HEMISPHERE *over the* SOUTHERN, *from the Rev. Mr.* JONES' *Philoſophical Diſquiſitions.*

THE ſuperiority of the northern hemiſphere of the world, above the ſouthern, is very manifeſt. It has more land, more ſun, more heat, more light, more arts, more ſenſe, more learning, more truth, more religion. The land of the ſouthern hemiſphere, that is, the land which lies on the other ſide of the equinoctial line, does not amount to one fourth part of what is found on the north ſide.

---

* Dr. BUCHAN.

The ſun, by reaſon of the excentricity of the earth's orbit, and the ſituation of the aphelion, makes our ſummer eight days longer than the ſummer of the other hemiſphere; which, in the ſpace of four thouſand years, (for ſo long it is ſince any univerſal change has taken place in the earth) amounts to upwards of eighty ſeven years; and ſo much more ſun has this hemiſphere enjoyed than the other. What effects may have been ariſing gradually in all that time, we cannot aſcertain; but ſuch a cauſe cannot have been without its effect: and I think it is allowed, that the temperature of the earth and atmoſphere, in the higheſt latitudes of the north, is much more mild and moderate than in the correſpondent latitudes of the ſouth. The dreary face of Statenland, with the weather-beaten Cape of South-America, a climate ſo ſevere as ſcarcely to admit of any human inhabitants, is no nearer to the pole than the northern counties of England: but the difference in the atmoſphere, and in the aſpect of the earth, is almoſt incredible; and this is the more remarkable, becauſe there is no mountainous country betwixt that and the pole to account for the icy blaſts that prevail there.

But it is alſo further obſervable, that the northern hemiſphere is better provided for by night as well as by day. The ſtars of ſuperior magnitudes are much more numerous on this ſide the equinoctial than on the other: we have nine ſtars of the firſt magnitude, and they but four; and the ſtars of the Great Bear, ſo conſpicuous in this hemiſphere, have nothing to equal them about the other pole. When the ſun is remote from us in the winter, our longeſt nights are illuminated by the principal ſtars of the firmament; when the ſun enters Capricorn, there comes to the meridian, about midnight, the whole conſtellation of Orion, the brighteſt in the heavens, containing two ſtars of the firſt magnitude, four of the ſecond, and many others of inferior ſizes; and upon the meridian, or near it, there are four more ſtars of the firſt magnitude, Capella, Sirius, Procyon, and Aldebaran. No other portion of the heavens affords half ſo much illumination; and it is exactly accommodated to our midnight, when the nights are longeſt and darkeſt. If the mid-winter of the ſouthern hemiſphere be compared, the inferiority of the nocturnal illumination is wonderful.

Though it will carry us a little beyond the bounds of phyſics, the parallel is ſo glaring between the natural and intellectual ſuperiority of this part of the world, that your time will not be loſt while we reflect upon it. Here the arts of war and of peace have always flouriſhed; as if this part of the globe had been allotted to a ſuperior race of beings. Aſia and Europe, from the remoteſt times, have been the ſeats of ſcience, literature, eloquence, and military power; compared with which, the ſouthern regions have ever been, as we now find them, beggarly and barbarous; poſſeſſed by people ſtupid and inſenſible, illiterate, and incapable of learning. Where are the poets, and the hiſtorians, the orators, the philoſophers, of the ſouthern world? We may as well ſearch for the ſciences amongſt the beaſts of the wilderneſs.

All the inventions, by which mankind have done honour to themſelves in every age, have been confined to this ſide of the world. Here the mathematical ſciences have flouriſhed; printing has been found out; gun-powder and fire-arms invented; navigation perfected; magnetiſm and electricity cultivated to the aſtoniſhment of the wiſeſt; and philoſophy extended by experimental inquiries of every kind. There would be no end, if we were to trace this compariſon through every improvement; for here we have every thing that can adorn human life, and there they have nothing.

But the difference is moſt conſpicuous, when we compare the north and ſouth in point of *religion*; to which, indeed, *that pre-eminence is owing on our ſide*, which has extended to every branch of ſocial civilization and intellectual improvement. It is notorious at this day, that arts and learning flouriſh to the higheſt degree, in thoſe countries only that are enlightened by chriſtianity, and no where ſo much as in this kingdom, where that religion is eſtabliſhed in its pureſt form. May it long continue! and may we know our own felicity in the enjoyment of it! for religion is undoubtedly the ſun that gives light to the mind; the vital ſpirit that animates the human underſtanding to its higheſt atchievements; though many have been indebted to it, without being ſenſible of their obligation, or without confeſſing it; and others have turned againſt it that light which they borrowed from itſelf.

The northern hemiſphere then, whatever preference it may have in a phyſical capacity, has been much more honoured by the ſuperior advantages of learning and religion: here knowledge firſt began to be diffuſed, and the world itſelf was firſt inhabited, in the fineſt climates of the earth, which are about the latitudes 36°, &c. north: here the church was firſt ſettled; and the Hebrew nation, raiſing by degrees till the reign of Solomon, formed a wiſe, wealthy, and ſplendid kingdom, long before the powers of Greece and Rome were heard of: here the light of Chriſtianity was afterwards manifeſted, and with it the lights of learning have been extended to parts where they were never known before, till both of them reached to the utmoſt boundaries of the weſt, in the once unknown regions of the Atlantic world.

Conclusion of "Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy;" *By George Adams.*

I have now finiſhed my courſe of Lectures, and have given you a general view of the principal phenomina in nature; nor have I been inattentive to the diſcoveries made therein by man. I have endeavoured to point out the abuſe that may be made of phyſical inquiries, and to guard you againſt the errors by which they may be perverted, and rendered a prop to ſupport the weak fabric of infidelity and falſehood. From theſe Lectures it evidently appears, "1ſt, That Man is compoſed of two Subſtances, of which one *perceives* without being *perceived* by the *ſenſes*; and the other is *perceived*

without having any *perception* in itſelf. 2dly, That Man, in his preſent ſtate, can perceive nothing more of the Univerſe than what is tranſmitted to him by his *organs*, whoſe faculties are very limited. 3dly, That there are evidently effects *perceptable* by Man, which are occaſioned by Beings that he cannot *perceive*. 4thly, That Man, deprived only of one ſenſe, *ſight*, would have been ignorant of the greater part of what he knows of the Univerſe, namely, of entire claſſes of Beings, and of the relations of theſe beings to each other, and to thoſe with which he is acquainted. 5thly, and laſtly, By every rule of *analogy*, and from many phenomena, it is highly probable, that there exiſt many claſſes of Beings, related to each other, and to Man, which he cannot in his preſent ſtate *perceive*."*

The ſpiritual powers of man are rouſed into action by the medium of the ſenſes. His underſtanding explains itſelf by the perceptions the ſenſes tranſmit; ſo that, notwithſtanding the extent of his powers, he can make no progreſs in matters higher than ſenſe, unleſs he take the *creation* of his leſſon, and the *omniſcient Creator* for his preceptor. It is therefore weak and perverſe in him, without the very elements of knowledge in his head, to deſert ſuch a wiſe and kind inſtructor, and then ſet up for *an independent diſcoverer*. Put the philoſopher to the trial, who pretends to know ſo much of a Deity without allowing him to diſcover himſelf and explain his own works, and you will ſoon ſee the wiſe man confounded by his own wiſdom. If this wanted proof, I need only mention the writings of Helvetius, Voltaire, Diderot, De la Metrie, and the whole ſchool of Condorcet.

In contradiction to theſe men, I have endeavoured to ſhew that philoſophy is illuſtrated, and juſt views of nature are exhibited by the ſacred writings. What indeed can we think of thoſe who would have us believe they credit the ſcriptures, while they take upon them to correct its ſtile as not philoſophically juſt? who would have us believe, that He who holds all nature in his hand, does not know how to accommodate his doctrines to the capacities of the vulgar, without ſpeaking with philoſophical impropriety of his own works? Will they, indeed, teach Him to ſpeak, who gave a mouth to man, whoſe word was ſufficient to cauſe the mighty ſun to ſhine, and daily diffuſe his treaſures of light around the heavens, irradiating the ſhifting hemiſpheres of the revolving earth, and at whoſe command it is ſurrounded by the liquid air? Shall the writings of men have excellencies in our eyes, and his have no beauty, who hath meted out the heavens, who knoweth the ballancing of the clouds, and by whoſe knowledge the deeps are broken up?

Both His word and His works prove, that He has employed and diſplayed infinite wiſdom, power, and goodneſs, in the creation of this univerſe; that He has with ſtupendous artifice ſtored our globe with every thing neceſſary, not only for the ſupport, but for the

* *De Luc, Letters Phyſiques et Morales, tom. v. p.* 11, *p.* 689.

felicity of man: all His works are ſtamped with the characters of the infinite perfections, and over flowing goodneſs of the Author. He has given to man, and to him alone, a capacity to be entertained with the magnificence, the beauty, the harmony, and the order of the univerſe; and has ſo moulded his heart and ſpirit, as to make pleaſure attendant on admiration, and love and gratitude the neceſſary companions of the ſenſe of favours received.

Let us then praiſe the God of heaven, from whom we have received ſo much, whoſe mercy is extended over all.

Let every thing that hath breath praiſe him; and let man, the prieſt of the creation, offer up a ſacrifice of thankſgiving unto the Moſt High.

ON NATURAL HISTORY.

NATURAL HISTORY is a ſcience both uſeful and entertaining; as it comprehends animals, vegetables, and foſſils; air, earth, and ſea, with all their inhabitants and productions; it may be ſaid to include the knowledge of all nature, and to preſent an inexhauſtable fund of inquiry and of amuſement. It is intimately connected with all the other ſciences; and with all the arts, from the ſimpleſt and rudeſt, to the moſt complicated and the moſt elegant. While we look around us, we cannot avoid becoming more or leſs acquainted with the manners of animals, the œconomy of vegetables, and the general appearances of nature. From an acquaintance with theſe, many advantages have already accrued to man; and from a more intimate knowledge of them, many more may ſtill be derived. The comfort and happineſs of all ranks may, in ſome degree, be ſaid to depend on the knowledge of natural hiſtory. The huſbandman needs to know the characters of the tame animals which he employs; what advantages are to be derived from them; whether there are others that would ſuit his purpoſe better; where they are to be found; how they may be procured, and how ſupported; the qualities of the ſoil which he cultivates, and the means of managing and of improving it; the nature of the grain which he raiſes; and whether he might not, with advantage, ſubſtitute a different ſpecies, inſtead of that which hath been in common uſe. Even the meaneſt mechanic muſt have a pretty accurate knowledge of many of the qualities of thoſe natural objects with which his art is connected. The fine arts, though uſually conſidered as the peculiar province of imagination, depend greatly upon natural hiſtory. Both in muſic and painting, the ſtudy of nature alone can enſure ſucceſs. In the writings of the poets, many images are introduced from external nature; and alluſions are frequently made to the manners and œconomy of animals.

Many of the transformations, celebrated by Ovid, are founded on facts in the natural hiſtory of animals and vegetables. Virgil alſo, in his Georgics, deſcribes the œconomy of ſome of the tame animals, and of ſome parts of the vegetable kingdom. Such parts are not the leaſt valuable of their writings. As modern poets have not the ſame machinery of gods and goddeſſes; of nymphs, fawns, and ſatyrs, which were ſo ſerviceable to the heathen poets of antiquity; as they cannot employ elves, witches, ghoſts, or the wonders of enchantment, with ſo much advantage as the writers of the old romances; let them therefore be more induſtrious in ſtudying the ſcenes of Nature: Theſe are ſo endleſsly diverſified, that they muſt always continue to afford abundance of the richeſt materials for the poet's art; materials, which have this advantage over allegory and fiction, that they are durable as the preſent conſtitution of things. By attending to this principle, Thomſon, while he led the way to others, procured for himſelf a diſtinguiſhed place among thoſe whoſe names are immortal.

From the viciſſitudes of the ſeaſons acting upon their ſenſes; from the preſence of ſurrounding objects; from the neceſſity of deriving from theſe, food, cloathing, and ſhelter, Natural Hiſtory muſt have been an object of the firſt importance to man, and attended to from the earlieſt periods of ſociety. But before the invention of letters, or even ſubſequent to that period, when the art of writing was far from being common, the obſervations and the diſcoveries of individuals were neither likely to be communicated to thoſe at a diſtance, nor recorded for the information of thoſe that ſhould come after. In a more poliſhed ſtate of ſociety, the caſe is widely different. Accordingly we find that Alexander the Great cauſed a collection of animals to be made for the examination of his maſter, Ariſtotle; and that wild-beaſts, from every quarter of the globe, then diſcovered, were exhibited in the amphitheatres at Rome; yet Ariſtotle is the only ancient writer on zoology that merits attention: Pliny and Ælian, with his great example before their eyes, produced nothing but crude collections, without much taſte or judgement, blending truth and falſehood in one common maſs. For many ſucceeding ages, from various well known cauſes, all in Europe was ignorance, wonder, and credulity.

Though Natural Hiſtory was not one of the favourite ſtudies of the revivers of literature; yet the ſcholars of that period diſplayed a degree of induſtry, which, to many of the triflers of the preſent day, may well appear incredible. The voluminous labours of Geſner and Aldrovandus are an illuſtrious inſtance. Theſe are rude quarries from which ſome valuable materials may be dug by ſuch as will undergo the fatigue, and poſſeſs the judgement neceſſary to turn them to a good account.

Towards the end of the laſt century, this ſcience began to be more generally cultivated. Among our countrymen, Ray, Woodward, Collinſon, and Edwards, proſecuted this ſtudy with ſingular ſucceſs, and have been followed in the ſame tract by many others,

ſcarcely inferior in induſtry or abilities; none of whom has been more ſucceſsful than the indefatigable Pennant. But to the celebrated Linnæus of Sweden, is juſtly attributed the honour of having firſt formed Natural Hiſtory into a ſyſtem. He may therefore perhaps be reckoned its greateſt benefactor. The eloquent Buffon, by ſo happily uniting extenſive knowledge, ingenuity, and elegance, hath contributed, in a ſignal manner, to diffuſe, among all the various ranks in ſociety, an ardent deſire to obtain a more intimate acquaintance with this ſcience. The philoſophy of Natural Hiſtory, a work but lately publiſhed by the judicious Tranſlator of Buffon, will alſo, it is hoped, contribute conſiderably to its being better underſtood.

OF ANIMALS IN GENERAL.

From a late Engliſh Publication.

AMONG the ſeveral orders of beings in that part of the univerſe which is ſubject to human obſervation, animals are certainly the moſt remarkable and the moſt eminent. The variety of the parts of an animal body, the happy perfection of the ſtructure in which theſe are united, the diverſity of forms which this order of beings exhibits, the powers of feeling, motion and action, with which they are endowed, and indeed all their qualities, and all the circumſtances of their exiſtence,—concur to eſtabliſh them in this illuſtrious rank among the works of creation. The mineral kingdom preſents many beauties and many wonders to our obſervation: the vegetable world, as it diſplays organization and a ſpecies of life; as the individuals belonging to it increaſe in ſize by growth, which enlarges all their parts in due proportion, not by the ſimple accumulation of homogeneous matter; and as it exhibits ſuch a multiplicity of beautiful forms, and ſuch variety, richneſs and elegance of colouring; is to be conſidered as ſuperior to brute matter, and approaches nearly to the dignity of the animal creation. But ſtill, when from the contemplation of theſe two kingdoms of Nature we raiſe our views to Animals, a train of nobler objects appear before us; our curioſity is more powerfully excited; our attention more cloſely fixed; and our minds are elevated and enlightened by a ſet of new and grander ideas.

He who views Nature with a careleſs eye, readily diſtinguiſhes the animal from the vegetable, and the vegetable from the mineral kingdom: He notices not the nice gradations by which theſe different orders of beings run, as it were, into one another; he marks only the more prominent features, and the more glaring colours: the remarkable differences force themſelves upon his obſervation; but he paſſes on too rapidly to diſcern, or even examine whether theſe are ſeeming or real,—whether they are divided by a firm and inſuperable barrier, or connected by intermediate links. It never

occurs to the vulgar, that animals and vegetables may poſſibly be one order of beings, or that any of the vegetable tribes are nearly allied to ſome parts of the mineral world: They would laugh to hear a philoſopher declare himſelf at a loſs to give ſuch a definition of any one of theſe orders as might abſolutely exclude the others.

Yet, philoſophers have actually felt this difficulty. When they find animals fixed to a particular ſpot, extremely imperfect in their powers of ſenſation, and diſplaying ſcarce any inſtincts or diſpoſitions of mind, they can hardly conſider them as endowed with any principle ſuperior in its nature to vegetative life. Again, when they obſerve plants unfolding to the rays of the ſun their leaves or flowers, which ſhrink together at the fall of night,—receding, as if afraid of injury, from approaching objects,—and, in whatever ſituation the ſeed be ſown, or the ſhoot planted, conſtantly growing in that direction in which they can beſt enjoy the influence of light and air; it appears almoſt unfair to deny this claſs of beings ſenſations, deſires, and even deſign. The ſenſibility of the *mimoſa*, the art of the *dionæa muſcipula*, the affectionate care with which the leaves of the tamarind tree contract and wrap themſelves round the tender fruit, to protect it from the nocturnal cold, are ſo many inſtances in which vegetables appear to poſſeſs ſome of the moſt eminent of the characteriſtics of animals. The oyſter and other ſhell fiſhes, with ſeveral different ſpecies always ranked in the animal kingdom, ſeem, again, to poſſeſs few of the privileges of animals.

The *analogies* between animals and vegetables, which have been traced by philoſophical obſervation, occaſion other difficulties in the attempt to fix the boundary between theſe two kingdoms. The bodies, as well of plants as of animals, conſiſt of fluids and ſolids; they have both veſſels deſigned to contain the fluids, and glands to ſecrete different juices: while the blood circulates through the bodies of animals, the ſap of vegetables aſcends and deſcends, not in the ſame veſſels indeed, but ſo as to produce the ſame effects on the vegetable, which the motion of the blood by the force of the heart and the arteries, produces on an animal body. Theſe are but a few of the reſemblances which have been obſerved between the ſpecies of the animal and thoſe of the vegetable kingdom. Almoſt every one of the parts common to animal bodies has been repreſented by one naturaliſt or another as matched by ſome correſpondent part in vegetable bodies. Such analogies are ſometimes plain and ſtriking, and ſometimes ſcarce perceptible, or merely imaginary. They afford an agreeable ſubject of ſpeculation; and it cannot be denied that they increaſe the difficulty of aſcertaining the limits by which theſe two departments of Nature are divided.

But, however numerous and ſtrong the analogies between animals and vegetables, however difficult it may be to diſcern the preciſe line which ſeparates the one kingdom from the other; yet the leading characteriſtics are ſufficiently diſtinct. The privileges

which animals enjoy above the other parts of the creation are in moſt inſtances highly conſpicuous.

One of the moſt eminent of theſe privileges is their power of *locomotion.* Klein, with ſufficient propriety, aſſumes this as the great characteriſtic by which animals may be diſtinguiſhed from the other orders of beings. Inanimate bodies never change their ſituation unleſs acted upon by ſome external impulſe. Vegetables ſeem to enjoy a ſpecies of life, and diſplay on many occaſions a degree of ſenſibility, or at leaſt ſomething very like it; but they are fixed, each to a peculiar ſpot, where they ſpring up, expand into full growth, and at length wither and decay. Animals, without ſuffering any external impulſe, readily move from place to place, by virtue of an inward principle, ſuperior in its nature to vegetative life. Some animals enjoy this power or property in a more eminent degree than others; ſome are more diſpoſed than the reſt of their fellows to exert it; and ſome, again, poſſeſs the power in a very inferior degree, and diſcover but a very faint inclination to avail themſelves of it. We admire the rapid flight of the eagle, and the ſwiftneſs of the horſe and the greyhound; we obſerve ſome of the ſwifteſt and moſt vigorous animals to ſink into lethargic indolence, till rouſed by ſome peculiarly powerful motive; the ſnail, the ſloth, but more particularly the oyſter, the limpet, and other ſhell fiſhes, both in their powers of ſelf-motion, and in their diſpoſitions to exert theſe, riſe but very little above thoſe vegetables which are more remarkable for ſenſibility. This property, however, though not uniformely the ſame in all animals, ſeems to belong, in one degree or another, to every being that can be ranked in this claſs; and it is ſufficient to diſtinguiſh them remarkably, in all the circumſtances of their exiſtence, from thoſe from whom Nature has withheld it.

But this is not the only property on which the dignity of the *animal* character depends. To be capable merely of moving from one ſituation to another by virtue of their natural powers, would not greatly exalt this order of beings:—united with other correſpondent faculties, this power becomes important. A mineral or vegetable body, with ſelf-motion ſuperadded to its other properties, would not be much ſuperior in dignity to what it naturally is, without any ſuch addition. *Senſibility* is another characteriſtic of animals: it is intimately connected with their powers of loco-motion, and even neceſſary to prompt them to the exertion of thoſe powers. Did I not feel, I ſhould never be rouſed to action. Several vegetables, among which the *mimoſa* or ſenſitive plant is the moſt remarkable inſtance, appear to poſſeſs ſomething like ſenſibility. It is ſcarce poſſible to determine upon what principle in their nature the emotions which this ſpecies of plants diſplay on certain occaſions, may depend. Is it owing to ſomething peculiar in the ſtructure of their parts, or in the matter of which they are formed? or are they actually informed by a ſentient principle? This is perhaps one of thoſe intricate cauſes in which truth is removed from

our view, even beyond the reach of experiment. Yet, if we may fairly venture on this occaſion to reaſon from analogy, we muſt conclude that thoſe plants are equally deſtitute of a conſcious ſentient principle with the other ſpecies of the vegetable kingdom. The ſtructure of their parts is not that of an animal, but of a vegetable body: They are, like other vegetables, fixed to a particular ſpot: in all their other characteriſtics too, they reſemble not animals but vegetables; and even thoſe phœnomena, in which it may be imagined that they diſplay indications of ſenſibility, are of ſuch a nature that no deciſive inference can be deduced from them. Animals are endowed with various organs and powers of ſenſation, which ſerve to make them acquainted with the different properties of ſurrounding objects. Moſt of them ſee, hear, taſte, touch and ſmell. They all poſſeſs theſe, or a part of theſe powers of ſenſation, in an unequivocal manner. The ſenſes are not indeed equally perfect in all; and ſome ſpecies appear to enjoy only a part of them. In ſome animals, the ſight, the hearing, the touch, the taſte, or the ſmell, is remarkably dull; and in others, exquiſitely delicate and acute. The eye of the mole receives but a faint glimmer of light; the ear of the aſs is inſenſible to the harmony or melody of ſounds; the ſight of the ounce, again, is wonderfully acute; and the touch of the ſpider exquiſitely delicate. Poſſibly the ſame feelings may not communicate to all animals the ſame images and ſentiments: What is ſweet to one animal may perhaps be bitter to another; what is beautiful to one ſpecies, may appear to another ugly or diſagreeable: an odour, which to this animal is ſweet ſmelling, may be a ſtench in the noſtrils of that. All ſenſations, however, communicate to the animal ſome uſeful knowledge of the qualities of ſurrounding objects; ſome knowledge ſuitable to his character and his circumſtances.

But ſenſibility requires the beings to whom it belongs to poſſeſs ſome *ſuperior* powers. Organs of ſenſation ſerve merely to carry on an intercourſe between ſome internal principles in the animal poſſeſſed of them, and external nature. Theſe internal principles exalt animals highly above every other order of beings; and are, beſides, ſo much diverſified in different ſpecies of animals, and in different individuals, as to create the moſt remarkable diſtinctions that appear among them. Perception muſt be common to all animals; without it, organs of ſenſation would be uſeleſs: Perception is indeed ſcarce any thing elſe but another word for ſenſibility: the only difference ſeems to be, that the former is ſcarce ſo ſtrongly expreſſive a term as the latter. Memory appears to be no leſs neceſſary to animals than perception; to receive impreſſions from external nature, would be but a trifling privilege, were thoſe impreſſions of ſo evaneſcent a nature as to be effaced the next moment after they were communicated. Animals, without this power, could perform no voluntary functions. To render them equal to theſe, it ſeems indiſpenſibly neceſſary that they be able to connect the paſt with the

preſent. Accordingly, every animal whoſe manners and œconomy have been obſerved with any conſiderable degree of attention, appears to be more or leſs capable of remembrance. The docility of the domeſtic animals is a ſufficient proof that they are endowed with this faculty: The cunning, and even the ferocity of the beaſts of prey, prove the ſame fact with reſpect to *them:* The complex and wonderful œconomy of the bee, the beaver, the crow, the birds of paſſage in general, and various others of the inferior animals, whoſe manners have been often contemplated with admiration, ſhews that their retentive powers are remarkably tenacious of the impreſſions made upon them. The human ſpecies poſſeſs the faculty of memory in a very eminent degree; and the arts by which they have learned to improve and aſſiſt it, render it a more important feature in their character, than in that of any of the other ſpecies in the animal creation. But, we cannot conceive a being to poſſeſs the powers of perception and memory, yet not be conſcious of its exiſtence: This conſciouſneſs muſt therefore be allowed to be another of the internal powers of animals. With the powers of perception, remembrance, and conſciouſneſs, animals are obſerved to be alſo endowed with certain affections, and to be ſuſceptible of certain emotions. Joy, grief, love, hatred, gratitude, reſentment, fear, courage, with a number of other ſimilar principles, reſide in the human breaſt, and are to man the great ſprings of action. The inferior animals too, appear to be ſuſceptible of the ſame emotions, and capable of many both of the ſelfiſh and the ſocial affections which diſtinguiſh the human character. But neither do all the individuals of any one ſpecies poſſeſs all theſe affections and paſſions in the very ſame degree; nor are the diſpoſitions and affections of the different ſpecies nearly the ſame. One ſpecies is ferocious and cunning; in another courage appears united with noble generoſity: One is remarkable for ſloth and liſtleſs inactivity; another is reſtleſsly active: One is grateful, ſubmiſſive and affectionate; another of a froward, untameable ſpirit, inſenſible to kindneſs, and incapable of attachment: One is docile and intelligent; another dull and ſtupid. Beſides theſe emotions, affections, and paſſions of a more generous and refined nature, animals are likewiſe ſubject to certain appetites and feelings of a different kind: Such are the appetites for food, and for the procreation of the ſpecies; the ſenſe of bodily pleaſure, and of bodily pain. Theſe are more uniformly common to animals in general than the former: To receive the requiſite ſupplies of food, and to re-produce the ſpecies, are properties ſtill more eſſential to the animal character than the more refined ſentiments and affections.

The internal qualities which have been enumerated, are generally allowed to be common to all animals, although diverſified in different ſpecies, and different individuals. But theſe,—the power of ſelf motion, organs of ſenſation, perception, conſciouſneſs, memory, appetites, affections and paſſions,—are not ſufficient to complete the character: They need ſome other principles, to call forth, to

regulate, and to reſtrain their energy; ſomething on which they may act, and which may connect them, as it were, with one another. Animals are actually endowed with other internal principles beſides theſe: They compare objects preſented to them; they judge between true and falſe; they diſtinguiſh between beauty and deformity; they can diſcern order from confuſion. Their other powers furniſh, as it were, the materials; theſe combine and ſeparate, and arrange them. The operation of theſe ſeveral principles is ſucceeded by the determination of the will; a power which is neceſſary to complete the character of a thinking, animated being. No circumſtances in the ſituation of animals, no particulars in their form, or bodily powers, or mental diſpoſitions, give riſe to more remarkable diſparities among them, than thoſe which depend on their powers of comparing, and of judging between different objects. Theſe hold ſo important a rank among their other powers, that, wherever they are in the ſmalleſt degree diverſified, they muſt produce the moſt remarkable diverſities of character.

By their ſuperiority in theſe powers, the human ſpecies are eminently diſtinguiſhed above the reſt of the animal kingdom; ſo eminently, indeed, that they are lords of animated nature,—the reſt, their ſlaves, or unequal enemies. The ſame law prevails throughout all animated nature. The more perfect theſe powers of comparing and judging in any particular ſpecies, ſo much the more powerful, reſpectable, and happy is that ſpecies. Superior addreſs often renders a ſmaller and more timid animal an over-match for one that is larger, ſtronger, and even more ferocious.

But the inferior animals are ſo remarkably deficient in the reaſoning and thinking powers, when compared with man, that human pride has been tempted to deny them entirely the poſſeſſion of ſuch powers. Though we find them ſuch uſeful aſſiſtants, and at times ſuch formidable enemies, we would willingly degrade them to a rank in the order of creation ſtill lower than that which nature has aſſigned them. We delight to repreſent them as deſtitute of reaſon, and guided only by what we call inſtinct. We obſerve that even the moſt ſagacious among them are incapable of that variety of minute diſtinctions, which our reaſoning faculties enable us to make:—They cannot take ſo full a review of the paſt, nor look forward with ſo penetrating an eye towards the future: They do not accumulate obſervation upon obſervation, or add to the experience of one generation that of another: Their manners do not vary, nor their cuſtoms fluctuate, like ours: Their arts remain always the ſame, and are not liable either to degenerate, or to be improved: The crow always builds its neſt in the ſame way; every hen treats her young with the ſame meaſure of affection; even the dog, the horſe, and the ſagacious elephant, ſeem to act rather mechanically than with deſign. From ſuch haſty obſervations as theſe it has been inferred, that the brutes are directed in their actions by ſome myſterious influence, which impels them to employ their powers unintentionally in

performing actions beneficial to themſelves, and ſuitable to their nature and circumſtances.

Other opinions have, however, been formed concerning the character of the inferior animals, which are plainly inconſiſtent with this notion, and which would therefore lead us to ſuſpect it as falſe, even before entering into a particular examination of the grounds on which it ſtands. One of the greateſt philoſophers among the ancients * was ſo fully convinced that the brutes poſſeſs the ſame powers of intelligence as men, that he repreſented them to his diſciples as animated by ſouls which had previouſly acted a part in human bodies, and, for that reaſon, enjoined them to treat thoſe their humbler brethren with gentleneſs and humanity, and to beware of ever ſhedding their blood. The ſame opinion ſtill prevails through the eaſt; and it has actually ſuch influence on the manners of the Gentoos, that they will periſh of hunger rather than ſhed the blood, or eat the fleſh of an animal.

This opinion indeed, as well as that which degrades the brutes to the humble character of pieces of mere mechaniſm, may probably have originated from prejudice or careleſs obſervation. But, ſince natural hiſtory has begun to be more diligently cultivated, many obſervations have been made on the manners and œconomy of the inferior animals, which prove, that, if they are guided by inſtinct, that inſtinct is by no means a mechanical principle of action, but, in its nature and ſuſceptibility of improvement, often approaches nearly to the character of human reaſon. The manners of no one ſpecies among the brutes are uniformly the ſame in all the individuals belonging to it. Even in performing thoſe actions in which they are ſaid to be guided by unvarying inſtinct, different individuals diſplay different modes of conduct. It is probable, that if we were to examine their manners and œconomy with the ſame minute and careful attention with which we obſerve the conduct of our own ſpecies, we ſhould find thoſe of their actions which we call *inſtinctive* much more diverſified than we imagine: the general reſemblance; the family likeneſs, would no doubt ſtill hold; but we ſhould ſurely diſcover the character of the individual to be diſtinctly marked, as well as that of the ſpecies. The laws of analogical reaſoning do not juſtify the idea that the brutes act, on any occaſion, abſolutely without deſign. On many occaſions they undeniably act with deſign: The dog obeys his maſter; he traces his footſteps in order to overtake him: he even attempts to make returns of gratitude for the kindneſs with which he is treated. Others of the inferior animals behave in a ſimilar manner. It ſeems therefore more probable that the inferior animals, even in thoſe inſtances in which we cannot diſtinguiſh the motives which actuate them, or the views with which they proceed, act not altogether without deſign, and extend their views, if not a great way, yet at leaſt a certain length

* *Pythagoras,*

forward,—than that they can be, upon any occaſion, ſuch as in rearing their young, building neſts, &c. actuated merely by feeling, or over-ruled by ſome myſterious influence, under which they are nothing but inſenſible inſtruments.

The facts from which this induction is drawn, have of late forced themſelves on obſervation, in ſuch a manner as to give riſe to a very *curious* theory.* It has been thought better to degrade mankind nearer to the ſame level with the brutes, than to elevate the brutes to the rank uſually aſſigned to mankind. The human mind has been repreſented as a bundle of inſtincts, only a little larger than thoſe bundles of the ſame materials which have been beſtowed on the brutes. Obſerving, that the inferior animals ſeemed, on many occaſions, to act upon the ſame principles with mankind, and unwilling to allow that the former can ever act with deſign, the author of this theory has contrived to explain the phænomena by denying deſign to his own ſpecies.

But, we will not tamely ſurrender our rights. It is better to ſhare them with others than to be entirely deprived of them. We are conſcious of comparing ideas and of forming deſigns. If theſe operations are called inſtincts,—very well: this is not to advance a new doctrine, but to propoſe the uſe of new terms. Yet thoſe already in uſe ſeem ſufficiently adequate to the purpoſes for which they are employed. Let mankind ſtill be allowed to reaſon, and to act with deſign; even though it muſt be granted, that the brutes too reaſon, but not ſo ſkilfully, and form deſigns, but deſigns much leſs extenſive than thoſe of mankind.

We not only accompliſh ſuch purpoſes as we propoſe to ourſelves, by the uſe of ſuch means as prudence ſuggeſts; but we are alſo ſubject to laws, by the influence of which our conduct, whatever it be, naturally produces certain effects on our character and circumſtances, which we neither previouſly deſired nor foreſaw. The drunkard, for inſtance, ſits down only to ſwallow a liquor of which he is fond, or to join in that noiſy mirth which reigns among his fellows; but he inſenſibly acquires a habit which he did not think of, and by indulging in that habit, unintentionally produces very unhappy changes on his health and circumſtances. The benevolent man, in the ſame manner, when he interferes to relieve his brother in diſtreſs, does not probably attend to all the effects which his conduct, in this inſtance, is likely to produce, either to himſelf or to the perſon whom he relieves: And of human actions in general it may be obſerved, that their conſequences always extend much farther than the deſign or foreſight of the agent. Beings of ſuperior intelligence might regard mankind as incapable of deſign, with juſt as much reaſon as we have to deny the brutes any guiding principle ſuperior to blind and ſimple inſtinct. We, however, are conſcious

* *See Tranſactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Vol. I. p.* 39 *to* 45.

of deſign; though our deſigns are commonly narrow, and our views limited: why, then, conſign the inferior animals to the guidance of an unmeaning impulſe? Were it proper to enter more minutely at preſent into a diſcuſſion of this point, it might be eaſy to prove, by an induction of particulars, that the brutes actually compare ideas and deduce inferences; and when we conſider their docility, and mark the variety of their manners, it appears almoſt abſurd to deny that they form deſigns, and look backward on the paſt, and forward towards the future, as well as we.

We may conclude, then, with reſpect to the inferior animals, that they poſſeſs, in general, the powers of perception, memory, conſciouſneſs; with various affections, paſſions, and internal feelings; and even, though perhaps in a meaner degree, thoſe powers of comparing and judging which are neceſſary to enable an animated being to form deſigns, and to direct its actions to certain ends. Their proſpects towards the future are evidently very confined: they cannot review the paſt with ſuch a ſteady eye as man; imagination is not, with them, ſo vigorous and active as with us, and is confined within a much narrower range. But ſtill they are not abſolutely confined to preſent ſenſations; they connect ſome part of the paſt and of the future with the preſent. When we contemplate their manners, we behold not ſocial intercourſe regulated among them by the ſame forms as among us: Their characters and circumſtances differ ſo conſiderably from ours, that though the great principles of right and wrong may, wherever they are perceived, remain the ſame to them as to us; yet the application of thoſe principles to particular caſes muſt be very different among them from what it is with us. Thus, philoſophers have fancied imaginary ſtates of human ſociety, in which the preſent laws of diſtributive and commutative juſtice could not be obſerved:* but even in ſuch ſtates of ſociety, the fundamental principles of juſtice would continue obligatory, and would only be varied in their application. The brutes appear, in ſhort, to poſſeſs, but in a more imperfect degree, the ſame faculties as mankind. Inſtinct muſt always be a ſimple principle, an original feeling; the only buſineſs of which is to rouſe to action,—to call the reaſoning powers to exert themſelves. To talk of inſtinctive principles that admit of improvement, and accommodate themſelves to circumſtances, is merely to introduce new terms into the language of philoſophy. No ſuch improvement or accommodation to circumſtances can ever take place without a compariſon of ideas, and a deduction of inferences. When we conſider with how much difficulty that acquaintance with the manners and cuſtoms of mankind, which we call *knowledge of the world*, is obtained, we cannot be ſurpriſed that even philoſophers ſhould be ſo imperfectly acquainted

---

* *See, in Hume's Eſſays, an Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals.*

with the more minute particulars in the manners and œconomy of the brutes. To man their manners are much leſs intereſting than thoſe of his own ſpecies; and there are, beſides, many difficulties to prevent us from becoming intimately acquainted with them, however earneſtly we may turn our attention to this object.

If, to thoſe powers by which animals are ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed above the ſpecies of the vegetable and the mineral kingdom, we add the peculiarities of their form, of the ſtructure of the interior parts, and of their exterior covering,—the happy adaption of all their organs to the purpoſes for which they ſeem intended by nature,—and the wiſe proviſion by which they are enabled to continue their kind; we cannot but conſider them as conſtituting by far the moſt eminent order among the works of creation. They alone are capable of enjoyment: The reſt of the univerſe ſeems to be intended for their accommodation. The enjoyments which they are formed to receive, the duties which they are deſtined to fulfil, and the laws by which the duty and the happineſs of all animals are ſo cloſely connected, afford the moſt eminent proofs of the perfection of the divine nature, that the works of creation exhibit. The inferior parts of nature are beautiful, or grand, or regular, only in proportion as they are formed to excite certain ſentiments in the minds of animated, thinking beings; at leaſt, were they not calculated to contribute to the happineſs of ſuch beings, by communicating to them agreeable ſentiments, their order, magnificence, and beauty, would be loſt without ſerving any ends.

THE ART OF PROLONGING LIFE.

Tranſlated from the German of Dr. Hufeland.

'THE object of the medical art,' ſays doctor H. 'is health; that of the macrobiotic, long life. The means employed in the medical art are regulated according to the preſent ſtate of the body and its variations; thoſe of the macrobiotic, by general principles. In the firſt it is ſufficient if one is able to reſtore that health which has been loſt; but no perſon thinks of enquiring, whether, by the means uſed for that purpoſe, life, upon the whole, will be lengthened or ſhortened; and the latter is often the caſe in many methods employed in medicine. The medical art muſt conſider every diſeaſe as an evil which cannot be too ſoon expelled; the macrobiotic, on the other hand, ſhews that many diſeaſes may be the means of prolonging life. The medical art endeavors, by corroborative and other remedies, to elevate mankind to the higheſt degree of ſtrength and phyſical perfection; while the macrobiotic proves that here even there is a maximum, and that ſtrengthening, carried too far, may tend to accelerate life, and, conſequently, to ſhorten its duration. The practical part of medicine, therefore, in regard to the

macrobiotic art, is to be conſidered only as an auxiliary ſcience which teaches us how to know diſeaſes, the enemies of life, and how to prevent and expel them; but which, however, muſt itſelf be ſubordinate to the higher laws of the latter.

His definition and explanation of life is this:

'Life, in an organized being, means the free active ſtate of the before-mentioned power, and the activity and efficacy of the organs inſeparably connected with it. The vital power, therefore, is only capacity; life itſelf, action. Every life, conſequently, is a continued operation of the efficience of the power and of organic exertion. A continual conſumption of the power and of the organs is neceſſarily the immediate conſequence of this proceſs; and, on that account, an inceſſant renovation of both is requiſite in order that life may be ſupported. The proceſs of life may then be conſidered as a continued proceſs of conſumption; and its eſſence may be defined an uninterrupted waſting and reparation of ourſelves. Life has been already often compared to a flame; and indeed the operation in both is the ſame. Deſtructive and creative powers are engaged, with never-ceaſing activity, in a continual ſtruggle within us; and every moment of our exiſtence is a ſingular mixture of annihilation and new creation. As long as the vital power retains its freſhneſs and energy, the living plaſtic powers will have the ſuperiority, and afford it protection in this conteſt: the body will alſo increaſe and approach nearer to perfection. By little and little they will balance each other, and, the conſumption becoming equal to the renovation, the body will at length decreaſe. At laſt, the vital power being leſſened, and the organs worn out, the conſumption will begin to exceed the renovation; and decay, degradation, and, in the end, a total diſſolution will unavoidably follow. This is univerſally the caſe. Every created being paſſes through three periods; that of its growth, that of its being ſtationary, and that of its decline.'

And its duration he ſuppoſes to depend on the following circumſtances:

'1. On the quantity of the vital power which reſides in the being. A greater ſupply of the vital power will naturally laſt much longer, and be later conſumed, than a ſmaller. Now we know, from what has been before ſaid, that the vital power has a greater affinity to ſome bodies, and to others a leſs; that it abounds much more in ſome than in others; and that many external cauſes tend to weaken it, and many to nouriſh it. This, therefore, gives us the firſt and moſt important ground of the difference in the duration of life.

'2. But, beſides the vital power, the organs alſo are conſumed and waſted by living; and, conſequently, a total conſumption muſt take place later in a body, the organs of which are ſtrong, than in one of a delicate ſtructure more liable to diſſolution. Beſides, the operation of life itſelf requires the continual agency of certain organs,

which we therefore call the vital organs. If these be diseased, or unfit for use, life cannot continue. A certain firmness of organization, and a proper condition of the vital organs, form the second ground on which the duration of life depeuds.

'3. The process of consumption may be carried on more slowly, or more rapidly; and, consequently, the duration of it, or what we call life, even when the powers and organs are perfectly alike, will be longer or shorter in proportion to the quickness or slowness of the operation; just as a candle lighted at both ends at the same time burns twice as fast as one lighted in the usual manner, or as a light in dephlogisticated air is consumed ten times faster than one of the same kind in common air, because by that medium the process of consumption is increased and accelerated in a tenfold proportion. This affords the third ground of difference in the duration of life.

'4. As renovation of what is lost and continual regeneration are the principal means of counteracting the consumption, those bodies which internally and externally have the best means of regenerating themselves with the most ease, and in the greatest perfection, will naturally be of longer duration than those which are destitute of that advantage.

'In short, the duration of life in a being will be proportioned to the innate quantity of vital power, the greater or less firmness of its organs, the speedier or slower consumption, and perfect or imperfect restoration. All ideas on the prolongation of life, as well as all the means which have been or may be proposed on that subject, can be brought under these four classes, and be examined upon these principles.'

In the following extract, the reader will find the author's idea of the nature of human life:

'The life of man, considered in a physical view, is nothing else than an incessant ceasing and being; a continual change of destruction and restoration; an everlasting contest of chemical, decomposing powers, with all the combining and creative vital powers. New component parts are every moment collected from the whole of nature that surrounds us; called to life from an inanimate state, and transferred from the chemical to the organic living world; and from these heterogeneous particles the plastic vital power produces a new uniform mass, which, in every point, is stamped with the character of life. But, in the same unceasing manner, the exhausted, worn-out and corrupted component parts, when their combination is dissolved, become subject again to the mechanical and chemical powers, which are in continual contest with the living powers, return from the organic to the chemical world; and again become a part of inanimate nature, in general, from which they had been separated for a short time. This uninterrupted business is the work of the vital power ever active within us; and is, consequently, attended with an excessive exertion of that power, which is an important part of vital operation. Life, therefore, is a continual receiving, appro-

priation, and giving back; an inceſſant mixture of death and new creation.

'What then, in a common ſenſe, we call the life of a creature, conſidered as a repreſentation, is nothing elſe than a mere phenomenon, which has nothing peculiar or ſelf-ſubſiſtent but the active ſpiritual power which forms the grounds of it, and which binds and regulates the whole. All the reſt is only appearance; a grand ſpectacle continued, where the thing repreſented does not remain the ſame a moment, but is inceſſantly changing—where the whole duration, form and figure of the repreſentation depend, in a particular manner, on the matter employed, which is always varying, and on the manner in which it is uſed; and the whole phenomenon can exiſt no longer than the continued influx from without, which ſupplies nouriſhment for the proceſs—Its analogy with a flame is, therefore, very great; only that the latter is merely a chemical, and life a chemicho-animal proceſs—a chemico-animal flame.'

The following is our author's delineation of a perſon deſtined for long life:

'He has a proper and well-proportioned ſtature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle-ſize, and ſomewhat thick-ſet. His complexion is not too florid: at any rate, too much ruddineſs in youth is ſeldom a ſign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his ſkin is ſtrong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his ſhoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his belly does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long; and his legs are firm and round. He has alſo a broad arched cheſt; a ſtrong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general, there is a complete harmony in all his parts. His ſenſes are good, but not too delicate; his pulſe is ſlow and regular.

'His ſtomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digeſtion eaſy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune his mind to ſerenity, and his ſoul partakes in the pleaſure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the ſake of eating; but each meal is an hour of daily feſtivity; a kind of delight attended with this advantage, in regard to others, that it does not make him poorer, but richer. He eats ſlowly, and has not too much thirſt. Too great thirſt is always a ſign of rapid ſelf-conſumption.

'In general, he is ſerene, loquacious, active, ſuſceptible of joy, love, and hope; but inſenſible to the impreſſions of hatred, anger and avarice. His paſſions never become too violent or deſtructive. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences rather an uſeful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever without an overflowing of the gall. He is fond alſo of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable ſpeculations—is an optimiſt, a friend to nature and domeſtic felicity—has no thirſt after honors and riches, and baniſhes all thoughts of to-morrow.'

Experiments and Obſervations on the Phoſphoreſcence of the Luciole, Lampyris Italica. *By Dr. Carradori. From the* Annales de Chimie.

THESE winged inſects, which during the calm nights of ſpring fly about in the air, where they appear like ſparks of fire, that attract the curioſity of children and afford them amuſement, cannot fail in a more particular manner to excite the curioſity of the philoſopher.

The light of the luciole does not depend on the influence of any external cauſe, but merely on the will of theſe inſects. While they fly about at freedom their ſhining is very regular; but when they are once in our power, they ſhine very irregularly, or do not ſhine at all. When they are moleſted they emit a frequent light, which appears to be a mark of their reſentment. When placed on their backs they ſhine almoſt without interruption, making continual efforts to turn themſelves from that poſition. In the daytime it is neceſſary to torment them in order to make them ſhine, and thence it follows that the day to them is the ſeaſon of repoſe. The luciole emit light at pleaſure from every point of their bellies, which proves that they can move all the parts of their viſcera independently of each other. They can alſo render their phoſphoreſcence more or leſs vived, and continue it as long as they pleaſe.

The faculty of ſparkling does not ceaſe on their bellies being torn, or opened by an inciſion. Carradori ſaw part of the belly of one ſeparated from the reſt of the body, the light of which was almoſt extinguiſhed, grow luminous all of a ſudden for ſome ſeconds, and afterwards become gradually extinct. He ſometimes ſaw a like portion, which had been ſeparated, paſs ſuddenly from the moſt brilliant ſtate to that of total darkneſs, and afterwards reſume its former brightneſs. Carradori aſcribes this phenomenon to a remainder of irratibility, or a ſtimulus produced by the air, which appears the more probable, as a mechanical irritation produced the ſame effect.

A ſlight compreſſion deprives the luciole of their power of ceaſing to ſhine. The author is inclined to believe that the movement by which they conceal their light, is executed by drawing back their phoſphoric ſubſtance into a particular membrane or tunic. He ſuppoſes alſo that the ſparkling conſiſts in a trembling or oſcillation of the phoſphoric maſs. He is of opinion that there is no emanation of a phoſphoric ſubſtance, and that the whole phenomenon takes place in the interior part of the luminous viſcera. When the ſhining is at its greateſt degree of height, it is ſo ſtrong that a perſon may by it eaſily diſtinguiſh the hours on the ſmalleſt watch, and the letters of any type whatever.

The phoſphoric part of the luciole does not extend farther than to the extreme rings of the belly. It is there encloſed in a covering compoſed of two portions of membranes, one of which forms the

upper, and the other the lower part of the belly, and which are joined together. Behind this receptacle is placed the phoſphorus, which reſembles a paſte, having the ſmell of garlic, and very little taſte. The phoſphoretic matter iſſues from a ſort of bag on the ſlighteſt preſſure; when ſqueezed out this matter loſes its ſplendour in a few hours, and is converted into a white dry ſubſtance. A portion of the phoſphoric belly put into oil, ſhone only with feeble light, and was ſoon extinguiſhed. In water, a like portion ſhone with the ſame vivacity as in the air, and for a much longer time. The author thence concludes that the phoſphoreſcence of the luciole is not the effect of ſlow inflammation, nor of the fixation of azotic gaz as Gœttling thinks, as the oil in which they ſhine does not contain a ſingle air-bubble: beſides, the phoſphorus of theſe inſects ſhines in a barometrical vacuum. The obſervation made by Foſter, that the luciole diffuſed a more vivid light in oxygen gaz than in atmoſpheric air, does not, according to Carradori, depend upon a combuſtion more animated by the inſpiration of this gaz, but on the animals feeling themſelves, while in that gaz, in a better condition. "Whence then ariſes," ſays the author, "the phoſphoric light of the luciole? I am of opinion," adds he, "that the light is peculiar and innate in theſe inſects, as ſeveral other productions are peculiar to other animals. As ſome animals have the faculty of accumulating the electric fluid, and of keeping it condenſed in particular organs, to diffuſe it afterwards at pleaſure, there may be other animals endowed with the faculty of keeping in a condenſed ſtate the fluid which conſtitutes light. It is poſſible that by a peculiar organization they may have the power of extracting the light which enters into the compoſition of their food, and of tranſmitting it to the reſervoir deſtined for that purpoſe, which they have in the abdomen. It is not even impoſſible that they may have the power to extract from the atmoſpheric air the luminous fluid; as other animals have the power of extracting from the ſame air, by a chemical proceſs, the fluid of heat."

Carradori diſcovered that the phoſphoreſcence of the luciole is a property independent of the life of theſe animals, and that it is chiefly owing to the ſoft ſtate of the phoſphoric ſubſtance. Its light is ſuſpended by drying, and it is again revived by ſoftening it in water; but only after a certain time of deſiccation. Reaumur, Beccaria, and Spallanzani obſerved the ſame thing in regard to the *pholades* and the *meduſa*.

By plunging the luciole alternately into lukewarm and cold water, they ſhine with vivacity in the former, but their light becomes extinct in the latter; which, according to the author, depends on the alternate agreeable and diſagreeable ſenſation which they experience. In warm water their light diſappears gradually. Dr. Carradori tried on the luciole and their phoſphorus the action of different ſaline and ſpirituous liquors, in which they exhibited the ſame appearances as other phoſphoric animals. Theſe laſt experiments prove that the phoſphoric matter of the luciole is only ſoluble in water.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE OSTRICH.

Extracted from an Engliſh Publication.

BESIDES the uſe of their feathers, the oſtriches, in their domeſtic ſtate, are ſaid to be mounted, and rode upon, in the ſame manner as horſes. *Firmius*, an *Egyptian* prince of the third century, uſed, them for that purpoſe ;* and, in later times, *Moore* aſſures us, that, at *Ivar* in *Africa*, he ſaw a man travelling upon an oſtrich.† *Adanſon* aſſerts, that, at the factory of *Podore*, he had himſelf two oſtriches, that, although young, ran faſter than a race horſe, with two negroes on their backs. But, although theſe birds may be ſo tamed, that, like cattle, they will ſuffer themſelves to be driven in flocks, to and from their ſtalls, and even to be mounted, like horſes ; yet there is reaſon to apprehend, from their invincible ſtupidity, that they can never be learned to obey the hand of the rider, to comprehend the meaning of his commands, or to ſubmit to his will. For it appears, by *Adanſon's* narrative, that the oſtriches at *Podore*, though they did not run to a great diſtance, ſcampered ſeveral times around the village ; and, that they could only be ſtopped by barricading the paſſage. From this intractable diſpoſition, there is reaſon to apprehend, that man will never be able to avail himſelf of the ſtrength and ſwiftneſs of the oſtrich, as he has availed himſelf of thoſe qualities of the horſe.

The voraciouſneſs of this bird far exceeds that of any animal whatever ; for it will devour, and that with equal greedineſs, every thing that it meets with ; ſtones, wood, braſs, iron, or leather, as readily, as it will grain and fruit, which, in its native wilds, are probably its principal food.‡ Thoſe diſſected by *Warren* and *Ramby* had their ſtomachs ſo crammed with theſe heterogeneous ſubſtances, that they were aſtoniſhed, that theſe animals were able to digeſt ſuch a maſs. The fact is, notwithſtanding the marvellous accounts of this bird's digeſtive powers, that iron and other hard ſubſtances paſs through it, without undergoing a greater change by the action of its ſtomach, than they are known from experience to undergo in paſſing through the ſtomach and inteſtines of the common hen or turkey. Whether by trituration, or by means of acid, it is not, perhaps, yet fully aſcertained ; but it is a well eſtabliſhed fact, that all metals loſe ſomewhat of their weight, when expoſed to the action of the ſtomach of birds.

The cauſe of the inſatiable voracity of the oſtrich is the largeneſs of its ſtomachs, and the neceſſity it is under of filling them : Its ſwallowing indiſcriminately whatever comes in its way, ariſes from its want of taſte and ſmell. The tongue and mouth are covered with a ſoft cartilaginous ſubſtance, which renders them inſenſible to the particles of any body that is applied to them. So obtuſe and

---

* *Geſner, p.* 573. † *General Hiſtory of Voyages, vol.* 3. *p.* 84.
‡ *Philoſophical Tranſactions, No.* 394.

dull is its ſenſe of ſmell, that this bird will devour what is perfectly poiſonous. *Valliſnieri* ſaw one, that had died from having ſwallowed a large quantity of quicklime.*

The oſtrich is ſcarcely leſs a debauchee than a glutton; for he is ſaid to be exceſſively addicted to venery. He obſerves, however, a ſtrict connubial fidelity to his female;† a circumſtance, which is contrary to the uſage of moſt of the heavy birds. The ſeaſon, at which oſtriches lay, varies with the temperature of climate. Thoſe on the north ſide of the line, begin about the firſt of July; while ſuch as inhabit the ſouth of *Africa*, defer it till the latter end of December. Climate and ſituation have alſo a great influence on their manner of incubation. In the torrid zone, the oſtrich is contented with depoſiting her eggs in a maſs of ſand, careleſsly ſcraped together with her feet. There they are ſufficiently heated by the warmth of the ſun; and need the incubation of the female, only for a little during the night.‡ But although the oſtrich be but little engaged in hatching her eggs, ſhe diſplays, by continually watching for the preſervation of her naſcent progeny, all the ſolicitude of a tender mother. There is a method of catching them, founded upon their parental affection, which conſiſts in planting, around the neſt, a number of ſharp pales, upon which the female ſtabs herſelf, in her haſte to return to her eggs.§ In proportion to the coldneſs of the climate, the oſtrich hatches with more aſſiduity; and it is only in the warm regions, where there is no danger of her eggs being chilled, that ſhe leaves them by day; a circumſtance, from which ſhe very early incurred the reproach of being deſtitute of affection. So far is this from being true, that ſhe continually watches for their preſervation, ſo long as they remain in a helpleſs ſtate, which is longer or ſhorter, according to the climate. Neither the ſize of the eggs of theſe birds, nor the time neceſſary for hatching them, nor the number of their young, are exactly aſcertained. The moſt probable accounts ſay, that they produce twice or thrice in the year, each brood containing ten or twelve young. *Willoughby*‖ aſſigns them no leſs than fifty eggs in a year; a number, which, at the weight of fifteen pounds each, would make the bird produce ſeven hundred and fifty pounds weight of eggs; too much, ſurely, for an animal weighing only eighty pounds.¶

---

* *Valliſnieri, tome i. p.* 239. † *Thevenot, tome i. p.* 313.
‡ *Hiſt. Gen. des Voyages, tome ii. p.* 48.
§ *Diod. de Fab. Antiq. Geſt.* ‖ *Ornothelogia, p.* 105.
¶ *Buffon, ubi ſupra.*

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PELICAN.

From an Engliſh Publication.

THE *pelican* is by far the largeſt bird of this genus; and is even ſuppoſed to exceed, in ſize, the ſwan, and albatroſs: But notwithſtanding its ſize, the pelican ſupports itſelf eaſily upon the air, and darts with great rapidity upon its prey; being furniſhed with ſuch enormous wings, that, when theſe are extended, the breadth of the bird is from ten to twelve feet. It feeds, like the cormorant, upon fiſh, which it catches by diving: Like that bird, too, it is univerſally ſpread over all the warm latitudes, of both the Old and the New continent. In ſome places, however, pelicans are more numerous, than others; for travellers aſſert, that the lakes of *Judea* and *Egypt*, and the rivers *Nile* and *Strymon*, when viewed from the mountains, appear white, with the vaſt flocks of theſe birds that continually cover their ſurface.*

They are ſeen iſſuing forth to the tracts where the fiſh abound, every morning, when they continue riſing up into the air, and diving into the water, by turns, till they have filled the large bag under their chin. After they have thus collected a ſufficient ſtore of proviſion, they retire to the cliff of ſome neighbouring rock, till it be digeſted. There they remain, ſlumbering in a profound apathy; till rouſed, in the evening, by the calls of their voracious appetite, they again reſume their labours.†

As in the other birds of this genus, the four toes of the pelican are all directed forward, and completely palmated; the legs and back are of a pale red, varying according to the age of the bird. The latter is of the enormous length of eighteen‡ inches; is thick at the baſe, but tapers off towards the point, where it terminates in a hook. The under mandible conſiſts of two flexible branches, to each of which are attached the ſides of that large bag, which extends from the point of the bill to the throat. This bag, when empty, the bird has a power of contracting into a ſmall ſize, under the lower chop; when extended, however, it is capable of containing above ten quarts of water, and will admit a man's leg.§ This extraordinary pouch conſiſts of a ſkin, covered with a ſhort down, ſmooth and ſoft, like ſilk.

This bag of the pelican may be conſidered as its crop; for it ſerves all the purpoſes of that inteſtine in other birds: In them, it is placed at the bottom; but, in this bird, at the top of the gullet, where, having leſs warmth to aid digeſtion, the food is carried to the young in a more freſh and ſound ſtate. In diſgorging the food for her family, the mother preſſes the bottom of her ſack upon her breaſt, and thus diſcharges its contents; hence the abſurd fable of her opening her breaſt, and feeding her young with her blood.‖

---

* *Belon de nat. av. pag.* 153.

† Vide *Labat et Dutertre.* ‡ *Adanſon's voy. to Senegal, p.* 136.

§ *Belon, Geſner.* ‖ *Shaw's travels.*

Nothing can exceed the torpid and indolent habits of theſe birds, but their gluttony; it is only the powerful ſtimulation of hunger, that will induce them to change their ſituation, or aſcend into the air. They muſt, however, fly or ſtarve; and when once they ſtir abroad, they will devour, at a ſingle meal, as many fiſh as would ſatisfy ſix men. They commit prodigious devaſtation, both upon the freſh water and the ſea; and will ſwallow a fiſh of eight pounds weight. So great is their voracity, that, on a failure of fiſh, they will devour rats, and other ſmall quadrupeds.*

The indolent habits of the pelican, characterize every part of its economy. After its evening labours are over, as if ſpent with the fatigues of the day, it retires to a tree near the ſhore, on which it perches all night, and often a great part of the following day, in diſmal ſolemnity, and apparently half aſleep. The invincible lazineſs of the female, allows her to make no preparation for incubation, or for the protection of her young, when excluded. She drops her eggs upon the bare ground, to the number of five or ſix, without ſeeming to have any choice in the place where they are laid. Her attachment to the place, and affection for her young, inſpire her with no courage in defending her offspring: She tamely ſits and ſuffers her eggs to be taken from under her; or, now and then, ventures to peck, or cry out, when a perſon offers to beat her away.†

The young, when excluded, are fed with the fiſh that have been for ſome time, macerated in her bag. They are eaſily tamed; and, whatever food be given them, they always firſt commit it to the bag, and afterwards ſwallow it at their leiſure. They are both uſeleſs and diſagreeable domeſtics; for their gluttony is inſatiable, and their fleſh is ſo unſavory, as to be rejected and deſpiſed by the ſavages. Great numbers are killed, indeed, by the natives of *America*, for the ſake of their bags, which they convert into purſes, and tobacco pouches. When carefully prepared, that membrane becomes as ſoft, as ſilk; and is, ſometimes, embroidered by the *Spaniſh* ladies for work bags. In *Egypt*, the ſailors uſe it, while ſtill attached to the two under chaps, for holding water, or baling their boats.‡

---

* *Vide Boſman, Let. xv.* † *Goldſmith, vol. vi. p.* 56.
‡ *Buffon, tome* xxiv. *page* 302.

ON BIOGRAPHY.

"ALL hiſtory, civil, military, and eccleſiaſtical, is, in one ſenſe, biography; for it is a narration of the conduct and acts of men. Biography, however, in the more ſtrict and confined ſenſe of the word, has many advantages above all other hiſtory. In general hiſtory the conduct of individuals is portrayed as it were abſtractedly, and without conſtantly bringing forward the individuals themſelves; the conduct of nations is deſcribed oftentimes without it's being referred to one preſiding mind, and, in great events, too frequently we do not preſerve a ſenſe of individuality of action.

Thus the reader peruſes the pages of hiſtory without *intereſt;* he places not himſelf in the ſituation of him whoſe actions are thus abſtractedly recorded; he is not agitated by his fears, or animated by his hopes; he is not now tortured by ſuſpenſe, now exulting in triumph; he admires the conduct of the individual, without ſympathizing with the man.

But biography brings forward a character, delineates his conduct, deſcribes his circumſtances, ſhows him in moments of deſpondency, and in ſeaſons of cheerful hope, now ſketching his plans, and now in the ardour of execution; we place ourſelves in his condition, we feel all his agitations, and, for the moment, we become what the individual whoſe life we are peruſing *was*. Hence the ſuperiour power and charm of biography.

Concerning the competency of writers of biography to the taſk they undertake, it may perhaps be affirmed with truth, that no man can poſſibly furniſh the *complete* life of any other perſon, and that each individual alone is competent to become *his own biographer*. You demand the hiſtory of the life of a human being? Such a hiſtory ought to furniſh an account of his actions, his motives, and his means. It ſhould portray his diſpoſitions, his principles, and the way in which they were formed. Who can ſupply the information neceſſary for ſuch a taſk? None, except the individual himſelf, perhaps not even he. Imperfection is written upon every work of man; and no man ever yet wrote the life of any other perſon with any tolerable degree of exactneſs. What have the beſt biographers ſhown us? They have detailed a few events, they have narrated certain actions, but they have not given us the hiſtory of the man. They have not ſhown us the yet unformed mind, they have not traced the operation of it's firſt inſtruction, they have not ſtated the influence of it's early impreſſions, they have not deſcribed the emotions of the heart, the birth day of intellect, the maturity of genius, the charm of literature, the force of habit, the imperiouſneſs of circumſtances; they have not expoſed the myſterious links of that chain, which connects the parts of human conduct, and binds together the deſtinies of life.

What would we not give for the correct hiſtory of one intelligent being? What difficulties would it not ſolve, what doubts would it not diſſipate! Liberty, neceſſity, virtue, vice, we ſhould then comprehend your meaning, and lay you at reſt for ever! But let not man demand what heaven has forbidden, let us be contented with our condition, and ſeek not to leave our ſtation and 'ruſh into the ſkies.'

The moſt complete pieces of biography, and the moſt inſtructive which modern times have furniſhed, are thoſe which have been given to us by the individuals whoſe lives they portray. Rouſſeau's and Franklin's are, in this claſs, entitled to diſtinguiſhed eminence; and Gibbon's is not unworthy of praiſe. The next in the order of excellence are thoſe which, though not written by the individuals themſelves, are taken from their communications, and furniſhed by thoſe who had great opportunities of perſonal and intimate intercourſe. Such are Boſwell's life of Johnſon, and Johnſon's life of Savage. The next ſpecies of biograghy which claims our attention is that, which, though not collected from intimate or perſonal knowledge of the individual, is nevertheleſs collected from contemporary writers with infinite labour and care, and delivered to us in all the plenitude of variety and the circumſtantiality of detail. Of this claſs of Jortin's life of Eraſmus."

This department of our volume we ſhall devote to details illuſtrating the formation of mind, the progreſs of intellect, the conſtruction of character, the acquirement of talent, and the exertion of genius. Our ſketches will ſometimes be incomplete, repreſenting only a rough outline or a ſhort ſection; and ſometimes will afford a more full exhibition. A miniature repreſentation of a finiſhed edifice will give more pleaſure and inſtruction, and exhibit a more attractive model for imitation, than the extenſive ſcaffolding of an imperfect building. There can be no improvement in reading the dry chronology of common events; but the movements of mind, the cultivation of abilities, the means of intellectual attainments and the cauſes of ſucceſs induce emulation, encourage hope, and invite the paths of merit. Our Biography will be male and female; we humbly hope the FEMALE SEX will conſtitute a part of our readers; for them literary entertainment will be provided as well as for Gentlemen.

CHARACTER OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

"*From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.*"

UPON this line Dr. Warton in his edition of Pope's Works, wrote the following Note:

"He (Pope) has fallen into the common cant about Alexander the Great. Think of the ſcene in Darius's tent; of the foundation

of the city of Alexandria, and the extent of its commerce; of the many colonies he eſtabliſhed; of his refuſing to treat the Perſians as ſlaves; of the grief expreſſed by the Perſians at his death; of the encouragement he gave to arts, both uſeful and elegant; and of his aſſiſtance to Ariſtotle his maſter, in making experiments and promoting ſcience: the encomiums beſtowed on him by two ſuch judges of men as Bacon and Monteſquieu, outweigh the cenſures of Boileau and Pope. Charles XII. deſerved not to be joined with him: Charles XII. tore out the leaf in which Boileau had cenſured Alexander. Robertſon, in his diſquiſitions on India, has given a fine and comprehenſive view of the very grand deſign which Alexander had formed to annex that extenſive and opulent country to his empire. Section 1. appendix." To conſider Alexander merely as a conqueror, is to contemplate him only in his ſubordinate character. The extent of his views, and the comprehenſion of his mind, were truly wonderful, and ſufficient to place him with the firſt of human intelligences. The rapidity and the effect, with which he accompliſhed his great deſigns, were the juſt reſults of that wiſdom with which he concerted them. What he achieved was only the means of a greater end, and formed nothing more than a part of one magnificent plan, the full developement of which was prevented by his death. The eyes, therefore, which are confined to his exploits in the field, take in a ſmall portion only of the range of his mind; and may be ſo far deceived, as to fancy this great inſtrument of providence on the degraded level of a tartar ravager. Bayle ſeems to have formed a juſt idea of the illuſtrious Macedonian; but they, who are deſirous of viewing a more perfect delineation of him, muſt have recourſe to the "Voyage of Nearchus," lately publiſhed by the learned and able maſter of Weſtminſter ſchool. In this work, the claſſic reader will find a truer reſemblance of the ſon of Philip, than is given by any modern writer; and will, at the ſame time, be gratified with the diſplay of much accurate erudition in the vehicle of clear and vigorous compoſition.

Account of COPERNICUS the Discoverer of the SOLAR SYSTEM.

Extracted from Wraxall's Memoirs.

WHATEVER may be its political fate, the name of Thorn will always recal to the mind a man, whoſe deep reſearches aſcertained the principle only ſurmiſed by antiquity, upon which reſts the Newtonian ſyſtem of philoſophy. Nicholas Copernicus, or Kopernic, has immortalized the place of his birth and reſidence. Every particular relative to him excites curioſity; and after viſiting his houſe as well as his tomb, I endeavoured to obtain ſome information concerning his family. It is not a little remarkable, that

ſo ſublime a diſcovery ſhould have originated in a part of Europe the moſt obſcure, and hardly civilized, while it eſcaped the finer genius of Italy and of France. Though a part of the building has been deſtroyed by fire, the chamber is ſtill religiouſly preſerved in which Copernicus was born. His remains are buried under a flat ſtone, in one of the ſide aiſles of the moſt ancient church of Thorn. Above is erected a ſmall monument, on which is painted a half-length portrait of him. The face is that of a man declined in years, pale and thin; but there is in the expreſſion of the countenance ſomething which pleaſes, and conveys the idea of intelligence. His hair and eyes are black, his hands joined in prayer, and he is habited in the dreſs of a prieſt. Before him is a crucifix, at his foot a ſkull, and behind appear a globe and compaſs. He died in 1543; and, when expiring, is ſaid to have confeſſed himſelf, as long and uniform tradition reports, in the following Latin verſes, which are inſcribed on the monument. They demonſtrate that when near his diſſolution, all cares or enquiries, except thoſe of a religious nature, had ceaſed to affect or agitate him.

"Non parem Pauli gratiam requiro,
Veniam Petri neque poſco; ſed quam
In crucis ligno dederat latroni,
Sedulus oro."

"Monſieur Luther de Geret, counſellor of the ſenate of Thorn, furniſhed me with ſome information relative to the illuſtrious perſon in queſtion; and as ſo little is aſcertained of his origin or family, it merits to be preſerved. "The father of Kopernic was a ſtranger, from what part of Europe is totally unknown. He ſettled here as a merchant, and the archives of the city prove that he obtained the freedom of Thorn in 1462. It ſeems clear that he muſt have been in opulent circumſtances, and of conſideration; not only from the liberal education which he beſtowed upon his ſon, but from the rank of his wife. She was ſiſter of Luca Watzelrode, biſhop of Ermeland, a prelate deſcended from one of the moſt illuſtrious families of Poliſh Pruſſia. The name of the father, as well as of the ſon, was Nicholas. To the patronage of his maternal uncle, the great Copernicus was indebted for his eccleſiaſtical promotions; being made a prebend of the church of St. John at Thorn, and a canon of the church of Frawemberg in the dioceſe of Ermeland. Of his private life we know little. He did not reſide here altogether, nor did he die here; his body having been brought to Thorn for ſepulture from Ermeland, where he expired. A dyſentery, accompanied with a partial palſy, produced his death. In his character, as well as in all his deportment, he was modeſt, diffident, and religious. It is not either known or believed that he left behind him any natural children. But the family continued to reſide here, as appears by a manuſcript chronicle ſtill exiſting, in which it is mentioned, that 'On the 11th

of Auguſt, 1601, died Martin Kopernic, barber, of the kindred and poſterity of Nicholas Kopernic; a young man unmarried and wealthy, of an apoplectic fit, at his garden in the ſuburbs.' In his perſon we apprehend the name to have become totally extinct."

LORD COKE,

WHEN he was made Serjeant, took for his motto, *Lex eſt tutiſſima Caſſis* :—Law is the ſafeſt helmet."

"Five ſorts of perſons," ſays Fuller, "this great man uſed to foredeſign to miſery and poverty: "chymiſts, monopolizers, concealers, promoters, and rythming poets. For three things he ſaid he would give God ſolemn thanks:—that he never gave his body to phyſic nor his heart to cruelty, nor his hand to corruption. In three things he much applauded his own ſucceſs; in his fair fortune with his wife; in his happy ſtudy of the Law, and in his free coming by all his preferment *nec prece nec pretio*, neither begging nor bribging for preferment. He conſtantly had prayers ſaid in his own houſe, and charitably relieved the poor with his conſtant alms. The foundation of Sutton's Hoſpital (the Charter-Houſe) (when indeed but a foundation) had been ruined before it was raiſed, and cruſhed by ſome courtiers in the hatching thereof, had not his great care preſerved the ſame."

On receiving from Lord Bacon, as a preſent, his celebrated Treatiſe "*De Inſtauratione Scientiarum*," he wrote on a blank leaf, malignantly enough, this diſtich:

Inſtaurare paras veterum documenta ſophorum,
Inſtaura leges juſtitiamque prius.

You with a vain and ardent zeal explore
The old philoſophers' abſtruſer lore.
Juſtice and law your notice better claim,
Knowledge of them inſure you fairer fame.

DESCARTES.

THIS great Philoſopher, who was one of the profoundeſt thinkers the world ever knew, uſed to lie in bed ſixteen hours every day with the curtains drawn and the windows ſhut. He imagined, that in that eaſy and undiſturbed ſituation he had more command over his mind than when it was interrupted by external objects. Deſcartes in very early life ſerved as a volunteer in the army at the ſiege of Rochelle, and in Holland under Prince Maurice. He was in garriſon at Breda, when Bleerman propoſed his celebrated mathematical problem. He gave the ſolution of it, and returned to Paris, where he continued his ſtudies in mathematics and moral philoſophy. The philoſophy of Ariſtotle being then the

philoſophy in vogue in France, Deſcartes, who was diſſatisfied with it, and who intended to attack it, retired to Amſterdam, to avoid any perſecution he might ſuffer in his own country for not ſacrificing to the old and long-revered idol of Peripateticiſm.

Count D'Avaux offered Deſcartes a penſion, which he refuſed, telling this great Negociator, after returning thanks for his generous offer, "The public alone ſhould pay what I do for the public." His biographer ſays, that Deſcartes became rich by diminiſhing his expences, and that whilſt he remained in Holland, he always wore a plain ſuit of black cloth. "At his table," adds he, "in imitation of the good-natured Plutarch, he always preferred fruits and vegetables to the bleeding fleſh of animals. His afternoons were ſpent in the converſation of his friends, and in the cultivation of a ſmall garden, when the weather permitted. After having in the morning," adds he, "ſettled the place of a plant, in the evening he would amuſe himſelf with watering a flower." His health was naturally delicate, and he took care of it, without being enſlaved by that care. "Though," ſays he in one of his letters, "I have not been able to find out a method of preſerving life, yet I have arrived at one point of no leſs conſequence, and that is, not to be afraid of death." Deſcartes, who was naturally of a warm and lively diſpoſition, took great pains to command his temper, and uſed to ſay, that to the controul under which he had been able to bring his paſſions by early and continual attention to the regulation of them, he was indebted for that ſerenity and tranquillity of mind which contributed ſo greatly to his happineſs. Deſcartes' favourite device was, "*Benè qui latuit, benè vixit;*" and he uſed to ſay perpetually, "I value my independence at ſo high a rate, that all the Sovereigns in the world cannot purchaſe it from me." Yet ſo difficult it is even for Philoſophers not to be flattered by the attention of Princes, that Deſcartes was prevailed on by the ſolicitations of Chriſtina Queen of Sweden, at an advanced age, and in very delicate health, to tranſport himſelf to the rude* climate of Stockholm, to become the preceptor of that ſinglar Princeſs. His reſidence in that cold country, joined to his being obliged to attend the Princeſs every morning in her library, even in the winter, at five o'clock, to give her leſſons, undermined a health too precious to be waiſted upon a vain and capricious woman. He was ſoon ſeized with an inflammatory fever, in conſequence of this change in his

---

* *This appears the more extraordinary, as Deſcartes had written to M. Chanut, the French Ambaſſador at the Court of Sweden, (who was the negociator between Chriſtina and the Philoſopher) in the following terms: "A man," ſays he, "born in the Gardens of Touraine, and ſettled in a country (that of Holland) where there is indeed leſs honey, yet more milk, than in the Land of Promiſe, cannot eaſily bring himſelf to quit that country, to go and live in one inhabited by bears, and ſurrounded with rocks and ice."*

manner of living, and became delirious; exclaiming in that ſituation, when the Phyſicians propoſed to let him blood, "*Meſſieurs, épargnez le ſang Franqais, je vous en ſupplie.*" Deſcartes is deſcribed by one who knew him, as a man of ſmall ſtature, rather of a dark complexion, with a countenance of continual ſerenity, and a very pleaſing tone of voice. He was extremely liberal, an excellent friend and a kind maſter, and ſo little ſenſible to reſentmenrs, that he uſed to ſay, "When any perſon does me an injury, I endeavour to elevate my mind ſo high, that the injury cannot reach it." Deſcartes, like many other ingenious men, had applied himſelf a little to the ſtudy of medicine, and like many other ingenious men who do not make a regular profeſſion of an art ſo complicated and ſo highly uſeful to mankind, and which depends ſo much upon experience and obſervation, occaſionally fell into groſs errors. The ſtomach he uſed to compare to the reſervoir of a corn-mill, which if not continually ſupplied with freſh aliment, is deſtroyed by the trituration of its own muſcles. He was therefore, in order to prevent this ſuppoſed miſchief, continually maſticating ſome light and innutritious ſubſtance.

That ſublime genius and excellent man Paſcal, in ſpeaking of the philoſophy of Deſcartes, ſays, I can "never forgive Deſcartes; he was very anxious throughout the whole of his philoſophy to do without a Firſt Cauſe; yet," adds he, "he could not prevent himſelf from giving it a gentle fillip, in order to put the world in movement, and there he leaves it." Father Paulian, an Ex-Jeſuit of Avignon, wrote a book entitled "La Paix entre Deſcartes et Newton," but like moſt other negociators who are not in the ſecret of thoſe for whom they negociate, and more eſpecially when they are not commiſſioned by them, by no means carries his kind intentions into execution.

GROTIUS.

THIS great civilian and this general ſcholar is thus deſcribed by Auberi du Maurier, who was intimately acquainted with him:

"Grotius was a very good poet in the Greek and in the Latin languages, and knew perectly well all the dead and living languages. He was, beſides, a profound lawyer, and a moſt excellent hiſtorian. He had read all the good books that had ever been publiſhed; and what is aſtoniſhing, his memory was ſo ſtrong, that every thing which he had once read, was ever preſent to it, without forgetting the moſt trifling circumſtance. It has been often remarked, that perſons of great memories have not always been perſons of good and of ſound judgment. But Grotius was extremely judicious, both in his writings and in his converſation. I have often," adds Du Maurier, "ſeen this great man juſt caſt his eye upon a page of a huge folio volume and inſtantaneouſly become acquainted with the

contents of it. He uſed to take for his motto, *Hora ruit*, to put himſelf in continual remembrance that he ſhould uſefully employ that time which was flying away with extreme rapidity.

" Grotius was born at Delft in Holland; was a tall, ſtrong, and a well-made man, and had a very agreeable countenance. With all theſe excellencies of body his mind was ſtill as excellent. He was a man of openneſs, of veracity, and of honour, and ſo perfectly virtuous, that throughout his whole life, he made a point of avoiding and of deſerting men of bad character, but of ſeeking the acquaintance of men of worth, and perſons diſtinguiſhed by talents, not only of his own country, but of all Europe, with whom he kept up an epiſtolary correſpondence."

Grotius eſcaped from the caſtle of Louveſtein, where he had been confined on account of his connection with the illuſtrious and unfortunate Barnevelt, by the addreſs of his wife. She was permitted to ſend him books, and ſhe ſent them in a trunk large enough to hold her huſband. She made a pretence to viſit him, and ſtayed in the fortreſs till her huſband was out of the reach of his perſecutors.

Grotius took refuge in France, and was accuſed by ſome of his countrymen of intending to change his religion and become a Catholic. " Alas," replied he to one of his friends who had written to him on the ſubject, " whatever advantage there may be to quit a weaker party that oppreſſes me, to go over to a ſtronger one that would receive me with open arms, I truſt that I ſhall never be tempted to do ſo. And ſince," added he, " I have had courage enough to bear up under impriſonment, I truſt that I ſhall not be in want of it to enable me to ſupport poverty and baniſhment."

Louis XIII. gave Grotius a very conſiderable penſion. He was, however, no favourite with his Miniſter, Cardinal de Richelieu, whom it is ſaid he did not ſufficiently flatter for his literary talents, and the penſion was ſoon ſtopped. Grotius, however, met with a protectreſs in Chriſtina, Queen of Sweden, who made him her Ambaſſador at Paris. Here again he was harraſſed by Richelieu, who was angry with him for not giving him that precedence as a Prince of the Church, to which Grotius thought himſelf entitled as a repreſentative of a crowned head. This dignity, however, was ſo little agreeable to a man of Grotius's great and good mind, that in a letter which he wrote to his father from Paris he tells him, " I am quite tired out with honours. A private and a quiet life alone has charms for me, and I ſhould be very happy if I were in a ſituation in which I could only employ myſelf upon works of piety, and works that might be uſeful to poſterity." His celebrated work upon the Truth of the Chriſtian Religion, has been tranſlated into all the languages of Europe, and into ſome of thoſe of the eaſt. This great Scholar in early life compoſed a Devotional Treatiſe in Flemiſh verſe, for the uſe of Dutch ſailors that made voyages to the Eaſt and Weſt Indies.

His countrymen, who had perſecuted him ſo violently in his life-time, ſtruck a medal in honour of him after his death, in which he is ſtiled the "Oracle of Delft, the Phœnix of his Country." It may be ſeen in the "Hiſtoire Médallique de la Hollande," and verifies what Horace ſaid long ago,

> Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui prægravat artes
> Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.

> The man whoſe life wiſe Nature has deſign'd
> To teach, to humanize, to ſway his kind,
> Burns by his flame too vivid and too bright,
> And dazzles by exceſs of ſplendid light.
> Yet when the hero ſeeks the grave's ſad ſtate,
> The vain and changing people, wiſe too late,
> O'er his pale corpſe the fruitleſs honours pour,
> Their friend, their ſaviour, and their guide deplore;
> And each ſad impotence of grief betray,
> To reallumine the Promethean clay.

LOPE DE VEGA.

IT is ſaid in the Hiſtory of the Life of this Writer, that no leſs than 1800 Comedies, the production of his pen, have been actually repreſented on the Spaniſh ſtage. His Autos Sacramentales (a kind of ſacred drama) exceed 400; beſides which there is a Collection of his Poems of various kinds in 21 vols. 4to.

It is alſo ſaid, in the Hiſtory of his Life, that there was no public ſucceſs on which he did not compoſe a panegyric; no marriage of diſtinction without an epithalamium of his writing, or child whoſe nativity he did not celebrate; not a prince died on whom he did not write an elegy; there was no ſaint for whom he did not produce a hymn; no public holiday that he did not diſtinguiſh; no literary diſpute at which he did not aſſiſt either as ſecretary or preſident. He ſaid of himſelf, that he wrote five ſheets per day, which, reckoning by the time he lived, has been calculated to amount to 133,225 ſheets. He ſometimes compoſed a comedy in two days which it would have been difficult for another man to have even copied in the ſame time. At Toledo he once wrote five comedies in fifteen days, reading them as he proceeded in a private houſe to Joſeph de Valdevieſo.

Juan Perez de Montalvan relates, that a comedy being wanted for the Carnival at Madrid, Lope and he united to compoſe one as faſt as they could.—Lope took the firſt act, and Montalvan the ſecond, which they wrote in two days; and the third act they divided, taking eight ſheets each. Montalvan, ſeeing that the other wrote faſter than he could, ſays he roſe at two in the morning and

having finiſhed his part at eleven, he went to look for Lope, whom he found in the garden looking at an orange-tree that was frozen; and on enquiring what progreſs he had made in the verſes, Lope replied, "At five I began to write, and finiſhed the comedy an hour ago; ſince which I have breakfaſted, written 150 other verſes, and watered the garden, and am now pretty well tired." He then read to Montalvan the eight ſheets and the 150 verſes.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

IN how different a manner do Princes appreciate the merit of their ſervants!—When that honour to human nature, Sir Thomas More, was beheaded by his cruel and ungrateful Sovereign, Charles the Fifth told Sir Thomas Ellyot, "If I had been maſter of ſuch a ſervant, of whoſe doings ourſelves have had theſe many years no ſmall experience, we would rather have loſt the beſt citie of our dominions than have loſt ſuch a worthie Counſellor."—Sir Thomas More, who well knew the diſpoſition of Henry the Eighth, ſaid one day to his ſon Mr. Roper, who had complimented him upon ſeeing the King walk with his arm about his neck, "I thanke our Lorde, I find his Grace a very good lorde indeed, and I do believe he doth as ſingularly favour me as any ſubject within this realme. Howbeit, ſon Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cauſe to be proud thereof; for if my heade would winne him a caſtle in France, it ſhould not fayle to go."

Mr. Roper's life of his venerable father is one of the few pieces of genuine biography that we have in the language, and muſt be peruſed with great pleaſure by thoſe who love ancient times, ancient manners, and ancient virtues. Of Sir Thomas More's diſintereſtedneſs and integrity in his office of Chancellor, Mr. Roper gives this inſtance:—That after the reſignation of it "he was not able ſufficiently to finde meate, drink, fuell, apparel, and ſuch other neceſſary charges; and that after his debts payed he had not I know (his chaine excepted) in gold and ſilver left him the value of one hundred pounds."

Mr. Roper thus deſcribes Sir Thomas More. "He was a man of ſingular worth and of a cleare unſpotted conſcience, as witneſſeth Eraſmus, more pure and white than the whiteſt ſnow, and of ſuch an angelical wit as England, he ſayth, never had the like before nor never ſhall again. Univerſally as well in the lawes of our realme (a ſtudie in effect able to occupy the whole lyfe of a man) as in all other ſciences right well ſtudied, he was in his days accounted a man worthie famous memory."

DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

THE Author of the celebrated Maxims was not a man of learning, ſays Segrais, but he was a man of extreme good ſenſe, and had a perfect knowledge of the world. "This," adds he, "put him upon making reflections, and upon reducing into aphoriſms what he had been able to diſcover in the heart of man, with which he was moſt intimately acquainted." M. de la Rochefoucault was ſo accurate in the compoſition of his little book, that as he finiſhed a Maxim, he uſed to ſend it to his friends for their opinion upon it. Segrais ſays, that ſome of his Maxims were altered thirty times. The Maxim, "that it ſhews a wretched poverty of mind to have but one ſort of underſtanding," took its riſe from Boileau and Racine, who were extremely ignorant of every thing except poetry and literature. M. de la Rochefoucault," ſays Segrais, "would have made a better Governor for the Dauphin, Louis the Fourteenth's only ſon, than the Duke of Montauſier;" M. de la Rochefoucault being a man of great ſweetneſs of temper, extremely inſinuating in his addreſs, and exceedingly agreeable in converſation. M. de la Rochefoucault could never belong to the French Academy. He could never procure courage enough to deliver to the Academy the ſpeech that it was neceſſary to make in order to be admitted into that body.

CARDINAL DE RETZ.

HENAULT applies this paſſage in Tacitus to this celebrated Demagogue: "Non tam præmiis periculorum, quàm ipſis periculis, lætus pro certis et olim partis, nova ambigua ancipitia malebat." The ſagacious Richelieu early diſcovered the diſpoſition of De Retz, and according to Segrais, though he was of an ancient and an illuſtrious family, never intended to give him a buſineſs of any value or conſequence. In very early life De Retz wrote the "Hiſtory of the Conſpiracy of Fieſqui againſt the Ariſtocracy of Genoa," in which he took the part of the Conſpirator. De Retz ſeems by nature to have had all the qualities requiſite to become a favourite with the people. Brave, generous, eloquent, full of reſources, and fettered by no principle, he dazzled the multitude of Paris, who ſeem ever to have been more taken with affections of eclat and of enterprize, than all the efforts of modeſt and humble virtue.

The Cardinal, on ſeeing one day a carbine levelled at him by ſome one he did not know, had the preſence of mind to cry out, "If your father, Sir, were now ſeeing what you were about!" This ſpeech immediately diſarmed the fury of the aſſaſſin. De Retz ſeems nearly to have made an ample compenſation for the follies and irregularities of his youth by the honeſt confeſſion he made of

them in his Memoirs. He appears in them to have been a man of great talents, and of good natural diſpoſition, perverted by vanity, and the deſire of that diſtinction, which, if not acquired by honeſt means, diſgraces inſtead of dignifying thoſe who are ſo unfortunate as to poſſeſs it. Had the Cardinal directed his great powers of mind in endeavours to unite, inſtead of efforts to divide his unhappy and diſtracted country, he would have endeared himſelf moſt effectually to his countrymen, and would have deſerved the praiſes of poſterity, by exhibiting an example that too rarely occurs, of a politician ſacrificing his reſentment to the good of the State.

The Memoirs of this celebrated Perſonage written by himſelf, are extremely ſcanty and imperfect: they give no account either of the early or of the latter part of his life. The Cardinal entruſted the manuſcript to ſome nuns of a convent near Comerci in Lorraine, who garbled them. James the Second, however, told the laſt Duke of Ormond, that he had ſeen a perfect copy of them, which was lent to him by Madame Caumartin. Joli, his ſecretary, deſcribes him in his retreat at Comerci in no very favourable manner; as idling away his time, or hunting, going to puppet-ſhows, now and then pretending to adminiſter juſtice amongſt his tenants, writing a page or two of his own life in folio, and ſettling ſome points in the genealogy of his family; that of Gondi. The Cardinal's reply to Joli's remonſtrances to him on this ſubject was a curious one: "I know all this as well as you do, but I don't think you will get any one elſe to believe what you ſay of me." An opinion ſo highly advantageous to the Cardinal's talents and character had gone out into the world, that the people of France could not bring themſelves to think ill of one who had been a very popular demagogue amongſt them. On the day in which he was permitted to have an audience of Louis the Fourteenth at Verſailles, the court was extremely full, and the higheſt expectations were formed of the manners and appearance of the Cardinal: when however they ſaw an hump-back'd, bow-legg'd, decrepid old man, who perhaps did not feel much elevated with his ſituation, their expectations were ſadly diſappointed; and particularly ſo, when his Sovereign merely ſaid to him, "Your Eminence is grown very grey ſince I laſt ſaw you." To this the Cardinal replied, "Any perſon, Sire, who has the misfortune to be in diſgrace with your Majeſty, will very readily become ſo."

St. Evremont has preſerved an anecdote of the Cardinal's nobleneſs and liberality during his retreat at Comerci. As he was riding out on horſe-back, he was ſurrounded by ſome Spaniſh ſoldiers that were in the neighbourhood. The officer however, on being told his name, ordered him to be releaſed, and diſmounting from his horſe, made an apology for the behaviour of his ſoldiers. The Cardinal, taking a valuable diamond ring from his finger, preſented it to the officer, ſaying, "Pray, Sir, at leaſt permit me to render your little excurſion not entirely uſeleſs to you." De Retz reſigned the

Archbiſhopric of Paris, and procured in exchange for it the rich Abbey of St. Denis. He lived long enough to pay all his debts, and divert his time between Paris and St. Denis: at the latter place he died at a very advanced age, and in the ſtrongeſt ſentiments of piety and devotion. He is occaſionally mentioned in Madame de Sevigné's Letters, as a man of great talents for converſation, and much afflicted with the head-ach. He had the honeſty to ſay of himſelf, "Mankind ſuppoſed me extremely enterprizing and dauntleſs when I was young, and I was much more ſo than they could poſſibly imagine;" and this may be readily acknowledged, from an anſwer which he made to ſome one who reproached him, when he was young, with owing a great deal of money. "Why, man," replied he, "Cæſar, at my age, owed ſix times as much as I do." No one knew better how to manage and cajole the multitude than Cardinal de Retz did, yet he complains that they left him at the Angelus' bell to go to dinner. One of his maxims reſpecting the aſſembling of that many-headed monſter ſhould be diligently conſidered both by the Leaders of Parties and by the Governors of Kingdoms: "*Quiconque aſſemble le peuple, l' émeut*—Whoever brings the people together, puts them in a ſtate of commotion."

JOHN LOCKE.

THIS great philoſopher is burried in the church-yard of a ſmall village in Eſſex, called Oates. The inſcription on his tomb-ſtone that is appended to the ſide of the church, is nearly obliterated. An urn has been lately erected to his memory in the gardens of Mrs. More's very elegant cottage near Wrington, in Somerſetſhire, with this inſcription:

"This Urn,
ſacred to the memory
of John Locke,
a native of this village,
was preſented to Mrs. Hannah More
by Mrs. Montague."

It is much to be wiſhed that the gratitude of a lady to her inſtructor ſhould be imitated upon a larger ſcale by a great nation whoſe envied ſyſtem of government he analyſed with the ſame accuracy and ſagacity with which he unravelled the intricacies of the human intellect, and that it ſhould honour his memory with a magnificent memorial in one of its public repoſitories of the illuſtrious dead.

Mr. Locke's celebrated "Treatiſe on the Reaſonableneſs of Chriſtianity" is well known. It is, perhaps, known only to few that he wrote ſome letters to his pupil Lord Shafteſbury on the Evidences of Chriſtianity. They are ſtill in MS. Two gentlemen,

who had peruſed them, declared that they were written in ſo affecting a manner, and with ſuch an earneſt deſire to intereſt the young nobleman for whoſe ſake they were written, that they could not refrain from tears whilſt they were reading them.

Mr. Locke, in that ſmall but excellent treatiſe of his "On the Conduct of the Underſtanding, chapter 'Fundamental Varieties, ſays, "Our Saviour's great rule, that we ſhould love our neighbour as ourſelves, is ſuch a fundamental truth for the regulating human ſociety, that by that alone one might, without difficulty, determine all the caſes and doubts in ſocial morality."

Mr. Locke, in one of his Letters, ſpeaking of the advantages of converſation, ſays, "There are ſcarcely any two men that have perfectly the ſame views of the ſame thing, till they come with attention, and perhaps mutual aſſiſtance, to examine it; a conſideration that makes converſation with the living a thing much more deſirable than conſulting the dead, would the living but be inquiſitive after truth, apply their thoughts with attention to the gaining of it, and be indifferent *where* it was found, ſo they could but find it."

In a letter of Mr. Locke's, not generally known, addreſſed to Mr. Bold, who in a letter to him had complained that he had loſt many ideas by their ſlipping out of his mind, the former tells the latter, "I have had ſad experience of that myſelf; but for that Lord Bacon has provided a ſure remedy. For, as I remember, he adviſes ſomewhere never to go without pen and ink, or ſomething, to write down all thoughts of moment that come into the mind. I muſt own I have often omitted it, and have often repented of it. The thoughts that come unſought, and (as it were) drop into the mind, are commonly the moſt valuable of any we have, and therefore ſhould be ſecured, becauſe they ſeldom return again. You ſay alſo, that you loſe many things becauſe your thoughts are not ſteady and ſtrong enough to purſue them to a juſt iſſue. Give me leave to think, that herein you miſtake yourſelf and your own abilities. Write down your thoughts upon any ſubject, as far as you have purſued them, and then go on again ſome other time, when you find your mind diſpoſed to do it, and ſo till you have carried them as far as you can, and you will be convinced, that if you have loſt any, it has not been for want of ſtrength of mind to bring them to an iſſue, but for want of memory to retain a long train of reaſonings, which the mind having once beat out, is loth to be at the pains to go over again; and ſo your connection and train having ſtopped the memory, the purſuit ſtops, and the reaſoning is neglected before it comes to the laſt concluſion."

BOLINGBROKE.

THE manners of Bolingbroke were ſo faſcinating, and his talents ſo ſplended, as juſtly to point him out as the moſt accampliſhed man of the age in which he lived; but his principles appear to have been ſo profligate as to fit him for any faction, and for any meaſures. To him, we fear, may be juſtly applied thoſe memorable words deſigned to deſcribe a great ſtateſman, "he had a heart to conceive, a head to plan, and a hand to execute any miſchief." At once the advocate of a pure theiſm, and the friend of a popiſh ſucceſſion; the aſſertor of the rights of the people, and the ſupporter of divine and hereditary claims; the preacher of patriotiſm, and the high prieſt of intrigue and corruption; the analyzer of morals, and the ſlave of duplicity and paſſion; the ſtately philoſopher, turning his eyes with diſdain from the glitter of life, and the worſhipper of wealth, title, and power; this man, like the lightning of Heaven, is ſeen with a mixture of admiration and dread.

NOTICES OF BOSSUET—The Celebrated French Divine.

THE pleaſure that the young Boſſuet took in learning made him forget even the amuſements ſo indiſpenſable to ordinary boys. His ſchool-fellows, who could not prevail upon him to join their ſports, revenged themſelves by a puerile pleaſantry, calling him, in alluſion to his name, "Bos ſuetus aratro"—an ox inured to the plough. When Domenichino, in the ſchool of the Carracci, on account of his laborious aſſiduity, had received the ſame epithet from his comrades, Annibal Carracci told them, "This ox will one day give great fertility to the field he tills." Boſſuet's maſters might have made a ſimilar obſervation.

The Latin verſifier Santueil, obliged by his condition to be more ſubmiſſive than Boileau to the deciſions of Boſſuet, ſhewed much more docility with reſpect to the uſe he had made in his verſes of the Pagan deities. The biſhop of Meaux having reproached him with the introduction of Pomona into a Latin poem on the gardens of Verſailles, he addreſſed to his formidable cenſor another piece which he called *Amende Honorable*, and placed at its head an engraving of himſelf, with a cord round his neck and taper in his hand, proſtrated at the feet of Boſſuet as a public penitent. The ſame poet had a brother named Claude, a man of merit, who wrote verſes almoſt as well as he, and was much more pious. Claude was continually reproaching his brother with the profane uſe he made of the gods of heatheniſm. "Is it not poſſible," ſaid he, "to write an agreeable deſcription of a fountain or a wood, unleſs a nymph or a naiad is concealed in it?—Why, too, put females every where? Do not they do miſchief enough where nature has placed them?" The diſpute growing warm, Claud betted that, without the help of fable, he would make a better poem than his brother, with it. The

Academy, whom the rivals took for arbiter in the wager, adjudged the prize to Claud Santeuil, though Peter Corneille had done the performance of his brother Victorin the honour to tranſlate it into French verſe.

The oratorial fertility of Boſſuet was ſo prodigious that having undertaken to preach the panegyric of St. Auguſtine, he ſpoke near an hour and a half on the ſubject, and then deſcended from the pulpit without having begun his ſecond head, leaving his audience more aſtoniſhed at his abundance of matter, than wearied with their long attendance.

Bossuet had delivered his firſt ſermons at Metz, where he went to reſide as canon and archdeacon. His ſtriking ſucceſs in the pulpits of Metz, and in thoſe of Paris, when the affairs of his chapter brought him thither, gave the court a deſire to hear him. Such was the applauſe he received in preaching before it, that Lewis XIV. cauſed a letter to be written to his father, felicitating him upon the abilities of a ſon, "deſtined," ſaid the king, "to immor-"talize the author of his days." The father, who was dean of the parliament of Metz, being a widower, and free from engagements, had entered into the church, after the example of his ſon, who regarded this conqueſt as the happieſt he had gained for religion. Boſſuet being one day ready to mount the pulpit, news was brought him that his reſpectable father was dying, and wiſhed to ſee him once more and expire in his arms. He did not heſitate to act the ſon in preference to the prieſt. Quitting his auditory, he flew to his father, and had the happineſs of arriving time enough to aſſiſt him in his laſt moments, and cloſe his eyes.

Of ſix funeral orations delivered by Boſſuet, four had the moſt brilliant ſucceſs. Two were leſs fortunate; one, in conſequence of the ſterility, the other, of the difficulty, of the matter. The firſt of theſe was that upon the queen Maria Thereſa, who had been merely a pious princeſs, ſcarcely perceived on the throne; the ſecond, that upon chancellor le Tellier, an hypocritical and perſecuting courtier. Nevertheleſs, in theſe two pieces, little worthy of Boſſuet, are ſometimes found the "disjecti membra oratoris"—the ſcattered limbs of a man of genius. The puerile familiarities which in ſome places deform the funeral oration on the Princeſs Palatine, ſucceſſively characteriſed by gallantry, infidelity, intrigue, and devotion, are obliterated by ſeveral paſſages of the moſt animated and commanding eloquence. The introductory ſentence diſplays the noble confidence with which the orator is inſpired by his ſubject. "I would "that all the ſouls alienated from God were preſent in this aſſem-"bly." We ſhall not ſpeak of the other three orations, almoſt the whole of which deſerve committing to memory. But we ſhall venture to ſay, that, in the funeral oration for the queen of England, the portrait of Cromwell, ſo often quoted by rhetoricians, appears to us by no means the moſt diſtinguiſhed paſſage. The energetic ſketch which the orator draws of Cromwell's profound policy, is a

piece worthy of Tacitus, and much ſuperior to the merely oratorical portrait of that uſurper.

The picture that in the ſame diſcourſe he draws of the annihilation of human dignities "devoured and ſwallowed up by death," may be contraſted with one he has preſented in another piece, where, ſpeaking with rapture of the celeſtial bliſs, he ſhews "the "ſaints aſtoniſhed with their own glory, and finding eternity a "ſpace ſcarcely long enough in which to know themſelves again— "*ſe reconnoitre.*" Delicate readers will doubtleſs feel a want of dignity in this laſt expreſſion; but let them, if they can, ſubſtitute another equally energetical; and eſpecially let them remark with what ſucceſs Boſſuet has ſet off this vulgar phraſe by the grandeur of the idea and image. Thus our great orator, though he ſeems to neglect and even to diſdain the artifice of ſtyle, is however a model in it, at leaſt with reſpect to his ſkill and happineſs in occaſionally ennobling the familiarity of his expreſſions. It is particularly on this account that he may be *read* with advantage, and is therefore worthy of being placed among our great writers. For if, in a work intended for public delivery, the moſt indiſpenſable merit for momentary ſplendour and effect is to move and aſtoniſh, this merit paſſes away, when the reader, cool and tranquil, ſilently revokes the enthuſiaſtic approbation of the hearer. The negligence of Boſſuet not only partook of grandeur and ſpirit, but of a ſort of art to be perceived by keen and practiſed eyes alone, which demonſtrated to perſons of taſte, how a ſuperior writer can at the ſame time invigorate and control a timid and punctilious language.

The firſt uſe he made of his eloquence deſerves ſtill more applauſe than the eloquence itſelf;—he employed it in the expreſſion of his gratitude. He pronounced at the college of Navarre the funeral oration of the famous Nicholas Cornet, head-maſter of that college, who had directed his firſt ſtudies; and he mentions with ſenſibility every thing for which he thought himſelf indebted to his maſter. "Can I," ſays he, "refuſe to him ſome products of a mind which "he cultivated with truly paternal kindneſs, or deny him ſome "ſhare in my compoſitions, after he has ſo often been their cenſor "and judge?" It muſt, however, be confeſſed, that this funeral oration is the leaſt excellent of all that he delivered, and that it is even difficult to foreſee, in the panegyriſt of Nicholas Cornet, that of Henrietta and Condé. But, if not a monument of genius, it is one of virtue; whence alone it acquires value in the eulogy of a man whoſe virtues have been more diſputed than his talents.*

---

* *By dwelling on ſo trifling a proof of moral merit as the compoſition of a funeral ſermon for an old maſter, the eulogiſt throws more ſuſpicion on the virtues of Boſſuet than if he had ſaid nothing on the ſubject.*

NOTICES OF BOILEAU.

NICHOLAS BOILEAU DESPREAUX was born on November 1, 1636. His parents were Gilles Boileau, regiſter of the Great Chamber, and Ann de Nielle, his ſecond wife. His family was noble, and could trace back to the fourteenth century; whence he was uſed to ſay of Clermont Tonnerre, biſhop of Noyon, in whoſe eyes nobility was the firſt of merits, "He would eſteem "me much more if he knew I was a gentleman." A great city and a ſmall village, Paris and Crône, contend for the honour of his birth; as formerly ſeveral Greek cities did for that of having been the cradle of Homer, whom they are ſaid to have ſuffered to want bread during his life. The native place of Deſpreaux will one day become the object of an important controverſy among the learned, and may probably, to apply one of our poet's verſes,

> "*Aux Saumaiſes futurs preparer des tortures;*"
> *Breed tortures to Saumaiſes yet unborn.*

Paris and Crône each already cites in its favour weighty authorities, which we ſhall forbear diſcuſſing in this place, leſt we ſhould ſeem to have caught ſomething of the Saumaiſe. Men of a ſuperior order are the property neither of the town, the village, nor the nation which boaſts of them. Thrown at random and in ſmall number on the ſurface of the earth, they are not ſo much the ornament, as the exception of the human ſpecies, which, in the reſt of its individuals, ſeems to have been only ſketched out by Nature, from whom it has received ſo much activity with ſo much impotence, and a comprehenſion ſo limited, with a curioſity ſo inſatiable and preſumptuous.

Deſpreaux, in his early years, was the reverſe of thoſe infantine prodigies who often in mature age ſcarcely attain to mediocrity; ſouls produced before their term, which nature exhauſts herſelf in bringing to light, and then refuſes to expand, as if conſcious of inability to carry to perfection. This man, who was to act ſo great a part in literature, and aſſume ſo formidable a tone, appeared in his infancy heavy and taciturn; nor was his taciturnity of that obſerving kind which denotes ſly miſchief at the bottom, but the downright barren taciturnity of inſipid good-nature. His father, on comparing him with his other children, uſed to ſay, "As for this, "he is a good-tempered fellow who will never ſpeak ill of any one." A father muſt have ſuppoſed his child doomed to inſuperable mediocrity, who could be content with ſo modeſt an eulogy. All the brothers of Deſpreaux diſplayed premature parts, and ſeemed to promiſe to be great men; he alone promiſed nothing, and was what they promiſed.

Deſpreaux, whoſe infancy ſo little flattered the vanity of his relations, was very ill treated by them in his youth, eſpecially by his

brothers, who did not yet fear him, and who deſpiſed him too much to be jealous of him. The lodging appropriated to him in his father's houſe was a ſort of lanthorn above the garret, whence he was afterwards brought down into the garret itſelf; which made him ſay that his fortune commenced with "a deſcent into the "garret." He uſed to add, that if he had an offer of renewing his life on the condition of paſſing again through the early part of his youth, he would prefer non-exiſtence. Hence he was no believer in the common aſſertion, that childhood is the happieſt period of life. "Can one," ſaid this lover of independence, "conſider "otherwiſe than as a great misfortune, the perpetual vexation at "this age of never having one's will?" It was to no purpoſe to repreſent to him the advantages of a conſtraint which prevents ſo many follies in early life. "What avails it," he replied, "to know "the uſe of our chains when we have ſhaken them off, if we feel only "their weight while we wear them?" It was not that Deſpreaux thought the other periods of life more agreeable than that of infancy: all appeared to him equally painful; youth for its tormenting paſſions, manhood for its conſuming cares, old age for its oppreſſive infirmities; and he ſeemed not far from the opinion of that philoſopher, who, on being aſked what was the happieſt inſtant of life, replied, "the inſtant of quitting it."—"It would be difficult," Deſpreaux further remarked, "to point out the beſt ſeaſon of life; one "can only ſay, it is ſcarcely ever that which is paſſing while the "queſtion is aſked."

The only amuſement of Deſpreaux, ſo ill treated at home, was ſometimes to go to the great hall of the court of juſtice, where he made the clerks merry with his pleaſantries. Can it be believed that his enemies afterwards made a ſerious charge againſt him of this recreation?

VOLTAIRE—Written by D'Alembert.

WE have ſaid, with reſpect to Corneille and Voltaire, as having been educated among the Jeſuits, that the firſt of theſe great men always loved them, and the ſecond a long time. It is neceſſary for the ſake of due juſtice to ſtate the reaſon of this difference. Corneille, who always regarded and treated the Jeſuits as his maſters, had always found them his friends and partiſans, ſometimes even at the expence of Racine, whoſe Janſeniſm was obnoxious to them, and rendered them leſs ſenſible of the beauties of his works. Voltaire long had reaſon to be ſatisfied with their conduct towards him; and ſo long he gave them public and repeated teſtimonies of his gratitude. At length, through that fatality which attended upon the latter years of their too protracted reign, they had the misfortune, or the folly, in their Journal de Trevoux, to attack this celebrated man, not only as a writer, but as an enemy to reli-

gion and the ſtate. This conduct at once quaſhed all the gratitude of their diſciple, who revenged himſelf upon his old maſters by ſuch ſatirical attacks in verſe and proſe as he was well capable of making. The moſt prudent Jeſuits were much concerned at the event, and would gladly have terminated a quarrel ſo hurtful to the ſociety; but the war had proceeded too far for the combatants to recede; and the ſociety, in the diſaſtrous circumſtances which enſued, became deprived of a defender, whoſe voice might have protected them; whereas the ſhafts he had been provoked to launch againſt them perhaps accelerated their ruin.*

D'ALEMBERT.

JEAN LE ROND D'ALEMBERT, is well known throughout Europe as one of the moſt illuſtrious individuals of what may be termed the laſt ſchool of French literature. A juvenile proficient in a variety of ſtudies, he firſt attained celebrity as a mathematician, in which quality he early entered the Academy of Sciences. He had become a diſtinguiſhed member of this learned ſociety, when he was received into the French Academy as a fine writer; and few have in a more eminent degree united a ſuperiority in theſe two very diſtinct, and commonly deemed adverſe, departments of intellectual purſuit. But his mind had taken a wide range, as is manifeſtly ſhewn by his maſterly view of human knowledge in general, prefixed to the French Encyclopædia, of which celebrated work he is ſaid to have been the original projector. A variety of miſcellaneous writings proved him alſo to be well acquainted with mankind, and with the topics moſt immediately intereſting to ſociety; and that, to the man of ſcience and polite ſcholar, he added the moraliſt and philoſopher. Such was his reputation, that he was ſtrongly urged by the late empreſs of Ruſſia to undertake the education of her ſon, the grand duke; and that the great Frederic of Pruſſia ſought his friendſhip, and maintained an intimate correſpondence with him. All the principal learned ſocieties in Europe thought themſelves honoured by inrolling his name in their liſts of members.

His connections, his writings, and eſpecially his diſtinguiſhed place among the Encyclopediſts, ſufficiently declare him to have been of the number of thoſe French literati, who were actively,

* *It is impoſſible that a more direct charge of the ſelfiſh principles by which Voltaire was actuated, could be made, than is here done by his friend and partiſan, who ſuppoſes that even ſo important a ſtep in the progreſs of reaſon and liberty as the abolition of the ſociety of Jeſuits, would have been oppoſed by him, had he not been perſonally affronted by them.*

Dr. Aikin.

though cautiouſly, employed in bringing about a change in the public opinion concerning civil and religious ſubjects. That this *change* was in many reſpects *improvement*, will ſcarcely be denied by one who is ſenſible of his happineſs in living in a country which has experienced the benefit of ſimilar alterations; and from which, in reality, almoſt all the freedom of thinking that has pervaded Europe has taken its immediate riſe. That d'Alembert and his aſſociates, taking their departure, as it were, from a religious ſyſtem full of tyranny, abſurdity, and ſuperſtition, ſhould go further in a contrary direction than moſt of thoſe who among us have promoted liberal opinions, was ſo natural, that a moderate degree of philoſophical candour will ſuffice to plead its apology. Syſtems which arrogantly ſpurn the examination of reaſon, and rely principally upon fraud or force for their ſupport, have no right to expect any remaining deference or attachment from thoſe who have once broken the fetters of prejudice in their favour. They cannot in any degree ally with what they profeſſedly diſcard and anathematiſe; and the war once commenced between them and free inquiry, can only terminate with the complete overthrow of one of the combatants.

D'Alembert deſerves praiſe for having treated religious ſubjects with more decorum and reſerve than many of his contemporaries; and there is reaſon to believe that he ſincerely reſpected the ſanctions which the pure principles of religion afford to morality, and was far from wiſhing to impair them. Neither does he appear to have been tainted, except in a ſlight degree, with that baneful corruption in morals which was the real diſgrace of the French philoſophical ſchool, and has laid the foundation of incalculable miſchiefs. His opinions reſpecting government and the ſocial ſtate do not, in any of his writings, ſurpaſs the limits of a liberty compatible with law, order, and all that conduces to the eſſential ſecurity of the public welfare. It is true, he appears to have been as little the friend of political as of religious ſuperſtition, and to have eſtimated rank and prerogative only by their value in promoting that general good which is the proper end of civil inſtitutions. That he was one of thoſe who by their writings prepared the way for thoſe awful, and in many reſpects truly deplorable events, which have lately taken place in his country, cannot be denied; but to make him reſponſible for meaſures which he could not have foreſeen, which he would have warmly deprecated, and to which he would probably have fallen a victim, would be unjuſtifiable rigour; eſpecially as he contributed to them only in common with all the writers ancient and modern, Greek, Roman, Italian, French, and, above all, Engliſh, who have applied philoſophy to the inveſtigation of the rights and duties of mankind.

Though deeply involved in literary party, and much engaged in attack and defence on his own account and that of his friends, d'Alembert maintained a high character and much influence as long as he lived; to which many excellent qualities of the heart as well as the head contributed. He was eminently diſintereſted, upright, grateful, and obliging; and though he has been charged with artifice, yet his works contain many proofs of undiſguiſed zeal for the cauſe of his friends, and of abhorrence of the dark machinations of calumny and malevolence. In the poſſeſſion of undiminiſhed reputation, he died at the age of ſixty-ſix, on October 29th, 1783.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Extracted from Wraxall's Memoirs.

WHILE I admit the claim of Frederick to immortality, I am not diſpoſed to be his panegyriſt. Much as we admire, we are little tempted to love him. Ambition, from the hour of his acceſſion to the preſent moment, has been his only real paſſion. Neither the faith of treaties, nor the laws of nations, nor the principles of juſtice and equity, have ever ſufficiently reſtrained him from purſuing the aggrandizement of the Pruſſian monarchy. The conqueſt of Sileſia, under all the circumſtances, can ſcarcely be juſtified: the partition of Poland, however its injuſtice may ſeem to be diminiſhed by the concurrence of Auſtria and Ruſſia, was an act that revolted every mind not inſenſible to the diſtinctions of right and wrong. His own glory, more than the felicity of his people, has conſtituted, at every period of his reign, the rule of his political conduct. Though not cruel, he is nevertheleſs in ſome reſpects oppreſſive: though he rarely permits capital puniſhments, he exacts pecuniary contributions from his ſubjects, ſcarcely leſs ſubverſive of their domeſtic happineſs, than would be the utmoſt ſeverity of penal laws. His vigilance, it is true, never ſleeps; and he is felt on the diſtant frontier of Courland, or of Cleves, at the extremities of his dominions, almoſt as much as here at Berlin. But ſo was Philip the Second, the moſt odious tyrant of modern times. It is for the preſervation of his own greatneſs alone that Frederic wakes. Even his pleaſures are gloomy, philoſophic, and ſolitary. Love never invaded the privacy of "Sans Souci," nor ſoftened the auſtere and cheerleſs hours of Frederic's private life. He is great, but not amiable; we render homage to his talents, his reputation, and his victories: but we deſire to live under a more benign and unambitious Prince. We are pleaſed to viſit Berlin, as an object of liberal curioſity; but we prefer the reſidence of London, of Vienna, or of Naples."

GEO. ALEX. STEVENS.

HIS origin is not accurately known; but we have been informed that he was born in London, about Holborn. He was the ſon of a tradeſman, and brought up with a view to ſome mechanical employment. The obſcurity of his birth has caſt a veil over the early part of his life. Whether diſſipation, prodigality, want, idleneſs, profligacy, or inclination, led him to employ his talents in public, we are unable to determine; but the firſt notice we meet with concerning him, is as a ſtrolling player in one of the provincial companies, whoſe chief head-quarters were at Lincoln, where he performed ſome time.* His own account of himſelf. extracted from a poem, called 'Religion, or the Libertine Repentant,' 8vo. 1751, affords us every reaſon to ſuppoſe that the tenor of his life had not been much influenced by the rules of piety or virtue. Thus he deſcribes himſelf:

"By chance condemn'd to wander from my birth
An erring exile o'er the face of earth;
Wild through the world of vice, licentious race!
I've ſtarted folly, and enjoy'd the chace:
Pleas'd with each paſſion, I purſu'd their aim,
Cheer'd the gay pack, and graſp'd the guilty game;
Revel'd regardleſs, leap'd reflection o'er,
Till youth, till health, fame, fortune, are no more.
Too late I feel the thought-corroding pain
Of ſharp remembrance and ſevere diſdain:
Each painted pleaſure its avenger breeds,
Sorrow's ſad train to Riot's troop ſucceeds;
Slow waſting Sickneſs ſteals on ſwift debauch;
Contempt on pride, pale want on waſte approach."

This poem was written during a fit of illneſs, and probably made no longer impreſſion than until health returned.

Stevens has been often heard to ſay, that in the war of (we think) 1739 or 1740, he went aboard a man of war, and uſed frequently to relate the following ſtory:

During an engagement one of his brother ſailors was wounded: another ſailor took him in his arms in order to carry him to the cockpit; but before he had brought him off the deck, a chain-ball carried away his head, unperceived by the ſailor who was bearing him. When the ſurgeon ſaw the trunk, he curſed the ſailor for bringing him a man without an head. "Damn me (ſays the fellow) but he had his head on when I took him up."

In the year 1752, STEVENS was performing in Dublin; and while there, publiſhed a burleſque tragedy, called 'Diſtreſs upon Diſtreſs,' which does not appear to have been acted.

---

* *Biographia Dramatica, Vol. I.*

STEVENS eſtabliſhed in Dublin "the Naſſau Court," over which Sparks, as *Lord-Chief-Joker*, preſided. This court was held in a tavern in Naſſau-ſtreet. Here ſubjects of humour were diſcuſſed, and all ranks of people were indiſcriminately admitted into it to debate on them; but the greateſt order and regularity were obſerved, fines being always inflicted and exacted for every offence, however trivial, againſt the eſtabliſhed rules. A certain nobleman, now on the continent, remarkable for folly and extravagance, having appeared in this court with his hat on, he was tried for the ſame. Juſt as ſentence was going to be paſſed on him, his Lordſhip's advocate ſtarted up and ſaid, "That his client could not be puniſhed for wearing a hat, becauſe it was well known he had no head."

Sparks has often ſaid, that Stevens was the beſt Greek ſcholar in England, and ſeemed to think he had had a college education.

In the year 1753, Stevens came to London, and obtained an engagement at Covent-Garden Theatre; where he performed without any applauſe, which indeed his performances on the ſtage were in no reſpect entitled to. In 1754, he publiſhed a poem, called 'The Birth-Day of Folly,' in imitation of the Dunciad; but proceeded in the deſign no further than the firſt book. In January, 1755, the theatre in the Haymarket was opened with an entertainment ridiculing Macklin's Britiſh Inquiſition, and called 'The Female Inquiſition. By a Lady.' It was ſuppoſed to be written by our author, who delivered a Proemium and Peroration; but though aided by the aſſiſtance of Miſs Iſabella Wilkinſon's performances on the wire, it ended without any advantage to the adventurers, after being four times repeated.

At this period Mr. STEVENS was celebrated at the ſeveral convivial ſocieties then in being, of which there was a great number, as, the Choice Spirits, High Borlace, Comus's Court, &c. and wrote many of the ſongs he has ſince been applauded for. His finances were generally at a low ebb, and his perſon in durance. He experienced the extremes of mirth and jolity, as well as want and dependence; and led a life, if unſtained by crimes, yet deſpicable for its meanneſs and irregularity. In the year 1754, Mr. STEVENS publiſhed in 4to. a Poem, entitled, *The Choice Spirits Feaſt*, being a parody on Dryden's celebrated Ode. It ſeems to have been performed in ſome manner by the author, and moſt probably in Ireland. He uſually wrote pieces of humour for Shuter, to deliver at his benefit; and we believe was the author of a Droll, acted at Bartholomew Fair by that commedian in the year 1759, called, *The French flogged; or, The Britiſh Sailors in America.* In 1760, he publiſhed a Novel, in two volumes, called, *The Hiſtory of Tom Fool;* and in 1761, began a periodical publication, entitled, *The Beauties of the Magazines.* In 1763, he gave the public ſome entertainment at the expenſe of his friend Shuter, and Nancy Dawſon, in *The Dramatic Hiſtory of Maſter Edward, Mrs. Ann, Mrs. Llwnddwhydd, and others, the Extraordinaries of theſe Times.* 12mo. For Shuter he compoſed the firſt ſketch of his *Lecture on Heads*, which is ſaid to have owed its origin

to his meeting, in one of his ſtrolling excurſions, with a country mechanic, who deſcrided the members of the corporation with great force of humour. Whether the humour of the piece was not congenial with that of Shuter, or whether he was inadequate to the taſk, it is certain it was at firſt ſcarcely noticed. Luckily for the author, he was prompted to enlarge his plan, and having furniſhed himſelf with a complete apparatus, he went into the country, and repeated his *Lecture* with ſo much ſucceſs at various places, that he was ſoon enabled to amaſs and remit home ſeveral large ſums of monery; by which he ſecured himſelf in affluence during the reſt of his life.

In April, 1764, he commenced his *Lecture* at the Haymarket, greatly to the advantage of his fortune and reputation. He afterwards travelled over every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and even made a trip to North America; and at every place met with the moſt flattering and generous reception.

After the *Lecture on Heads* had apparently been repeated often enough to loſe ſome of its effect, he compoſed another entertainment of the like kind, called *The Supplement, being a new Lecture upon Heads, Portraits, and Whole Lengths.* It began in February, 1766; but notwithſtanding the author's acknowledged reputation, it was coldly received, and ended with ſix nights performance. It was tried again the next year, but with little more ſucceſs, being repeated only ſeven nights.

The money he had acquired by means of his *Lecture* having made the drudgery of literature unneceſſary to him, we do not find that he produced any performance until January, 1770, when *The Court of Alexander*, a burletta, ſet by Dr. Fiſhar, was acted at Covent-Garden, with, at leaſt, as much ſucceſs as either the author or compoſer deſerved. In 1772, owing to a pirated edition of his Songs being publiſhed at Whitehaven, he printed a genuine collection of them at Oxford, in 8vo. In 1773, appeared *The Trip to Portſmouth*, a comic ſketch, acted at the Haymarket, conſiſting of a few detached ſcenes, begun and finiſhed in five days. He performed in this piece for the laſt time himſelf, and afterwards repeated his *Lecture upon Heads* both in London and ſeveral other places; when, at length, finding his faculties become impaired, he ſold the property in his work to Mr. Lee Lewes, a comedian of ſome eminence, who endeavoured, but without ſucceſs, to catch the ſpirit of the original author. The *Lecture upon Heads* will probably never again meet with the favour it formerly obtained.

In 1780, a dramatic performance, called *The Cabinet of Fancy, or Evening Exhibition* was performed at the Haymarket, and the ſongs, &c. were printed in 8vo.

It was his misfortune that his mind and body did not keep pace with each other in their decay. He ſunk by degrees into a ſtate of all others the moſt diſtreſſing to thoſe who have any connexions, either of friendſhip or conſanguinity, with a perſon ſo unhappily circumſtanced. He retained his bodily faculties after his mind had

loſt its powers, and exhibited a miſerable ſpectacle of idiotiſm and fatuity. At length, after remaining ſeveral years in this condition, he died at Baldock, in Hertfordſhire, September 6th, 1784.

The following parallel has been drawn between STEVENS and the celebrated painter, HOGARTH.

What HOGARTH was with his *pencil*, GEORGE ſeems evidently to have been with his *pen*. Different as they might be in their talents; or rather, it ſhould be ſaid, in their profeſſional purſuits; in their diſpoſitions there appears to have been a ſtriking congeniality. They each loved themſelves to laugh, and to make the world laugh; but amidſt all their *fun*, whether upon *canvas* or upon *paper*, they could both, when they choſe it, be perfectly *ſentimental*, and exhibit *vice*, at one time, in colours as odious, as, at another, they would repreſent *folly* in colours that were *ridiculous*.

But, in whatever reſpects they might agree or diſagree, in their ſeveral departments, they were confeſſedly both *original geniuſes;* and to the pen of GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS the public is now indebted for an aſſemblage of pieces exhibiting *(and for the firſt time exhibiting in one view)* the moſt *laughable*—without exaggeration too, it may be added, the moſt *faithful*—picture that ever appeared, of the *manners, faſhions, amuſements, &c. at London at the middle of the eighteenth century.* Though *we*—we, at leaſt, of the *modern* generation of Bucks, who have the honour to live when that Century begins to approach towards its diſſolution—have certainly not a little *refined* upon thoſe faſhions, manners, and cuſtoms; yet now let it be determined, from a comparative view of the metropolis at the two periods, how far we have, to any eſſential purpoſe, improved upon them.

DR. ADAM SMITH.

Extracted from Dugald Stewart's account of the Life and Writings of Dr. Smith.

THE ſhort narrative which I have now finiſhed, however barren of incident, may convey a general idea of the genius and character of this illuſtrious Man. Of the intellectual gifts and attainments by which he was ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed;—of the originality and comprehenſiveneſs of his views; the extent, the variety, and the correctneſs of his information; the inexhauſtible fertility of his invention; and the ornaments which his rich and beautiful imagination had borrowed from claſſical culture;—he has left behind him laſting monuments. To his private worth the moſt certain of all teſtimonies may be found in that confidence, reſpect, and attachment, which followed him through all the various relations of life. The ſerenity and gaiety he enjoyed, under the preſſure of his growing infirmities, and the warm intereſt he felt to the laſt, in every thing connected with the welfare of his friends, will be long

remembered by a ſmall circle, with whom, as long as his ſtrength permitted, he regularly ſpent an evening in the week; and to whom the recollection of his worth ſtill forms a pleaſing though melancholy bond of union.

The more delicate and characteriſtical features of his mind, it is perhaps impoſſible to trace. That there were many peculiarities, both in his manner, and in his intellectual habits, was manifeſt to the moſt ſuperficial obſerver; but although, to thoſe who knew him, theſe peculiarities detracted nothing from the reſpect which his abilities commanded; and although, to his intimate friends, they added an inexpreſſible charm to his converſation, while they diſplayed, in the moſt intereſting light, the artleſs ſimplicity of his heart; yet it would require a very ſkilful pencil to preſent them to the public eye. He was certainly not fitted for the general commerce of the world, or for the buſineſs of active life. The comprehenſive ſpeculations with which he had been occupied from his youth, and the variety of materials which his own invention continually ſupplied to his thoughts, rendered him habitually inattentive to familiar objects, and to common occurrences; and he frequently exhibited inſtances of abſence, which have ſcarcely been ſurpaſſed by the fancy of La Bruyere. Even in company, he was apt to be ingroſſed with his ſtudies; and appeared, at times, by the motion of his lips, as well as by his looks and geſtures, to be in the fervour of compoſition. I have often, however, been ſtruck, at the diſtance of years, with his accurate memory of the moſt trifling particulars; and am inclined to believe, from this and ſome other circumſtances, that he poſſeſſed a power, not perhaps uncommon among abſent men, of recollecting, in conſequence of ſubſequent efforts of reflection, many occurrences which, at the time when they happened, did not ſeem to have ſenſibly attracted his notice.

LIFE OF ZIMMERMAN.

Extracted from Vie de M. Zimmerman, &c. By S. A. D. Tiſſot, M. D. &c.

THE life of one man of eminence, written by another, who was his intimate friend, cannot fail to be intereſting; and though, perhaps, neither M. Zimmerman nor his biographer ſtands ſo high in profeſſional and literary conſequence among Engliſh readers as among thoſe of the continent, they are known and eſteemed ſufficiently to attach to their names a conſiderable ſhare of liberal curioſity. This curioſity we ſhall now attempt to gratify, by entering at ſome length into the detail which is preſented to us in this pamphlet.

John George Zimmerman was born in December 1728, at Brug, a town in the German part of the canton of Bern. His father, the ſenator Zimmerman, was born of a family which had been diſtinguiſhed, during ſeveral ages, for the merit and integrity with which they paſſed through the firſt offices of the goverment. His mother, of the name of *Pache*, was the daughter of a celebrated counſellor at Morges, in the French part of the ſame canton; which accounts for the circumſtance of the two languages being equally familiar to him, though he had paſſed only a very ſhort time in France. Young Zimmerman was educated at home till he reached the age of fourteen, when he was ſent to ſtudy the *belles lettres* at Bern. After three years had been thus employed, he was transferred to the ſchool of philoſophy; where the prolix comments on the metaphyſics of *Wolf* ſeem much more to have diſguſted than enlightened him. The death of both parents leaving him at liberty to chooſe his deſtination in life, he determined to embrace the medical profeſſion, and went to Gottingen in 1747. Here his countryman, the illuſtrious *Haller*, took him into his own houſe, directed his ſtudies, and treated him as a ſon and a friend. Beſides the proper medical profeſſors, Zimmerman attended the mathematical and phyſical lectures, and gained a knowledge of Engliſh literature. He paſſed four years in this univerſity; part of the laſt of which he employed in experiments on *the doctrine of irritability*, firſt propoſed by the Engliſh anatomiſt Gliſſon, and afterward purſued with ſo much ſucceſs by Haller. Zimmerman made this principle the ſubject of his inaugural theſis, in 1751; and the clearneſs of ſtyle and method with which he explained the doctrine, with the ſtrength of the experimental proofs by which he ſupported it, gained him great reputation. Our anatomical readers are doubtleſs acquainted with the controverſies which this new ſyſtem excited. Though *Haller* was generally conſidered as its author, ſeveral attacks were directed againſt *Zimmerman* in particular, which he was wiſe enough to diſregard, leaving his facts to ſpeak for themſelves.

After a few months ſpent in a tour to Holland and France, he returned to Bern in 1752, where he was received with great cordiality. In this year he publiſhed an account of *Haller*, in a ſhort letter to a friend, inſerted in the journal of Neufchatel, and written in French. Though his only work in that language, it has much elegance of ſtyle; and it was the baſis of his life of *Haller* which was publiſhed at Zurich in 1755, a large 8vo. in German. During his ſtay at Bern, he married a very amiable and cultivated lady, a relation of *Haller*, of the name of *Meley*, then widow of a M. *Stek*. Shortly afterwards, the poſt of public phyſician to his native town of Brug becoming vacant, he received an invitation to occupy it, with which he complied. Here he earneſtly devoted himſelf to the ſtudies and duties of his profeſſion; not neglecting, however, thoſe literary purſuits which are neceſſary to fill up the time of a man of education, in a place which affords few of the reſources of ſuitable ſociety. He amuſed

himſelf occaſionally with writing little pieces, which he ſent to a journal printed at Zurich under the title of *the Monitor*. As his pleaſures were almoſt excluſively confined to his family and his ſtudy, he here contracted that real or ſuppoſed love for *ſolitade*, which gave ſuch a colour to his writings, if not to his life. It ſeems, however, at firſt to have been rather forced than natural; and to have been the ſplenetic reſource of a man who was never well ſatisfied with the obſcurity of a ſituation, which was by no means adequate to his talents and reputation. In this place, his years paſſed on uſefully for the improvement of his mind: but, as it appears, not very happily. His natural ſenſibility, from a want of objects to divert it, preyed on itſelf; and he was rendered miſerable by a thouſand domeſtic cares and anxieties, which he would have felt much more lightly in the tumult of public life. He took, however, the beſt method in his power for relief, by employing his pen with aſſiduity on profeſſional and literary topics. In 1754, he ſent to the Phyſico-Medical ſociety of Baſil a very good caſe of ſpaſmodic quincy, together with ſome obſervations on the hyſteric tumors of *Sydenham*. In 1755 he compoſed a ſhort poem in German on the earthquake of Liſbon, which was much eſteemed by adequate judges, and placed him among the earlieſt improvers of that language. In 1756 appeared his firſt eſſay on *Solitude*, a very ſhort performance. Two years afterward, he began to enlarge its plan, and to collect materials for his more extended publication on this ſubject. He alſo formed the plan of his work on the *Experience of Medicine*, of which the firſt volume appeared in 1763. In 1758 he publiſhed his eſſay on *National Pride*, which paſſed with rapidity through ſeveral editions, and was tranſlated into foreign languages, and much admired. In this performance is one of thoſe predictions of an approaching revolution in Europe, which are to be found in various works of literature,—but, as M. Tissot thinks, no where with more ſagacity and exactneſs. "The univerſal ſpread of light and philoſophy, the vices demonſtrated in the exiſting mode of thinking, the attacks on received prejudices, all ſhew a boldneſs in opinion which announces a revolution; and this revolution will be happy if it be directed by political wiſdom, and ſubmiſſion to the laws of the ſtate: but, ſhould it degenerate into criminal audacity, it will coſt to ſome their property; to others, their liberty; to many, their life."

Notwithſtanding a copious medical practice, now extended by many foreign conſultations, and the literary employment of his leiſure, Zimmerman's diſcontent with his ſituation was ſuch that his friends, and particularly his preſent biographer, made various efforts to procure him a new eſtabliſhment; none of which were as yet ſucceſsful. It appears, indeed, that his own irreſolution, and a

kind of timidity which always adhered to him, were the principal obſtacles in ſome inſtances. Meantime, however, he did not ceaſe to lay the ſolid foundations of more entenſive fame by profeſſional writings. An epidemic fever, which reigned in Switzerland in the years 1763, 4, and 5, and which in the latter year changed to a dyſentary, furniſhed him with a copious ſtore of obſervations, and produced his *Treatiſe on the Diſentary*, which gained him great reputation. This was the laſt conſiderable medical work that he compoſed, though he continued to write ſhort pieces on occaſional topics. It ſhould not be omitted that his cordial friend, M. Tiſſot, by addreſſing to him his own letters on the prevailing epidemic, contributed to extend his profeſſional fame. At length, the vacant poſt of phyſician to the king of England at Hanover, which had been offered to M. Tiſſot, was by his intereſt procured for Zimmerman; and being accepted, he removed to Hanover in 1768.

This new ſituation, however, was far from producing the acceſſion of happineſs which was expected from it.

In 1770, he had the misfortune of loſing his wife; a deprivation which touched him moſt ſenſibly; and at the ſame time his own complaint grew worſe. His friend Tiſſot, adviſed him to ſeek the beſt chirurgical aſſiſtance, and perſuaded him, in 1771, to go to Berlin and put himſelf under the care of the celebrated *Meckel*. He was received into this ſurgeon's houſe, and an operation was performed which ſucceeded. The time of his convaleſcence was one of the moſt agreeable in his life. He made a number of acquaintances among diſtinguiſhed characters at Berlin, was preſented to the king, and was honoured with particular notice from him.

His reception on his return to Hanover was equally pleaſing. He now again plunged into buſineſs, and again domeſtic and profeſſional cares brought on hypochondriacal complaints. In 1775, by way of vacation, he made a journey to Lauſanne, where his daughter was placed for education, and paſſed five weeks with M. Tiſſot.

M. Zimmerman was unhappy in the fate of his children. His amiable daughter, whom he moſt tenderly loved, fell into a lingering malady ſoon after ſhe left Lauſanne, which continued for five years, and then carried her off:—while his ſon, who was from infancy troubled with an acrid humour, after various viciſſitudes of nervous affections ſettled in perfect idiocy; in which ſtate he has now remained twenty years. To alleviate theſe diſtreſſes, a ſecond marriage properly occurred to the minds of his friends, and they choſe for him a moſt ſuitable companion, in the daughter of M. de Berger, king's phyſician at Lunenberg. The union took place in 1782, and proved the greateſt charm and ſupport of all his remaining life. His lady was thirty years younger than him, but ſhe perfectly accommodated herſelf to his taſte, and induced him to cultivate ſociety abroad and at home more than he had hitherto done. About this time, he employed himſelf in completing his favorite work on *Solitude*; which, at the diſtance of thirty years from

the publication of the firſt eſſay on the ſubject, appeared in its new form in the years 1784, 1786, in 4 vols. His ideas of ſolitude had probably been ſoftened by ſo long an intercourſe with the world; and as he now defined it, "that ſtate of the ſoul in which it abandons itſelf freely to its reflections," it was not neceſſary to become either a monk or an anchorite in order to partake of its benefits. Had it not been preſented under ſo accommodating a form, a philoſopher might have ſmiled at the circumſtance of a recommendation of ſolitude, from a court phyſician, becoming the favorite work of one of the moſt ſplendid and ambitious of crowned heads. The Empreſs of Ruſſia ſent her expreſs thanks to the author for the pleaſure which ſhe had derived from the work, accompanied with a magnificent preſent, and commenced with him a regular correſpondence, which ſubſiſted with great freedom on her part till 1792; when ſhe ſuddenly dropped it. She alſo gave him an invitation to ſettle at Peterſburgh as her firſt phyſician; and, on his declining the offer, ſhe requeſted his recommendation of medical practitioners for her towns and armies, and conferred on him the order of Wladomir.

One of the moſt diſtinguiſhed incidents of his life was the ſummons which he received to attend the great Frederic in his laſt illneſs, in 1786. It was at once evident that there was no room for the exerciſe of his medical ſkill: but he improved the opportunity which he thus enjoyed of confidential intercourſe with that illuſtrious character, whoſe mental faculties were pre-eminent to the laſt; and he derived from it the materials of an intereſting narrative, which he afterward publiſhed. The partiality of this prince in his favour naturally diſpoſed him to a reciprocal good opinion of the monarch; and in 1788 he publiſhed *a Defence of Frederick the Great againſt the Count de Maribeau;* which, in 1790, was followed by *Fragments on Frederick the Great*, in 3 vols. 12mo. All his publications relative to this king gave offence to many individuals, and ſubjected him to ſevere criticiſm; which he felt with more ſenſibility than conſiſted with his peace of mind. His religious and political opinions, likewiſe, in his latter years, began to be in wide contradiction with the principles that were aſſiduouſly propagated all over Europe; and this added perpetual fuel to his irritability. The ſociety of the *Illuminated*, coaleſced with that of *Free-Maſons*, roſe about this time in Germany, and excited the moſt violent commotions among men of letters and reflection. It was ſuppoſed to have in view nothing leſs than the abolition of chriſtianity, and the ſubverſion of all conſtituted authorities; and while its partizans expected from it the moſt beneficial reforms of every kind, its opponents dreaded from it every miſchief that could poſſibly happen to mankind. *Zimmerman*, who is repreſented by his friend as a *hunter af ſects*, was

among the firſt who took alarm at this formidable aſſociation. His regard for religion and ſocial order, and perhaps his connexions with crowned heads, cauſed him to ſee in the moſt obnoxious light all the principles of theſe new philoſophers. He attacked them with vigour, formed counter-aſſociations with other men of letters, and at length took a ſtep which we leave his friends to juſtify,—that of addreſſing to the Emperor Leopold a memoir, painting in the ſtrongeſt colouring the pernicious maxims of the ſect, and ſuggeſting the means of ſuppreſſing it; means which we underſtand to have depended on the deciſive interference of civil authority. Leopold, was well inclined to ſuch meaſures, received his memoir very graciouſly, and ſent him a letter and ſplendid preſent in return: but his death, ſoon afterward, deprived the cauſe of its moſt powerful protecter. M. Zimmerman, however, in conjunction with M. *Hoffman* of Vienna, who had inſtituted a periodical work on the old principle, did not relax in their zeal. They attacked and were attacked in turn; and Zimmerman, unfortunately, embroiled himſelf with the courts of law by a paper publiſhed in *Hoffman's* Journal, intitled *the Baron de Knigge unmaſked as an illuminate, democrate and ſeducer of the people.* As this charge was in part founded on a work not openly avowed by the Baron, a proceſs was inſtituted againſt Zimmerman as a libeller, and he was unable to exculpate himſelf. This ſtate of warfare may well be imagined to be extremely unfriendly to an irritable ſyſtem of nerves; and the agitation of the Doctor's mind was farther increaſed by his perſonal fears on the approach of the French towards the electorate of Hanover, in 1794. The idea of becoming a poor emigrant perpetually haunted him, nor could the negotiation that ſecured the country reſtore him to tranquility.

This notion impreſſed him ſo ſtrongly, that his abſtinence from food at laſt was partly attributed to his fear of poverty. He was worn away to a ſkeleton, became decrepid, and at ſixty-ſix died of old age. He expired October 7th, 1795.

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THIS eminent Artiſt was born at Plimpton St. Mary's, in Devonſhire, in the year 1723. His father was a clergyman, and the intimate friend of that eminent Divine, Mr. Zachariah Mudge. Sir Joſhua was very early in life ſent to a grammar-ſchool, where he made a good proficiency in Latin. He was ever of opinion, that his deſtination of mind to Painting was occaſioned by the accidental peruſal of Richardſon's Treatiſe on that Art when he was very young.* Some Frontiſpieces to the Lives of Plutarch are ſtill preſerved by his relations, as ſpecimens of his early pre-

* *See Johnſon's Life of Milton.*

dilection for his art, and of the promiſe that he gave of being eminent in it. He became Pupil to Mr. Hudſon the Painter in 174—, who, amongſt other advice that he gave him, recommended him to copy Guerchino's drawings. This he did with ſuch ſkill, that many of them are now preſerved in the Cabinets of the curious in this country, as the originals of that very great maſter. About the year 1750 he went to Rome to proſecute his ſtudies, where he remained nearly two years, and employed himſelf rather in making ſtudies from than in copying the works of the great Painters with which that illuſtrious Capital of Art abounds. Here he amuſed himſelf with painting Caricatures, particularly a very large one of all the Engliſh that were then at Rome, in the different attitudes of Raphael's celebrated School of Athens. He returned to England about the year 1752, and took a houſe in Newport-ſtreet, Leiceſter-fields; to which latter place he removed ſoon afterwards, and where he continued till the time of his death. Sir Joſhua had ſo little of the jealouſy of his profeſſion, that when, ſome time ſince, a celebrated Engliſh Artiſt, on his arrival from Italy aſked him where he ſhould ſet up a houſe, Sir Joſhua told him, that the next houſe to him was vacant, and that he had found the ſituation a very good one.

An ingenious Critic thus delineates Sir Joſhua's profeſſional character:

"Sir Joſhua Reynolds was, moſt aſſuredly, the beſt Portrait-painter that this age has produced. He poſſeſſed ſomething original in his manner which diſtinguiſhed it from thoſe Painters who preceded him. His colouring was excellent, and his diſtribution of light and ſhadow ſo generally judicious and varied, that it moſt clearly ſhewed that it was not a mere trick of practice, but the reſult of principle. In Hiſtory Painting his abilities were very reſpectable, and his invention and judgment were ſufficient to have enabled him to have made a very diſtinguiſhed figure in that very ardous branch of his profeſſion, if the excluſive taſte of this country for Portraits had not diſcouraged him from cultivating a talent ſo very unproductive and neglected. His drawing, though incorrect, had always ſomething of grandeur in it."

To his own pictures might be well applied what he uſed to ſay reſpecting thoſe of Rubens: "They reſemble," ſaid he, "a well-choſen noſegay, in which though the colours are ſplendid and vivid, they are never glaring or oppreſſive to the eye."

Sir Joſhua wrote—"Diſcourſes delivered at the Royal Academy," 2 vols. 8vo. "Notes to Mr. Maſon's Tranſlation of Dufreſnoy on Painting," 4to. Papers No. 76, 79, 82, in "The Idler," on the ſubject of Painting, were alſo written by him; and he left behind him in manuſcript ſome obſervations upon the pictures of Flanders and of Holland. Sir Joſhua's views in art were always directed to ſomething grand. He propoſed to place his exquiſite collection of foreign Pictures in the Lyceum, and to give Lectures upon them

in imitation of the Conferences of the French Academy of Painting under Louis the Fourteenth, and to illuſtrate by example the truth of thoſe excellent precepts which he had delivered in his Lectures. He was very deſirous to introduce the ornaments of Painting* and of Sculptare into the grand though denuded fabric of the Cathedral of the Metropolis. He wiſhed to make the Britiſh Temple of Fame for thoſe

Qui ſui memores alios fecère merendo.

With much affect, and at great expence, he procured a nich in that place of diſtinguiſhed ſepulture for his friend the Britiſh Lexicographer. There is ſtill a nich left in the Britiſh Temple of Fame for himſelf, which gratitude, friendſhip, and veneration for talents, muſt neceſſarily fill up. The following character of this great Aatiſt, as given in the Newſpapers ſoon after his ſplendid and public funeral in St. Paul's, is the production of Mr. Burke. It is the eulogium of Parrhaſius pronounced by Pericles—it is the eulogium of the greateſt Painter by the moſt conſummate Orator of his time.

" His illneſs was long but borne with a mild and cheerful fortitude, without the leaſt mixture of any thing irritable or querulous agreeably to the placid and even tenour of his whole life. He had from the beginning of his malady a diſtinct view of his diſſolution, which he contemplated with that entire compoſure which nothing but the innocence, integrity, and uſefulneſs of his life, and an unaffected ſubmiſſion to the will of Providence, could beſtow. In this ſituation he had every conſolation from family tenderneſs, which his tenderneſs to his family had always merited.

" Sir Joſhua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the moſt memorable men of his time:—he was the firſt Engliſhman who added the praiſe of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taſte, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richneſs and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great maſters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that deſcription of the art in which Engliſh artiſts are the moſt engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity derived from the higher branches, which even thoſe who profeſſed them in a ſuperior manner, did not always preſerve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the ſpectator of the invention of hiſtory, and the amenity of landſcape. In painting portraits, he appears not to be raiſed upon that platform, but to

* The plan for decorating the Cathedral of St. Paul's with Paintings by the moſt eminent Engliſh Artiſts, was ſtopped by the caution, perhaps neceſſary at the time, of Biſhop Terrick. Sir Joſhua, with a munificence worthy of the Painter whom in every reſpect he moſt reſembled, the accompliſhed Rubens, intended to have made the Chapter a preſent of a picture of the Holy Family painted by himſelf.

deſcend to it from a higher ſphere. His paintings illuſtrate his leſſons, and his leſſons ſeem to be derived from his paintings.

" He poſſeſſed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be ſuch a painter, he was a profound and penetrating philoſopher.

" In full happineſs of foreign and domeſtic fame, admired by the expert in art, and by the learned in ſcience, courted by the great, careſſed by Sovereign Powers, and celebrated by diſtinguiſhed Poets, his native humility, modeſty, and candour, never forſook him, even on ſurpriſe or provocation; nor was the leaſt degree of arrogance or aſſumption viſible to the moſt ſcrutinizing eye, in any part of his conduct or diſcourſe.

" His talents of every kind—powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated in letters—his ſocial virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the center of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable Societies, which will be diſſipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite ſome jealouſy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loſs of no man of his time can be felt with more ſincere, general, and unmixed ſorrow.

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS OF Mr. QUIN.

MR. QUIN was the ſon of an Engliſh gentleman, who, in order to improve his fortune, in the early part of his life, went over to America, where he married a lady, with whom he continued to live for ſome years; but having no children he left her, and returned to England, from whence he went over to Ireland, where he married another lady, his former wife ſtill living; and by her he had this celebrated actor.

As his father kept his new family entirely ignorant of his former alliance, his ſon was educated in all that elegance which was ſuppoſed neceſſary for the heir apparent to a pretty eſtate. He was ſent to a grammar-ſchool, and afterwards to the univerſity of Dublin, where he continued till his father died, who leaving no will, young Quin came into the poſſeſſion of the eſtate, without any oppoſition at firſt, but was ſoon alarmed with a claim from America, the heirs at law to his father grounding their rights upon Quin's being illegitimate. This claim was too well ſupported and proved, not to ſucceed; ſo that the unfortunate Quin, being diſinherited, was obliged to go upon the Iriſh ſtage.

Very little was expected from his firſt attempts; and for want of encouragement, and perhaps deſirous of improvement, he came to England. His reception here was not much ſuperior to what he had met with in Ireland. Mean characters only were aſſigned to him; ſuch as the Lieutenant of The Tower in Richard the Third, and Banquo in Macbeth.

Thus he continued for ſome years, till Booth died, when Cato, which was then a favorite character with the public, being in danger of falling, for want of an actor to ſupport it, Mr. Quin was put into it merely as a caſe of neceſſity. The part was therefore printed in the bills of the day, to be *attempted* by Mr. Quin.

The modeſty of this invitation produced a full houſe, and a favourable audience; but the actor's own peculiar merit effected more. When he came to that part of the play, where the dead ſon is brought in upon the bier, Quin, in ſpeaking theſe words, "Thanks to the Gods, my boy has done his duty!" ſo affected the whole houſe, that they cried out, with a continued acclamation,—Booth outdone! Booth outdone!

From that time Mr. Quin became a favourite of the public; and roſe through the gradations of his employment, till he was made manager of Drury-lane play-houſe.

His ſkill or his addreſs as a manager, are not much applauded; but his merit, as an actor, overbalanced that defect, and ſtill kept him in his ſtation. What gave him the ſevereſt blow in his profeſſion, was the extreme popularity into which Mr. Garrick came, about the time that he was beginning to decline. In vain did Quin crack his jokes upon his antagoniſt:—Garrick was followed, and Quin forſaken:—ſo that what Quin called an hereſy in taſte, was at laſt univerſally allowed to be a reformation. This gave occaſion to the following bon mot, and ſmart reply. On being told, that Goodman's Fields was crowded every night to ſee the new actor, Quin ſaid, "That Garrick was a new religion. Whitfield was followed for a time; but they would all come to church again."

Mr. Garrick, who had a quick and happy talent, in turning an epigram, gave this humourous reply to Quin's bon mot:

"Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
Complains that hereſy corrupts the town;
Schiſm, he cries, has turn'd the nation's brain;
But eyes will open, and to church again!

Thou great infallible, forbear to roar;
Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more;
When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not hereſy, but reformation."

Mr. Quin, therefore, after reigning many years abſolute monarch of the ſtage, was obliged, reluctantly, to abdicate the throne, and leave "the young fellow" in quiet poſſeſſion of the ſtage; convinced, at length, that Garrick was "right, and that the reſt of the players had all been wrong."

Time, however, enabled him to get the better of his chagrin. He even grew fond of "little Davy!" and Davy conceived a ſincere regard for Quin: who, indeed, poſſeſſed virtues which commanded the eſteem of thoſe who intimately knew him.

When Quin retired from the ſtage, he went to reſide at Bath. He had bought an annuity of two hundred a year from the Duke of Bedford, and this, added to about ſeven thouſand pounds more, which his friend Sir Sampſon Gideon had amaſſed in 'Change Alley for him, contributed to make the latter part of his life eaſy and independent.

He was always addicted to epicuriſm, and at laſt became notorious for his fondneſs of good eating. The fiſh called John Dory, every body knows, was firſt introduced by him to the tables of the delicate. He was at the ſame time an agreeable facetious companion, and many of his jeſts and bon mots deſerve real applauſe.

He died in the ſeventy-third year of his age, of a mortification in his arm, occaſioned by a ſlight ſcratch on his fore-finger. Mr. Garrick wrote an epitaph for his great predeceſſor, which is engraven on the monument erected to the memory of Mr. Quin, in the abbey-church at Bath; an epitaph which, ſubſtituting the initials D. G. inſtead of "James Quin," would be equally applicable to the writer.

"That tongue which ſat the table on a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more;
Clos'd are thoſe eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which ſpake before the tongue what Shakeſpeare writ:
Cold is that hand, which, living, was ſtretch'd forth
At Friendſhip's call to ſuccour modeſt worth.
Here lies James Quin—Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy ſtrength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happieſt mould however caſt,
To this complexion thou muſt come at laſt."

LORD MANSFIELD.

THE character of Lord Mansfield was, perhaps, never better, certainly never more elegantly delineated than by the pen of the preſent Biſhop of Worceſter, in his Life of Biſhop Warburton.

"Mr. Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, and Lord Chief Juſtice of England, was ſo extraordinary a perſon, and made ſo great a figure in the world, that his name muſt go down to poſterity with diſtinguiſhed honour in the public records of the nation. For his ſhining talents diſplayed themſelves in every department of the State, as well as in the ſupreme Court of Juſtice, his peculiar province, which he filled with a luſtre of reputation equalled perhaps, certainly not exceeded by any of his predeceſſors.

"Of his conduct in the Houſe of Lords I can ſpeak with the more confidence, becauſe I ſpeak from my own obſervation. Too good to be the leader, and too able to be the dupe of any party, he was believed to ſpeak his own ſenſe of public meaſures; and the authority of his judgment was ſo high, that in regular times the Houſe

was uſually decided by it. He was no forward or frequent ſpeaker, but reſerved himſelf (as was fit) for occaſions worthy of him. In debate, he was eloquent as well as wiſe, or rather he became eloquent by his wiſdom. His countenance and tone of voice imprinted the ideas of penetration, probity, and candour; but what ſecured your attention and aſſent to all he ſaid, was his conſtant good ſenſe, flowing in apt terms, and in the cleareſt method. He affected no ſallies of the imagination, or burſts of paſſion; much leſs would he condeſcend to perſonal abuſe or to petulant altercation. All was clear candid reaſon, letting itſelf ſo eaſily into the minds of his hearers as to carry information and conviction with it. In a word, his public ſenatorial character very much reſembled that of Meſſala, of whom Cicero ſays, addreſſing himſelf to Brutus, 'Do not imagine, Brutus, that for worth, honour, and a warm love of his country, any one is comparable to Meſſala; ſo that his eloquence (in which he wonderfully excels) is almoſt eclipſed by thoſe virtues. And even in his diſplay of that faculty his ſuperior good ſenſe ſhews itſelf moſt; with ſo much care and ſkill hath he formed himſelf to the trueſt manner of ſpeaking! His powers of genius and invention are confeſſedly of the firſt ſize, yet he almoſt owes leſs to them than to the diligent and ſtudious cultivation of judgment.'

"In the commerce of private life, Lord Mansfield was eaſy, friendly, and agreeable, extremely ſenſible of worth in other men, and ready on all occaſions to countenance and patronize it."

Lord Mansfield had been a long time applied to by the late Mr. Owen Ruffhead for materials for his life, which he intended to write. The modeſt and ingenious Peer told him, "that his life was not of importance enough to be written." He added, "If you wiſh to write the life of a truly great man, write the life of Lord Hardwicke, who, from very humble means, and without family ſupport and connections, became Lord High Chancellor of England on account of his virtue, his talents, and his diligence."

Some of Lord Mansfield's obſervations were, "that cunning was the moſt fooliſh thing in the world; that we ſhould always begin at the end of every thing; and that in politics, parties, inſtead of conſidering what is to be done, ſtruggle only who ſhould do it."

Lord Mansfield, after the determination of ſome cauſe, found reaſons to alter his opinion for the directions he had given to the jury. Some time afterwards he ſaw one of the Counſel to whoſe client his opinion had not been favourable, and deſired him to make a motion for a new trial. Lord Mansfield was telling this circumſtance one day to one of his Brethren, who ſeemed rather aſtoniſhed at the cool and eaſy manner in which he mentioned his change of opinion. "Why," ſays he, "after all, it is only ſhewing the world that you are wiſer to day than you were yeſterday."

To ſome Military Gentleman who was appointed Governor of one of our Iſlands in the Weſt Indies, and who expreſſed his apprehenſions of not being able to diſcharge his duty as Chancellor of his

Province, Lord Mansfield gave this advice: "Always decide, and never give reaſons for your deciſion. You will in general decide well, yet give very bad reaſons for your judgment."

Raleigh's "Hiſtory of the World," Giannone's "Hiſtory of Naples," Duclos' "Hiſtory of Louis the Eleventh of France," and Vattel's "Law of Nations," were favourite books with Lord Manſfield. He wrote ſome "Directions for the Study of Hiſtory," for the preſent Duke of Portland, which may be ſeen in The EUROPEAN MAGAZINE for March and April, 1791; and ſome "Directions for the Study of the Law," in the ſame excellent Repoſitory for June in the ſame year.

LORDS CHATHAM AND HOLLAND.

WILLIAM PITT, lord Chatham, was a ſecond ſon, and became prime miniſter of England. His rival and antagoniſt was Henry Fox, lord Holland, a ſecond ſon likewiſe. Lord Holland's ſecond ſon Charles Fox, and lord Chatham's ſecond ſon William Pitt, are now rivals and antagoniſts: Fox has as great or greater parts than his father, with much better elocution, and equal power of reaſoning. Mr. Pitt has not the dazzling commanding eloquence of his father, but argues much better. Perhaps there is not on record an inſtance of two ſtateſmen who were rivals, being ſucceeded in equal rivalry by their ſons—certainly not with ſo many concurrent circumſtances.

FEMALES.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

"THE mere name of this Lady," ſays Abbé Arnauld, deſerves an eulogium from thoſe who know how to appreciate ſenſe, wit, and virtue. I ſhall never forget," adds he, "the firſt time that I had the honor to ſee this excellent woman in her coach with her ſon and daughter. They realized what the Poets have told us of Latona between Apollo and young Diana, ſo much beauty and elegance appeared in the mother and her children. She then did me the favour to promiſe me her friendſhip, and I am not a little proud of having preſerved to this day a preſent ſo dear and ſo precious. But I muſt ſay indeed, to the honor of the Ladies, that I have ever found them more conſtant in their friendſhips than the Men. By the Men I have often been deceived;—never by the Ladies.*"

* *The ſagacious Dr. Franklin uſed to ſay, that the pureſt and moſt uſeful friend a man could poſſibly procure, was a Frenchwoman of a certain age who had no deſigns upon his perſon; "they are," added he, "ſo ready to do you ſervice, and from their knowledge of the world know ſo well how to ſerve you wiſely."*

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY was tall and well ſhaped, of the moſt graceful manners and modeſt demeanour: there was in her countenance, which was beautiful and engaging, and in all her movements a mixture of *ſoftneſs* and *dignity*, which were evident indications of a heavenly mind. She came to Paris, and under a feigned pretext gained admiſſion to that chief of republican tyrants, MARAT, in whoſe breaſt ſhe plunged a dagger, acknowledged the deed, and juſtified it by aſſerting that it was a duty ſhe owed her country and mankind to rid the world of a monſter. Her deportment during the trial was *modeſt* and *dignified*. There was ſo engaging a *ſoftneſs* in her countenance, that it was difficult to conceive how ſhe could have armed herſelf with ſufficient intrepidity to execute the deed. Her anſwers to the queſtions of the tribunal were full of *point* and *energy*. She ſometimes ſurpriſed the audience by her *wit*, and excited their admiration by *her eloquence*. Her face ſometimes *beamed* with *ſublimity*, and was ſometimes *covered* with *ſmiles*. She retired while the jury deliberated on their verdict; and when ſhe again entered the tribunal there was a *majeſtic ſolemnity* in her demeanour which perfectly became her ſituation. She heard her ſentence with attention and compoſure; and left the court with *ſerenity*, her mind being long before prepared even for the laſt ſcene. It is difficult to conceive the *heroiſm* which ſhe diſplayed in the way to execution. There was ſuch an air of chaſtened exultation thrown over her countenance, that ſhe inſpired ſentiments of love rather than pity. The ſpectators as ſhe paſſed uncovered their heads before her, and others gave loud tokens of applauſe. She aſcended the ſcaffold with undaunted firmneſs. When the executioner informed her that her feet muſt be tied to the fatal plank ſhe ſubmitted with a *ſmile*. When he took off her handkerchief the moment before ſhe bent under the fatal ſtroke, ſhe *bluſhed deeply*; and her head, which was held up to the multitude the moment after, exhibited this laſt impreſſion of offended modeſty. A young man, of the name of LUX, a commiſſary for Mayence, publiſhed a few days after a pamphlet, in which he propoſed raiſing a ſtatue to her honour, and inſcribing on the pedeſtal, "GREATER THAN BRUTUS." He was confined the next day in priſon, where he did nothing but talk of the example given by CHARLOTTE CORDAY, and tranſforming the *guillotine* into an altar, he was only ſolicitous to receive death from the ſame inſtrument by which ſhe had periſhed. As he was leading to execution, he is ſaid to have exclaimed,

Look abroad through nature, to the utmoſt range
Of planets, ſuns, and adamantine ſpheres,
Wheeling unſhaken through the void immenſe;
And ſpeak, O man! does this capacious ſcene
With half that kindling majeſty dilate
Thy ſtrong conception, as when BRUTUS roſe

Refulgent from the ſtroke of CÆSAR's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal JOVE
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and ſhook his crimſon ſteel,
And bade the father of his country hail!
For lo!—*the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt,*
And ROME *again is free!*

MEMOIRS OF MISS HANNAH MORE.

THE ſubject of this Memoir has attracted notice for ſeveral years paſt; her works have been numerous, and at this juncture her pen engages no inconſiderable ſhare of public attention.

MISS HANNAH MORE is a native of Briſtol, where ſhe reſided for the moſt part of her life, and ſuperintended a boarding-ſchool of ladies, of great reſpectability. Her ſiſters ſucceeded her in the office of teacher, and they alſo have lately retired. The talents, however, of Miſs More, imparted to the ſeminary no ſmall celebrity, and we have reaſon to believe that this accompliſhed tutoreſs ſent forth many valuable members of the community. Her ſchool opened about 1765.

The life of *literary* characters, it has been frequently remarked, affords few incidents for the pen of the biographer. This is the preciſe caſe with the preſent ſubject of our Memoir. We ſhall, however, collect together a few anecdotes, which will ſerve to throw ſome light on this ornament of the female world.

From her earlieſt years, we underſtand that MISS MORE dedicated much of her time to the improvement of her mind. Poſſeſſing a natural taſte for the acquiſition of knowledge, ſhe availed herſelf of every opportunity to gratify it. Under ſuch circumſtances, we are not to wonder at her preſent eminence, which could have been attained only by intenſe application and unwearied induſtry. She aſſociated likewiſe with literary men, and was much benefited by their converſation. With the late *Mr. Garrick* ſhe was on terms of the greateſt intimacy; and *Dr. Stonehouſe*, now deceaſed, a popular clergyman at Briſtol, aided her in her ſtudies, inſpected her manuſcripts, and thus contributed to the perfection of her writings.

It is alſo a certain fact, that our fair authoreſs learnt the Latin language for the purpoſe of peruſing Virgil in his native tongue! This ſhews that ſhe was not deficient in improving her taſte, and was alive to the charms of claſſical beauty. Indeed, thoſe divine ancients have furniſhed us with admirable models of writing, in almoſt every department of literature.

Nor ſhould it be forgotten, that the office of teacher is highly favourable to mental improvement. They who diſcharge their duty

in that capacity, muſt familiariſe their minds to the firſt principles of ſcience, and by degrees thoroughly underſtand them. Beſides, knowledge thus gradually and thoroughly acquired, will operate upon natural ability, and draw forth thoſe latent ſeeds of genius which are the germs of intellectual excellence. We may thus reaſonably account for many productions with which we ſhould otherwiſe have been unacquainted. Some of the beſt Scotch pieces have originated in this circumſtance, and ſuch exertions are deſerving of applauſe. We are ready to add, with cheerfulneſs, the tribute of our commendation.

The firſt publication of Miss More, was written by her in the *eighteenth* year of her age; and is entitled, *The Search after Happineſs*, a Paſtoral Drama, for Young Ladies. It was extremely well received, and contains many excellent paſſages. The following lines we recommend to our female readers:

"Euphelia ſighs for *flattery*, *dreſs*, and *ſhow*,
Too common ſources, *theſe*, of female woe!
In beauty's ſphere, pre-eminence to find,
She ſlights the culture of th' immortal mind.
I would not rail at beauty's charming power,
I would but have her aim at ſomething more;
The faireſt ſymmetry of form or face,
From intellect receives its higheſt grace;
The brighteſt eyes ne'er dart ſuch piercing fires,
As when a *ſoul* irradiates and inſpires.
Beauty, with reaſon needs not quite diſpenſe,
And coral lips may ſure ſpeak common ſenſe;
Beauty makes virtue lovelier ſtill appear,
Virtue makes beauty more divinely fair!"

The authoreſs has, likewiſe, in this piece, explained her idea of the *true province of Women*, which ſketch may not prove unintereſting in times when *the rights of Women* have been warmly conteſted:

"As ſome fair violet, loveliеſt of the glade,
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely ſhade,
Withdraws its modeſt head from public ſight,
Nor courts the ſun, nor ſeeks the glare of light;
Should ſome rude hand profanely dare intrude,
And bear its beauties from its native wood;
Expos'd abroad, its languid colours fly,
Its form decays, and all its odours die.
So *woman*, born to dignify retreat,
Unknown to flouriſh and unſeen be great;
To give domeſtic life its ſweeteſt charm,
With ſoftneſs poliſh, and with virtue warm;
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should ſeek but heaven's applauſes and her own,
Should dread no blame but that which crimes impart,

The cenſures of a ſelf-condemning heart.
Heaven's miniſt'ring angel! ſhe ſhould ſeek the cell
Where modeſt want and ſilent anguiſh dwell;
Raiſe the weak head, ſuſtain the feeble knees,
Cheer the cold heart, and chaſe the dire diſeaſe;
The ſplendid deeds which only ſeek a name,
Are paid their juſt reward in preſent fame.
But know—the awful all-diſcloſing day,
The long arrear of *ſecret* worth ſhall pay;
Applauding ſaints ſhall hear with fond regard,
And HE who witneſs'd *here*—ſhall *there* reward."

A performance of this kind, at the tender age of *eighteen*, promiſed much, nor have the public been diſappointed. Many pieces have proceeded from her pen, both in proſe and poetry, all of which have been honoured with warm commendations.

She has produced *three* tragedies, *Percy*, *Fatal Falſehood*, and the *Inflexible Captive*, founded on the ſtory of *Regulus*, in the Roman hiſtory. The two former were performed at Covent Garden. They all contain beautiful ſentiments and excellent morality. Sir Eldred of the Bower, and the Bleeding Rock, two legendary tales—Ode to Dragon—Florio and the Bas Bleu, together with Slavery, a poem, are poſſeſſed of merit, and may be read with pleaſure and improvement. Her proſe works conſiſt of Eſſays for Young Ladies—Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great—An Eſtimate of the Religion of the Faſhionable World—Remarks upon the Speech of Mr. Dupont—Village Politics, by Will Chip, and Strictures on Female Education. In each of theſe we might point out many admirable paragraphs, happily expreſſed, and calculated to ſerve the beſt intereſts of mankind. They have undergone ſeveral editions, and are entitled, both from their deſign and execution, to a very conſiderable degree of approbation.

Nor muſt we forget to mention her *Sacred Dramas*, a charming work, and the moſt popular of all her productions. They are inſcribed to the Dutcheſs of Beaufort, and are adapted to benefit eſſentially the riſing generation. They contain *Moſes in the Bulruſhes*, *David and Goliah*, *Belſhazzar*, and *Daniel*, to which are added *Reflections of King Hezekiah*, and an exquiſite poem on *Senſibility*.

The poem, *Senſibility*, is enriched with many beautiful paſſages, and diſcovers a truly feeling heart. The following lines cannot be read without ſenſible emotions of pleaſure:

Let not the vulgar read this penſive ſtrain,
Their jeſts the tender anguiſh would prophane;
Yet theſe ſome deem the happieſt of their kind,
Whoſe low enjoyments never reach'd the mind;
Who ne'er a pain, but for themſelves have known,
Nor ever felt a ſorrow but their own;
Who call romantic ev'ry finer thought,
Conceiv'd by pity, or by friendſhip wrought.

Ah! wherefore happy? where's the kindred mind!
Where the large ſoul that takes in human kind?
Where the beſt paſſions of the mortal breaſt?
Where the warm bleſſing when another's bleſt?
Where the ſoft lenitives of other's pain,
The ſocial ſympathy, the ſenſe humane?
The ſigh of rapture, and the tear of joy,
Anguiſh that charms and tranſports that deſtroy?
For tender ſorrow has her pleaſures too,
Pleaſures which proſperous dulneſs never knew;
She never knew in all her coarſer bliſs,
The ſacred rapture of a pain like this!
Nor think the cautious only are the juſt,
Who never was deceiv'd I would not truſt.
Then take, ye happy vulgar! take your part
Of ſordid joy, which never touch'd the heart.
Benevolence, which ſeldom ſtays to chuſe,
Leſt pauſing prudence teach her to refuſe;
Friendſhip, which once determin'd, never ſwerves,
Weighs e'er it truſts, but weighs not e'er it ſerves;
And ſoft ey'd Pity and forgiveneſs bland,
And melting Charity with open hand;
And artleſs Love, believing and believ'd,
And gen'rous Confidence, which ne'er deceiv'd;
And Mercy ſtretching out e'er want can ſpeak,
To wipe the tear from pale affliction's cheek;
Theſe ye have never known!—then take your part
Of ſordid joy, which never touch'd the heart."

The *Senſibility* which Miss More thus eloquently deſcribes, is, we underſtand, the prominent feature of her own diſpoſition. Attentive to the wants and diſtreſſes of others, ſhe is ever ready to relieve them. She even ſeeks out opportunities of inſtructing and conſoling her fellow creatures. This is worthy of herſelf, and will be ultimately crown'd with an abundant reward.

It was this amiable principle which induced her to patroniſe Mrs. Yearſley, the famous Briſtol Milk-Woman, whoſe native ſtrains have been admired by the genuine lovers of poetry. She wrote an elegant Prefatory Addreſs to her poems, procured her a large liſt of ſubſcribers from amongſt the firſt characters in the kingdom, and exerted every nerve to promote her intereſts. This woman, however, afterwards repaid all this kindneſs by abuſe and calumny! We muſt not enter into this diſagreeable affair; but we will ſay that Miss More ſtands fully exonerated; and Lord Orford juſtly remarks, in a letter to her, ſpeaking of Mrs. Yearſley's conduct: "That the ſoil of her heart could never have produced the rank weed of ingratitude, had it not been previouſly dunged with gold."

Some time after ſhe became chiefly inſtrumental in relieving the *Maid of the Hayſtack*, an unfortunate young woman, apparently de-

ranged, found under a ſtack of hay, at *Hanhan*, near Briſtol. Her origin is unknown, and her hiſtory is extremely myſterious. Miſs More wrote a ſhort account of her, which excited the public commiſeration. She is ſuppoſed to have been of an high family, but reduced by misfortune to this deplorable condition. Be this it may, her patroneſs manifeſted the pureſt benevolence, in procuring a comfortable aſylum for this melancholy child of affliction. Such acts carry with them their own reward. To diminiſh the ſum of private and public miſery, is a moſt divine deed; it is imitating him who went about doing good, and will be crowned by the Deity with the ampleſt tokens of approbation.

Miss More, together with her ſiſters, have retired to a very pleaſant ſpot, which is denominated *Cowſlip Green*, ſituated near the Mendip Hills, about ten miles from Briſtol. Here ſhe has eſtabliſhed a Sunday School, and ſhewn a very commendable concern for the welfare of the poorer claſſes of ſociety. With this view ſhe publiſhed many excellent ſmall tracts, under the general title of the *Cheap Repoſitory*. The *Shepherd of Saliſbury Plain* was particularly admired.

The preſent Biſhop of London, and other celebrated characters of the age, are in habits of acquaintance with Miss More. We have been aſſured, on good authority, that ſhe ſpends, occaſionally, a few months at Fulham, the well-known reſidence of the Biſhops of London, ſince the period of the Reformation. In one of her viſits, ſhe penned ſome very pleaſing lines, entitled *Bonner's Ghoſt;* but which her modeſty would not ſuffer to be publiſhed. Bonner was the bloody Biſhop, in the reign of Mary; he uſed to ſcourge the Proteſtants with his own hand, in his garden, and various other acts of brutality ſtand on record againſt him. Miss More, we are informed, has finely contraſted the tolerating ſpirit of the preſent Prelate, with the cruelty and ſavage ferocity of his predeceſſor, who has drawn upon him the execrations of poſterity.

In the works of the late Lord Orford, the moſt pleaſing part of the Epiſtolary Correſpondence, is that between his Lordſhip and Miss More. We were gratified by the peruſal of it, and think it honourable to both parties. The Britiſh peer ſeems appriſed of the real excellence of his friend, and pays her thoſe compliments to which ſhe may be pronounced juſtly entitled.

The writer of this curſory Narrative, had once the pleaſure of paſſing a few days with the ſiſters of Miss More, at the houſe of a very reſpectable family, in Caerleon, Monmothſhire, and well remembers the good ſenſe and amiable temper which they diſcovered in converſation on a variety of ſubjects. Nor does he deem it the leaſt of the favours which he enjoyed beneath that hoſpitable roof, that he was there *firſt* introduced to an acquaintance with Miss More's writings, which he peruſed, even at that early period, with delight and ſatisfaction.

We are not ignorant that the ſubject of our Memoir has been turned into ridicule by the profligate muſe of a modern ſatiriſt; the perverſion of whoſe ſuperior talents, on other occaſions, has excited our indignation. Such wanton attacks can neither diſturb the ſerenity of her mind, nor ſhake the fair fabrick of her fame, which ſtands reared on an immoveable foundation. Her writings ſpeak for themſelves, and have already enſured to themſelves the favourable deciſions of an enlightened public. Aſſerting the right of private judgment, we are not, indeed, diſpoſed to defend *every* religious ſentiment, which ſhe has from the beſt of motives inculcated. Nor, on the other hand, are we ſo convinced of our own infallibility, nor would we be ſo unjuſt to the rights of others, as on this account to withhold the meed of praiſe. But bleſt with the approbation of the wiſe and good, and conſcious of having directed her efforts to the melioration of her fellow creatures, Miss More may calmly repoſe on her paſt exertions, and conſign, without an anxious thought, her well-earned reputation to the judgment of poſterity.

Bristol has, in former times, been reproached with a ſelfiſh dulneſs; and even *Hume* has contributed to the prejudice, by a reflection contained in his Hiſtory of England. Her credit, however, has been redeemed by the production of a *Chatterton*, a *More*, a *Yearſley*, a *Southey*, a *Coleridge*, a *Cottle*, and other writers, who have attracted the attention of the literary world. Commerce ought, in juſtice, to lend her ſupport to literature, and literature will, moſt aſſuredly, in return, confer a dignity on commerce. The one refines, exalts, and ſublimates the other. Apart they decreaſe in reſpectability; but let it be remembered that an *honourable junction* of them ſecures and perpetuates the welfare and proſperity of the human race. The mere gains of the merchant are not to be put in competition with that intellectual and moral wealth, a portion of which at leaſt, every individual ſhould endeavour to acquire; and which, wherever it is found, either on a throne or in a cottage, will be remunerated with the plaudits of Divine approbation.

MISS LEE.

SOPHIA LEE is one of the four daughters of Mr. John Lee, a comedian of celebrity, and ſufficiently powerful in talents to be, at one time, the formidable rival of the late maſter of the ſcene, Mr. Garrick. Mrs. Lee died while Miſs Lee and her ſiſters were young. Mr. Lee was the ſport of fortune for the laſt ten years of his life. Diſcontents at Drury-Lane theatre drove him to Edinburgh, and there he experienced misfortunes. When the Edinburgh theatre ſome years afterwards, obtained a royal patent, he was a competitor with the late Mr. Roſs, for the management under that authority, and the public voice was in his favour; but Mr. Roſs, who was himſelf the ſon of a Scotch agent, and had powerful intereſt, carried the

point, and was inveſted with all the rights that the patent gave, in the year 1766.

Mr. Lee left Edinburgh in diſguſt, and was, for ſome years, unſeen by the London audience. At length he was engaged at Covent-Garden theatre, and performed there, for a ſeaſon or two, with great reputation and ſucceſs; after which he retired to Bath, where he held the acting management of the theatre till his death, which was occaſioned by an inflamation in his bowels.

When he died, he left one ſon, who was engaged with a mannfacturer at Mancheſter, and four daughters. The girls, each happily poſſeſſing a good underſtanding, which their parents had taken care to improve by a proper education, and by a proper education, and by an inſtructine example (their father being himſelf a literary man, and their mother by no means deficient in intelligence) finding themſelves caſt upon the world, without any other help than their own exertions could adminiſter, ſet up a ſchool at Bath; in which purſuit, from their excellent and unimpeachable character, their unwearied aſſiduity and ſedulous attention, they have eminently ſucceeded; having been enabled, by the profits of their induſtry, to erect a handſome, ſpacious, and airy manſion, called Belvidere Houſe, and, to this day, are at the head of a great and reputable ſchool; it being allowed, by all who have had children under their tuition, that they have left their place of education with better manners, better morals, and more general knowledge, than was to be acquired in moſt ſeminaries of learning throughout the kingdom.

As ſoon as Sophia Lee felt herſelf on *terra firma*, and that the project of keeping a ſchool was likely to anſwer, ſhe gave way to her literary propenſities, and employed the luxury of her leiſure in the exerciſe of her pen. She wrote a work, rather volumnious, which has been in the writer's hands, but has never yet ſeen the light from the preſs. She afterwards wrote her play, called *The Chapter of Accidents*, which was firſt offered to Mr. Harris, who adviſed her to change it into an opera; ſhe then wrote ſongs to it, but Mr. Harris made the beſt excuſe he could for not bringing it out. That the excuſe did not appear ſatisfactory to our author, was evident from the preface ſhe wrote and publiſhed with the firſt edition of her play. The real fact was, Mr. Harris had in his hands, at the time, a play written by Mr. Macklin, and founded on the *Pere de famille* of Diderot, from which the character of the Governor, in Miſs Lee's comedy, was taken; and the manager, not entirely approving either the plan of Macklin, or that of Miſs Lee, choſe not to embarraſs himſelf with an argument of controverſy with the former, as Macklin had long ſince publickly boaſted, "that he could manage a quarrel better than any man."

To return to our heroine—Miſs Lee took her opera-comedy from Covent-Garden theatre, and ſent it, anonymouſly, to the late Mr. Colman, who ſhewed it to a friend, whoſe advice happening to coincide with the opinion of Mr. Colman, that there was too much comic point and ſubſtance, as well as force in the ſcenes, to ſuffer the piece

to remain in its ſhape of a comic opera, and it was recommended to Miſs Lee to omit the ſongs. She readily followed the advice, and the comedy ſucceeded eminently. The theatre reaped great advantage from it, but the author very little; her whole emolument did not amount to 120l. from the playhouſe, the evenings of her nights of its repreſentation accidentally falling on the cloſe of moſt ſultry days, when the public were driven to Vauxhall Gardens, the parks, and other walks, to gaſp for breath in the open air, while the ſkies rained down their favours partially to the manager, eſpecially towards the cloſe of the ſeaſon.

It is worthy of record, that the performance of the character of *Cecilia* in the Chapter of Accidents formed the baſe of Miſs Farren's fame as an actreſs. Previous to her appearance in this character, Miſs Farren was no otherwiſe known to the public than as a pretty girl, poſſeſſing a fine, delicate perſon, and being a promiſing comedian. Thoſe, indeed, who had been acquainted with her from early infancy, had witneſſed her opening virtues, not the leaſt amiable of which was a due diſcharge of the relative duties, exemplified in an uniform manifeſtation of the moſt tender attentions to her mother, and affectionate regard for her ſiſter. When ſhe came forward in Cecilia, ſhe ſurpriſed thoſe who had before been among the moſt zealous of her admirers, with the correctneſs of her conception, and the extent of her judgment and talents. In fact, the admirable manner in which ſhe entered into the ſpirit of the character, the delicate touches of ſenſibility and pathos which ſhe diſplayed, the affecting propriety of her demeanour, and the deep ſenſe of wounded honour that ſhe manifeſted throughout the repreſentation, won all hands and hearts in her favour, and proved that our author and her actreſs thought and felt congenially.

The Chapter of Accidents came out on the fifth of Auguſt 1780, and was performed fourteen times the firſt ſeaſon, and ſtill more the ſecond. Though the theatre yielded our heroine but a ſcanty and inadequate profit, the preſs proved a better friend to her. The price given by the bookſellers for a play that was well received the firſt night of repreſentation, had been generally 100l. for ſome years previous to the repreſentation of the *Clandeſtine Marriage*, the conjoint work of Mr. Garrick and Mr. Colman; and they received 200l. for the copy-right of that comedy. This broke into the general and eſtabliſhed rule, and dramatic authors juſt got as much as they could perſuade the bookſeller they applied to for the purchaſe of their piece to give them, between the years 1767 and 1780. The conſequence was, various prices having been given for dramatic pieces by the bookſellers, ſometimes 150l. ſometimes 200l. ſometimes 250l. and in one caſe (that of Mr. Kelly's *Clementina*) 300l. the trade had ſo frequently burnt their fingers, that they became panic-ſtruck, and would ſcarcely treat at all for a dramatic copy-right, when the *Chapter of Accidents* came to market. The price offered by a reputable bookſeller to a friend of the author, was ſo contemptibly below the value,

that he adviſed her to print it on her own account; the advice was taken, and ſeveral large impreſſions have been ſold off, much to her advantage, and in proof that the trade might have ventured to have bid for the copy handſomely with ſafety. To the firſt edition, Miſs Lee prefixed "a preface explaining its treatment from the different managers." But ſhe has withdrawn that preface from the later editious of a play which ſtill holds its place in the theatre, and is repreſented every winter and ſummer in town and country, with great popularity and ſucceſs, although, by death, and other accidents in life's varying chapter, the caſt of it on the London ſtage has been weakened.

In 1782, Miſs Lee publiſhed the firſt volume of THE RECESS; *or, a Tale of other Times:* which no ſooner ſaw the light than it was read with avidity; and the irreſiſtible command over the tender paſſions which the work poſſeſſed, acknowledged, bowed to, and admired. A ſecond and third volume of the RECESS were publiſhed (with a new edition of the firſt) in 1785, and other editions of the firſt volume in the next year.

The *Hermit's Tale* was publiſhed by our author in the year 1787, which was a beautiful and affecting poetical *morceau.*

The tragedy of *Almeyda,* which had been written ſome few years, was not preſented to the theatre till the ſeaſon 1795-6. It was produced in the ſpring of 1796, and the heroine of the play was ſupported by the aid of the diſtinguiſhed talents of Mrs. Siddons. The public received the tragedy with the loudeſt applauſe, and it produced very crouded audiences for four nights repreſentation, when it was unaccountably ſtopped in its career. So unuſual and injurious a circumſtance to the author, both in point of profit and reputation, naturally alarmed her and her friends; the latter conceiving that it could not be intended by the theatre, to depart ſo entirely from all precedent and practice with reſpect to any author, whoſe play had been favourably received, and had not been acted to an indifferent houſe, undertook to wait on the principal proprietor, and enquire to what cauſe they were to aſcribe the ſudden ceſſation of the repreſentation of *Almeyda.* They were received by that gentleman with great cordiality and friendly attention; an explanatory converſation took place, and the reſult was a declaration, on the part of the proprietor, that he thought Miſs Lee had been very unhandſomely treated by the theatre, and a promiſe that the tragedy of *Almeyda* ſhould be performed on the laſt night of the ſeaſon, which was then near its cloſe, and that it ſhould be acted the remainder of its run in the courſe of the enſuing ſeaſon. The promiſe, in the firſt inſtance, was duly performed; the tragedy was acted on the laſt night of the Drury Lane company's performing that ſeaſon; the receipt of the houſe was 400l. and upwards, and it has never been performed ſince.

It is the province of the writer of the preſent memoir, to ſtate the fact; he leaves it to others to account for it; he will only remark, that he does not believe a ſimilar inſtance of ſuch conduct of a theatre

to an author of established reputation, is to be found in the history of the English stage.

Having following our heroine through all her literary productions, and their history, the reader may be assured that no anonymous publication is to be considered as having come from the pen of Sophia Lee. The works that are mentioned in this biographical sketch, are all that she has published. If she has written more, they have not yet been in the press.

In private life, Miss Lee has walked most evenly; commencing her career, from her infancy, with a dutiful obedience to her parents, and an attentive compliance with all their desires, accompanied with an affectionate regard for her brothers* and sisters, she early endeared herself to the circle of her acquaintance; as she matured in life, she displayed that degree of good understanding and valuable talent, which have so well enabled her, with the joint industry and exertions of her sisters, to establish that reputable and successful seminary of education, over which she at present presides at Bath, and the literary uses to which she has put her understanding and talents in the hours of leisure and relaxation, from the severer duties of her school, notwithstanding they have been attended with some mortifications, have built her a reputation in the world of letters equally enviable and honourable. May Miss Lee's example and success, and the circumstances above stated, teach all other females, who are left unprovided for, how preferable personal diligence and professional employment are to the precarious honour and profit of writing for a theatre, or of any other visionary scheme of life.

MORALS.

FALSITY OF THE NEW FANGLED PHILOSOPHY.

SO many moral paradoxes and licentious opinions have been published in the world since Rousseau sought distinction by inventing and ingeniously defending absurd doctrines, that one every day meets with new fangled morality recommended by the graces of literature, and decorated with the charms of composition. It has been unfortunate for mankind, that so many men of ingenuity have thought that every department of knowledge was filled by persons of such genius and abilities, that they should not be able to acquire a literary reputation by the usual mode of obtaining literary merit, and have therefore endeavoured to found their fame upon the ability with which they recommend and enforce novel and untenable opinions, and extravagant and impracticable systems. Opposition to established doctrines, however sound and excellent they

---

* Miss Lee has only one brother living at present.

may be, has been the avowed principle of their conduct. They have contradicted and endeavoured to overthrow whatever the wiſdom of ages has confirmed; the beſt religion and the moſt correct morality have been frequently and ſeverely attacked. Pretending to be the friends of the people, theſe ambitious declaimers have made the necks of the people the ſtepping ſtones by which they have advanced to lucre and licentiouſneſs; and in order to effect their ſelfiſh purpoſes, they have diſſeminated the moſt abſurd political principles, and have ridiculed the moſt important maxims of morality and the fineſt ſentiments of the heart as *fooliſh prejudices*, or deſcribed them as the *vicious effects of a diſtempered civilization.** The abſurdity of this *philoſophy*, as it has been improperly called, of this *nonſenſe*, as it ſhould be called, has lately been ably pointed out by Dr. Huntingford, from whoſe publication we have extracted the following paſſage, as it affords an appropriate Introduction to this department of our Volume.

"This philoſophy is falſe, in aſſerting that man in ſociety retains all his natural rights; becauſe, in exchange for the principal bleſſings of ſociety, which conſiſt in more certain ſubſiſtence, in protection and aſſiſtance in neceſſity, man relinquiſhes his ſavage liberty of roaming at large for his prey, his private vengeance, and the following without controul his brutal and ferocious paſſions.

It is falſe in maintaining that all men are equal; becauſe inequality is evident from the diſparity of bodily and mental faculties, both in the ſavage and civilized ſtate; if in the civilized ſtate there were no *ſuperior* minds to direct, no poſſible government could exiſt.

It is falſe in its arrogant opinion that man is perfect; becauſe the hiſtory of man in every ſtate plainly demonſtrates that man is imperfect, and all laws againſt crimes are in conſequence of the crimes and imperfections of man.

It is falſe in expecting that any human inſtitution can be perfect; becauſe every work of man muſt more or leſs bear the ſigns of that imperfection which is inſeparable from the nature of its author.

It is falſe in propoſing to endanger the whole for the ſake of attempting to improve a part; for it would be ignorance or madneſs to endanger the vital parts of the body natural, in order to make an experiment in healing the extremities.

It is falſe in conceiving that, ſince the uſe of any thing is good, therefore the abuſe muſt alſo be good; becauſe liberty of action is good, but, if carried to the exceſs of anarchy, it is a dreadful evil; liberty of ſpeech alſo is good, but, if uſed in ſlander and blaſphemy, it is impious and injurious.

It is falſe in ſuppoſing that the operation of the ſame principle ſhould always proceed in the ſame direction; becauſe liberty, civil and religious, is a virtuous principle: but if one proceeds to deſpot-

---

* *See Godwin's Works paſſim.*

iſm and the other to perſecution and atheiſm, the proper direction of the principle is altered.

It is falſe in denying the difference of things; becauſe, by nature as well as by his improved faculties, man diſtinguiſhes right from wrong. We naturally admire the humaniy of Titus, and abhor the cruelty of Domitian;—the innocent naturally feels indignation at being charged with crimes which he abhors. This is an involuntary impulſe of the mind, which is exaſperated at the idea of having been thought guilty of a baſe act, and reſents the injuſtice of a ſuſpicion not merited: this is a double proof of the power of diſcerning right from wrong.

It is falſe in teaching to do evil that good may come of it; becauſe, on this principle, there would be no ſecurity of rights, which is one of the eſſential bleſſings of ſociety; nor could there be any confidence in man; and without confidence, ſociety muſt be diſſolved. It is ſaid, do evil to individuals, which is partial evil, if you can do good to the public: but how can the public good be promoted, if you defeat the cauſe and ends for which ſociety is inſtituted, namely, to ſecure the rights of every *individual*, and eſtabliſh mutual confidence?—but it is ſaid, you will benefit poſterity; whoſe poſterity? if you murder parents, you do your utmoſt to deſtroy their poſterity; you alſo teach your poſterity by this example to rob and deſtroy each other; for, if it be right in you to commit crimes, it is equally right in your children to do the ſame. This principle, therefore, is of all others the moſt miſchievous and dangerous, for it tends to the utter extinction of ſociety, the ends of which are founded on theſe principles:—1ſt, that no man is allowed wilfully to do wrong to another—2d, that every thing wrong is unjuſt—3d, every thing is unjuſt that produces more harm than good. On theſe principles, ſociety may ſecurely reſt: but, if the other principle be admitted, on *whom* or on *what* could man depend? In ſhort, it is an abuſe of language, it is a contradiction in terms, to ſay that any one has a right to do wrong. No one can juſtify a ſacrifice of a principle, for a crime was never neceſſary in the courſe of human affairs.

It is falſe in aſſerting that men are not required to be as juſt in public life as they are in private; becauſe ſociety cannot exiſt without confidence, nor confidence without truth and juſtice. The ſame reaſoning applies to ſociety with reſpect to alliances; for national ſafety, duty, and character, depend on a conduct that is conſiſtent with equity and good faith.

It is falſe in conceiving that experiments may be made in morals as in phyſics: becauſe, as the particles of matter are infinite, there can be no end of experiments: but moral principles are few, and have been accurately aſcertained; therefore no experiment is neceſſary:—to attempt to introduce new principles is not only vain, but leads to fatal conſequences; ſuch as this principle, that every one has a right to all that he can obtain by ſtrength, which has been

made a principle of action and carried into effect; though, if generally admitted, it at once tends to the diſſolution of all ſociety.

It is falſe in teaching men to obey the impulſe of paſſion rather than the dictates of reaſon: becauſe, as the two ſprings of human action are reaſon and paſſion, if paſſion be unreſtrained by reaſon it leads to exceſs and injury: but, if directed by reaſon, it leads to right judgment and juſt actions.

It is falſe in aſſerting that man is merely material; ſince man thinks, but matter does not think. That thinking part of man is not matter, but mind; if matter ſhould be made to think, its eſſential properties would be altered; it would no longer be matter.

It is falſe in ſuppoſing that nothing is admitted as true which is not capable of demonſtration; becauſe we daily act and believe on moral certainty, both with reſpect to the aſſertions of men living, and to hiſtorical teſtimony, which admit not of mathematical demonſtration.

It is falſe in oppoſing ſpeculative objections to poſitive facts; becauſe, in natural religion, it is a fact that God has given us life; the objection that he might have given us more than life, and all its bleſſings, is a preſumption that it would have been a greater bleſſing; of this it is not poſſible for man to judge: alſo, in revealed religion, the reſurrection of Chriſt is a fact proved by the ſtrongeſt hiſtorical teſtimony; on this we reſt our faith, nor can any objections againſt his doctrines diſprove this fact.

It is falſe in diſſembling the difficulties which attend infidelity; becauſe, in natural religion, it is more difficult to believe that the world was made and preſerved by chance, than that it was made by an intelligent Being. In revealed religion it is more difficult to believe that Chriſtianity aroſe from no certain ground, than to believe that Chriſtianity really exiſted; which is proved by the evidence of every moral certainty.

It is falſe in confounding remote conſequences with primary qualities; becauſe, to charge on Chriſtianity, which in itſelf is good, either the errors or the vices of thoſe who indeed profeſs it, but who alſo pervert it, is ſuch a palpable inſtance of arguing form abuſe, as no juſt reaſoning can poſſibly admit. The clearneſs of a fountain is not affected becauſe its ſtream, at remote diſtances, is diſcoloured by the ſoil over which it flows. Farther, it muſt not be ſuppreſſed that, for the *thouſands* who may have ſuffered in wars termed holy, *millions* have lived in tranqnillity, in ſecurity, in more uniform practice of all ſocial and public duties, under the influence of Chriſtianity, than under any other ſyſtem of religion that was ever known. The good impreſſions of religion, in Chriſtian countries, operate directly and indirectly on our laws, our ſentiments, our manners, and our habits. Will you then reliquiſh this religion for ſcepticiſm, deiſm, Mohammediſm, or the idolatries of Brahma? or will you ruſh into atheiſm, which at once throws off all reſtraint on the brutal paſſions, diſregards all equity, diſſolves all ties of ſocial

connexion, ſteels the heart againſt the fine feelings of humanity, ſheds human blood without a pang of remorſe, and makes man to man a creature more ſavage than the beaſt of the foreſt?

It is falſe in excluding Divine Providence from the government of the world; becauſe there muſt be a power independent of the planets, which communicated to them their primary motion; there muſt be a power independent of the earth, that produces the fruits of the earth for the benefit of every living thing; there muſt be a power independent of man, which daily ſupports and preſerves him; and what is this power, but Divine Providence? The wiſdom of man if often baffled, though his deſigns were calculated for inſuring his ſucceſs: but there is a power that overrules all human endeavours, and often produces good out of ſeeming evil. This demonſtrates that Providence is far above all that man can behold or comprehend. Theſe are evidences of facts; and though inſtances may appear to contradict, yet they cannot invalidate facts; and can man preſume to cenſure *part*, when he cannot comprehend the *whole* ſyſtem of Divine Adminiſtration?

It is falſe in conceiving it not to be a part of man's duty to make open profeſſion that he believes in the exiſtence of a God; becauſe, not to profeſs is in effect to deny or diſſemble that God is our Creator and Preſerver; and he who doth not profeſs his belief in God is inſtrumental towards the excluſion of God and his Providence: which is contrary to right reaſon.

It is falſe in diſcouraging religious worſhip; becauſe it is in oppoſition to the nature of man, who is made capable of religious ſentiments for religious purpoſes; and it is in oppoſition to the general conſent of mankind, who have all agreed in *ſome* form of worſhip. The neglect of religious duties alſo tends to impair the beſt motives to private virtue,—by weakening which, it leads to the corruption of public morals; from which corruption proceeds the decay of public good, of induſtry honour, and of liberty.

It is falſe in denying the ſoul's immortality; which contradicts the general expectation of mankind that has prevailed univerſally, and through all ages. Even by the doctrine of chances, as we *do* exiſt in this ſtate, it is an even chance that we *may* exiſt in another. It is alſo prejudicial to man, as it exterminates the important doctrine of future retribution. This doctrine of retribution takes away all objections to the wiſdom of God, on the ſuppoſed exiſtence of partial evil: ſo much even natural religion could anſwer: but revelation ſpeaks plainer, and ſays aſſuredly there ſhall be a reſurrection of the juſt and the unjuſt; and revelation reſts all its doctrines on facts and truth: but ſpecious philoſophy proceeds only on conjecture: ſo much more credit, then, is due to experiment than theory.

It is falſe in diſclaiming Divine aſſiſtance to the human mind; becauſe, as all the faculties of the body and mind are derived from God, he can when he pleaſes give his aſſiſtance in improving any faculty; and when a man, who is deſirous of being improved and

aſſiſted, maintains that God does aſſiſt him, who can diſprove it If, then, we diſclaim Divine aſſiſtance, we proceed on an aſſumption without argument or fact: which is not conſonant to ſound philoſophy.

It is falſe in teaching men to think it a matter of indifference whether they hold right or wrong opinions, becauſe wrong opinions, wilfully maintained, are intellectual vices, and are chargeable as crimes; ſince they proceed from an abuſe of thoſe powers which were intended to help us in framing a right judgment, and which would have led us to juſt concluſions, unleſs through our own fault: it cannot, therefore, be indifferent whether a man's opinions be right or wrong, becauſe *as he thinks* ſo *will he act*; and whether the actions of men be right or wrong cannot be matter of indifference.

Having thus conſidered many of the leading arguments of falſe philoſophy, a conciſe ſummary of right opinions is next ſtated by Dr. Huntingford; from which the following paragraphs are extracted:

Man living in ſociety muſt be ſubject to reſtraints: but, in return, he is entitled to protection; and all have an equal claim to this protection who have not forfeited it by tranſgreſſing the laws: but equality of condition cannot in any ſtate poſſibly exiſt. Laws are neceſſary to reſtrain the malignant paſſions of that imperfect Being Man: but even to laws Imperfection muſt be attached, becauſe they are made by man. All lawful privileges ſhould be preſerved, and not perverted. The governing power ſhould not exceed the due meaſure of authority, nor liberty degenerate into licentiouſneſs and anarchy. The end of law is juſtice, and the idea of juſtice ariſes from a preſumption that ſomething in itſelf is right and ſomething wrong. No circumſtances can warrant the *intention* to commit wrong, becauſe to do right is always our duty. Man is not allowed to ſacrifice theſe ſentiments to any ſpeculations, nor to ſacrifice reaſon to paſſion. The active principle in man is called mind; by this we conclude, from the works of the creation, that there muſt be a God; and, from the hiſtorical evidence of facts, that Chriſtianity muſt be true. Though the underſtanding may not be competent to reſolve ſome queſtions, yet the certainty of the facts of Chriſtianity cannot be weakened; and on theſe we reſt our faith, in the Chriſtian religion. Our reaſon diſcerns the Providence of God, whom openly to adore is a duty of moral obligation, and conſonant to the nature of man and the univerſal practice of mankind. That man is deſtined for immortality, both natural and moral arguments tend ſtrongly to demonſtrate, and revelation expreſsly declares. It is the duty and buſineſs of a man's life to prepare himſelf for this ſtate, in which his ſincere endeavours will be forwarded by Divine aſſiſtance.

This ſummary of right opinions reſults from the view of falſe philoſophy, which renders men unfit for ſociety, diſaffected to their

country, regardleſs of virtue, and careleſs about all religion: ſo great is the influence which falſe philoſophy has had on the ignorant, the vicious, and the inexperienced part of mankind! One principal cauſe of its ſucceſs is, that it indulges the paſſions of men without any reſtraint; whereas true philoſophy and religion put the affections under the controul of reaſon: falſe philoſophy, by indulging the lower faculties of human nature, betrays a conſciouſneſs of its inferiority to that wiſdom which claims the attention of intellect and thought. Let, then, this groveling philoſophy be diſdained by every mind that feels conſcious of powers not merely brutal, but ratioual; and let the inexperienced be aſſured that all the paradoxes of this falſe philoſophy are but ſnares of ſophiſtry, calculated to ſeduce them from maxims of approved excellence, and from principles which have been known and ſeen to be moſt ſalutary in their tendency to inſure the ſafety, to advance the dignity, and to promote the rational happineſs of man."

ON VIRTUE.

From a late Engliſh Pamphlet.

IN oppoſition to the incorrect and, we may ſay, dangerous definitions of virtue by Godwin and others of the modern ſchool, we have extracted from an excellent publication the following paragraphs:

"Virtue, then, we will ſay, conſiſts in utility; and aſpiring to be virtuous, to my means, I am bound to be as uſeful as I can,—I am bound to produce all the good in my power. This injunction has a very impoſing air undoubtedly, but where does it leave us? As huſband, father of a family, friend, member of ſociety, in theſe, or in any ſtation or condition of life, what ſort of direction does it afford me? To the perſpicacious and preſcient eye which could ſurvey at a glance all the modes of beneficence in which it is poſſible to act, and purſue the reſult of ſuch actions to the remoteſt ramifications of their conſequences, the path of duty under ſuch a precept might be viſible, I admit; but what track could be diſcovered in this boundleſs expanſe by the confined views and dim foreſight of man? I muſt ſpend all my life, according to this ſcheme, in ſpeculation, before I could ſafely take the firſt ſtep. I muſt conſume years in determining, according to the multiplicity and complication of exiſting circumſtances, *that* to be right, which a change in thoſe circumſtances, the moment after, might render totally wrong. The rule is a moſt imcomparable rule, but it is impoſſible to put it into practice. This "palpable obſcure" this "reign of chaos and old night" thus ſpread over the whole plan and conduct of life, is however not without its uſe. It leaves us entirely open to the direction of any projector. All is darkneſs; and he is at liberty to guide us by any lights he can furniſh.

"I am bound to produce all the good in my power—but by what incitements is it propoſed to ſtimulate me in this arduous duty? The general good, I will allow, is an object highly deſirable; and though ſtripped of all that can impart a lively intereſt to it, of time and place, and perſon and circumſtance, there is no man, I wiſh to believe, ſo ſtrangely malevolent, who would not give it, when fairly brought before him in a moment of eaſe and reflection, his heartieſt good wiſhes, or even concur in any reaſonable plan to promote it. All this I readily admit: but to convert this remote regard into the primary principle of all action, is quite a different affair. Such a ſcheme muſt neceſſarily be deluſive, becauſe it controverts, at its outſet, the ſtrongeſt inſtincts of our nature; becauſe it is at war with what neither mortal ſtrength nor ſubtlety can aboliſh or ſupplant; and grounds its ſucceſs on the extinction of powers which fanaticiſm may counteract, indeed, but never can extirpate. We cannot change our nature. By a law of that nature we proceed from perſonal affection to general regard: from the love of offſpring, of kindred, of neighbours, and acquaintance, to that of our diſtrict, our community, our country, and our kind. In this order our affections are diffuſed; and in this order, by the conſtitution of our being, they weaken as they ſpread.

"God loves from whole to parts: but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from individual to the whole.
Self love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race."

ON PLEASURE.

A pallid youth, beneath a ſhade,
A melancholy ſcene diſplay'd:
His mangled face, and loathſome ſtains,
Proclaim'd the poiſon in his veins;
He rais'd his eyes, he ſmote his breaſt,
He wept aloud and thus addreſs'd:

"*Forbear the Harlot's falſe embrace,*
Though lewdneſs wear an angel's face:
Be wiſe, by my experience taught;
I die alas! for want of thought." COTTON.

RELIGION is accuſed of inſufferable ſeverity, in prohibiting *enjoyment*; and the old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young. And yet, my friends, to what do the reſtraints of religion, and the

counſels of age, with reſpect to pleaſure amount? They may be all compriſed in a few words, "*not hurt yourſelves and not to hurt others*" by your purſuit of pleaſure. Within theſe bounds pleaſure is lawful; beyond them, it becomes criminal, becauſe it is ruinous. Are theſe reſtraints any other, than thoſe a wiſe man would chooſe to impoſe on himſelf; religion or philoſophy, calls you not to renounce pleaſure, but teaches you how to enjoy it. Inſtead of abridging it we exhort you to purſue it with ſafety. We propoſe meaſures for ſecuring its poſſeſſion, and for prolonging its duration. Though ſhe may appear to contract the bounds of enjoyment, you will upon reflection find, that in truth ſhe enlarges them: what is delightful in human enjoyment ſhe readily allows, and not only allows, but heightens by that grateful reliſh which a good conſcience gives to every pleaſure, and not only heightens, but adds, when correcting the exceſs of ſome paſſions, ſhe gives room for the growth of others. Amid the turbulence of riot and the fumes of intoxication, unknown are the *pleaſures* of generous friendſhip, heart-felt love, and domeſtic ſociety; unknown the *conſcious ſatisfaction* which accompany honourable purſuits, and the juſtly acquired eſteem of thoſe who ſurround us.

To aim at a conſtant ſucceſſion of high and vivid ſenſations of *pleaſure*, is an idea of happineſs altogether chimerical. Calm and temperate enjoyment is the utmoſt that is allotted to man. Beyond this, we ſtruggle in vain to raiſe our ſtate; and, in fact, depreſs our joys, by endeavouring to heighten them.

Inſtead of thoſe fallacious hopes of perpetual feſtivity, with which the world would allure us, RELIGION confers upon us a *cheerful tranquillity*. Inſtead of dazzling us with meteors of joy, which ſparkle and expire, it ſheds around us a *calm and ſteady light*.

Recollect your own feelings. Inquire on what occaſions you have felt the *trueſt ſatisfaction*; whether days intermixed with *pleaſure* and *buſineſs* have not left behind them a more agreeable remembrance, than whole nights of licentiouſneſs and riot.

Look round you on the world; reflect on the different ſocieties which have fallen under your obſervation; and think who among them enjoy life to moſt advantage; whether they who, encircled by gay companions, are conſtantly *fatiguing* themſelves *in queſt* of *pleaſure*; or they to whom *pleaſure* comes *unſought*, in the courſe of active, virtuous, and manly life.

It is an invariable law of our preſent condition, that every *pleaſure* which is purſued to *exceſs*, converts itſelf to a *poiſon*. In all the pleaſures of ſenſe, it is apparent, that only when indulged *within certain limits*, they confer *ſatisfaction*. No ſooner do we paſs the line which temperance has drawn, than pernicious effects come forward and ſhew themſelves. Could I lay open to your view the monuments of death, they would read a lecture on moderation, much more powerful than any that the moſt eloquent writers can give. You would behold the graves peopled with the victims of intemperance. You would behold thoſe chambers of darkneſs hung round, on every ſide,

with the trophies of luxury, drnkenneſs, and ſenſuality. So numerous would you find thoſe victims to iniquity, that it may be ſafely aſſerted, where war or peſtilence have ſlain their thouſands, *intemperate pleaſure* has ſlain its ten thouſands.—How long ſhall it be, ere the fate of your predeceſſors in the ſame courſe teach you wiſdom? How long ſhall the experience of all ages continue to lift its voice to you in vain? Beholding the ocean on which you are embarked covered with wrecks, are not thoſe fatal ſignals ſufficient to admoniſh you of the hidden rock?

We all of us have experienced the effects which any indiſpoſition of the body, even though ſlight, produces on external proſperity. Viſit the gayeſt and moſt fortunate man on earth, only with ſleepleſs nights; diſorder any ſingle organ of the ſenſes; corrode but one of his ſmalleſt nerves; and you ſhall preſently ſee all his *gaiety* vaniſh; and you ſhall hear him complain that he is a miſerable creature, and expreſs his envy of the peaſant and the cottager. And can you believe, that a diſeaſe in the ſoul is leſs fatal to *enjoyment* than a diſeaſe in the animal frame; or that a *ſound mind* is not as eſſential as a *ſound body* to the happineſs of man? Let us rate ſenſual gratifications as high as we pleaſe, we ſhall be made to feel that the ſeat of enjoyment is in the ſoul. The man of moderation alone brings to all the natural and innocent pleaſures, that ſound uncorrupted reliſh, which gives him a much fuller enjoyment of them than the pallid and vitiated appetite of the voluptuary can allow him to know. He culls the flower of every allowable gratification, without dwelling upon it, until its ſweetneſs be loſt. He ſtops at the point before enjoyment degenerates into diſguſt, and *pleaſure* is converted into *pain*. Moderate and ſimple pleaſure reliſh high with the temperate; whereas it is a great luck, if the voluptuary does not return diſguſted even from a feaſt. In the pleaſures which are regulated by moderation, beſides, there is always that dignity which goes along with innocence. No man needs to be aſhamed of them. They are conſiſtent with honour; with the favour of GOD, and of man. But the ſenſualiſt, who diſdains all reſtraint in his pleaſures, is odious in the public eye. His vices become groſs; his character contemptible; and he ends in being a burden both to himſelf and to ſociety.

By unhappy exceſſes, how many amiable diſpoſitions have been corrupted or deſtroyed! How many riſing capacities and powers have been ſuppreſſed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends have been totally extinguiſhed! who but muſt drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning which aroſe, ſo bright, overcaſt with ſuch untimely darkneſs; that good humour which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which ſparkled in every company, thoſe abilities which were fitted for adorning the higheſt ſtation, all ſacrificed at the ſhrine of low ſenſuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midſt of public eſteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his courſe, or ſunk, for the

whole of it, into inſignificancy and contempt!—Theſe, O ſinful Pleaſure! are *thy* trophies.

Retreat, then, from your diſhonourable courſes, ye who by licentiouſneſs, extravagance, and vice, are abuſers of the world! You are degrading, you are ruining yourſelves. You are groſsly miſemploying the gifts of GOD; and miſtake your true intereſt. Awake then to the purſuit of men of virtue and honour. Break looſe from the magic circle, within which you are at preſent held. Reject the poiſoned cup which the enchantreſs Pleaſure holds up to your lips. Draw aſide the veil which ſhe throws over your eyes. You will then ſee other objects than you now behold. You will ſee an abyſs opening below your feet. You will ſee VIRTUE and TEMPERANCE marking out the road, which conducts to *true felicity*. You will be enabled to diſcern, that the world is enjoyed to advantage, by none but ſuch as follow thoſe divine guides; and who conſider "PLEASURE AS THE SEASONING, BUT NOT AS THE BUSINESS OF LIFE."

OF POLITENESS.

From a popular Engliſh publication.

IT has been no unfrequent profeſſion among men of a bold temper, and who are ſmitten with a love for the ſublimer virtues, that they are enemies to politeneſs.

One of the greateſt misfortunes incident to morality, as well as to a majority of ſciences, flows from the ambiguity of words.

By politeneſs many perſons underſtand artificial manners, the very purpoſe of which is to ſtand between the feelings of the heart and the external behaviour. The word immediately conjures up to their mind a corrupt and vicious mode of ſociety, and they conceive it to mean a ſet of rules, founded in no juſt reaſon, and oſtentatiouſly practiſed by thoſe who, are familiar with them, for no purpoſe more expreſsly, than to confound and keep at a diſtance thoſe who, by the accident of their birth or fortune, are ignorant of them.

In this ſenſe no doubt politeneſs is worthy of our deciſive diſapprobation, and in this ſenſe it is to be regretted that there is vaſtly too much politeneſs in the world.

Urbanity is a term that has met with a better fortune among our contemporaries, than politeneſs. Yet, if we have recourſe to their etymology, politeneſs is certainly not leſs appropriate and laudable. As it deſcends to us from the Greek, its nature is preciſely coincident; as it comes to us through the medium of the Latin word, which ſignifies to poliſh, to make ſmooth, agreeable to the eye, and pleaſant to the touch, it is ſufficiently adapted to that circumſtance in morals which may admit of a ſubſtantial vindication.

Morality, or the exerciſe of beneficence, conſiſts of two principal parts, which may be denominated the greater morality, and the leſs. Thoſe actions of a man's life, adapted to purpoſes of beneficence,

which are fraught with energy, and cannot be practiſed but in an exalted temper of mind, belong to the greater morality; ſuch as ſaving a fellow being from death, raiſing him from deep diſtreſs, conferring on him a memorable advantage, or exerting one's ſelf for the ſervice of multitudes. There are other actions, in which a man may conſult the tranſitory feelings of his neighbours, and to which we can ſeldom be prompted by a lofty ſpirit of ambition; actions which the heart can record, but which the tongue is rarely competent to relate. Theſe belong to the leſſer morality.

It ſhould ſeem as if our temper and the permanent character of our minds, ſhould be derived from the greater morality; but that the ordinary and eſtabliſhed career of our conduct, ſhould have reference to the leſs.

No doubt a man of eminent endowments and fortunate ſituation may do no more good by the practice of the greater morality, than he can do miſchief by the neglect of the leſs. But, even in him, the leſſer moralities, as they are practiſed or neglected, will produce important effects. The neglect of them, however illuſtrious may be the tenour of his life, and however eminent his public ſervices, will reflect a ſhade of ambiguity upon his character. Thus authors, whoſe writings have been fraught with the ſeeds of general happineſs, but whoſe conduct towards their relatives or acquaintance has been attended with any glaring defect, have ſeldem obtained much credit for purity of principle. With the ordinary rate of mankind it is worſe; when they have parted with the leſſer moralities, they have nearly parted with every thing.

The great line of diſtinction between theſe two branches of morality, is that the leſs is of incomparably more frequent demand. We may riſe up and lie down for weeks and months together, without being once called upon for the practice of any grand and emphatical duty. But it will be ſtrange if a day paſſes over our heads, without affording ſcope for the leſſer moralities. They furniſh therefore the moſt obvious teſt as to the habitual temper of our lives.

Another important remark which flows from this conſideration, is that the leſſer moralities, however minute in their conſtituent particles, and however they may be paſſed over by the ſupercilious as unworthy regard, are of great importance in the eſtimate of human happineſs. It is rarely that the opportunity occurs for a man to confer on me a ſtriking benefit. But, every time that I meet him, he may demonſtrate his kindneſs, his ſympathy, and, by attentions almoſt too minute for calculation, add new vigour to the ſtream of complacence and philanthropy that circulates in my veins.

Hence it appears that the leſſer moralities are of moſt importance, where politeneſs is commonly leaſt thought of, in the boſom of family intercourſe, and where people have occaſion moſt conſtantly to aſſociate together. If I ſee the father of a family perpetually exerting himſelf for what he deems to be their welfare, if he give the

moſt unequivocal proofs of his attachment, if he cannot hear of any miſchance happening to them without agony, at the ſame time that he is their deſpot and their terror, burſting out into all the fury of paſſion, or preſerving a ſour and painful moroſeneſs that checks all the kindly effuſions of their ſoul, I ſhall regard this man as an abortion, and I may reaſonably doubt whether, by his mode of proceeding, he does not traverſe their welfare in more reſpects than he promotes it.

Rouſſeau has obſerved that man is by nature unamiable. There is uſually ſomething ambiguous in the uſe of this term, nature. If he means that man, in the ſolitary ſtate of exiſtence in which he delights to deſcribe him, and which he repreſents as the perfection of a human being, has few of the ſocial affections, this cannot be diſputed. The ſavage ſtate, as it exiſts in ſome parts of Africa and America, is by no means deſtitute of affections. There are no where perhaps more affectionate fathers and huſbands. They love, as they hate, with uncommon energy and fervour. Their attachment to their gueſts, their benefactors, and their friends, is ardent and unalterable.

If therefore they appear in any reſpect unamiable, it is not becauſe they are more ſelfiſh, or have fewer affections, than the civiliſed nations of the world. It is ſimply becauſe their minds are not ſubtiliſed. It is becauſe their intellectual obſervation has not grown curious and microſcopical, and they ſee things only in maſſes and in the groſs. None more ready than they to perform trying ſervices, to expoſe themſelves to the fury of every element, to ſuffer all the privations and all the tortures of which our nature is ſuſceptible, for the advantage of thoſe they love. In theſe caſes they can indentify themſelves with the object of their attachment. But they cannot do ſo in minute and more ordinary matters. They have not analyſed the elements of the human mind, and ſcrutiniſed its hiſtory. Gulliver's Houyhumn is a ſavage, who cries repeatedly to the unfortunate wanderer to go faſter, and never diſcovers his incapacity or his pain, till it is in the moſt expreſs manner repreſented to him. Certain perſons calling themſelves pilanthropiſts and patriots, are like the ſavages of which we treat, when they inſiſt almoſt excluſively upon the greater duties, and repreſent the petty kindneſſes of human life as ſcarcely worthy the regard of a citizen and a man.

Goldſmith has introduced his Vicar of Wakefield as remarking, that he had ever been a great lover of happy human faces. Such will always be the feeling of him, whoſe heart is ſtored with the genuine affections of a man, and in whom cultivation has given inceſſant activity to philanthropy. How enviable is his ſtate to whom every door that he frequents,

> Flies wide, and almoſt leaps from off its hinges,
> To give him entrance ;—
> While his approaches make a little holiday,
> And every face is dreſs'd is ſmiles to meet him! ROWE.

This is one of the great circumſtances diſtinguiſhing between the civilized and the ſavage ſtate; the ſilent communication of the eye, the lively attention that marks every ſhade of gradation in another's pleaſure or pain, the nameleſs kindneſſes that perſuade the receiver more forcibly, or, at leaſt, more cordially, of the attachment of the performer, than great ſervices are ever enable to do.

Again; in civiliſed ſociety there is a mutual harmony and correſpondence between the politeneſs of the active party, and the ſtate of ſenſation in the paſſive. In ſuch perſons particularly as have their minds early rouſed, whether accidentally, or by the judicious proceeding of their inſtitutor, and promiſe to be, in more than an ordinary degree, uſeful members of the commonwealth, it is inconceivable how numerous and delicate are their ſenſations, and how exquiſite is their feeling of pleaſure or pain. The ſlighteſt circumſtances, imperceptible to a common eye, and ſcarcely adverted to by the agent, often produce an indelible impreſſion. There is ſomething exceedingly deceitful in human nature in this reſpect. A ſhrinking ſenſibility will not ſeldom hide itſelf under an unaltered exterior. This is frequently illuſtrated in the education of children. If they are harſhly reproved, they diſdain perhaps to lament, they are too proud to change a muſcle, and we inwardly grieve for their impenetrable hardneſs, while their ſoul is ſecretly torn with conflicting, not ſeldom with dignified, emotions.

Nor is this ſenſibility by any means confined to perſons of extraordinary talents. The worm that we trample upon, writhes beneath our foot, and is agoniſed, though in ſilence. It is a trite obſervation that one perſon ſhall leſs humble his ſuitor by a refuſal, than another by compliance; ſo great is the importance that attaches itſelf to things apparently trivial. That man knows little of human nature, and is either endued with a very ſmall portion of ſenſibility, or is ſeldom in the habit of putting himſelf in the place of another; who is not forward in the practice of minute attentions. When a modeſt and unaſſured perſon enters a room, he is anxious about his geſtures, and feels the diſpoſition of every limb and feature as a ſort of weight upon his mind. A ſupercilious look, a dubious ſmile, an unceremonious accoſt, from one of the company pierces him to the ſoul. On the contrary, at how cheap a rate may he be encouraged and made happy! What kind-hearted man would refuſe to procure eaſe for him at ſo ſmall an expence?

Perhaps the ſort of ſenſibility here deſcribed is to be regarded as a defect. Perhaps, upon a nice adjuſtment of the value of other men's good opinion on the one hand, and of independence on the other, we ſhall find that he ought to have been more firm and intrepid. But a judicious moraliſt will not be abrupt in the ſuppreſſion of ſenſibility. The form may be wrong, but the ſubſtance ought to remain. In a word, wherever civiliſation exiſts ſenſibility will be its attendant; a ſenſibility, which cannot be ſatisfied without much kindneſs, nor without a kindneſs of that condeſcending

nature, that conſiders the whole chain of our feelings, and is deſirous, out of petty materials, to compoſe the ſum of our happineſs.

Politeneſs is not preciſely that ſcheme and ſyſtem of behaviour which can only be learned in the faſhionable world. There are many things in the ſyſtem of the faſhionable world, that are practiſed, not to encourage but depreſs, not to produce happineſs but mortification. Theſe, by whatever name they are called, are the reverſe of genuine politeneſs; and are accordingly commonly known by the denomination of rudeneſs, a word of exactly oppoſite application. Much true politeneſs may often be found in a cottage. It cannot however conſpicuouſly exiſt, but in a mind, itſelf unembarraſſed, and at liberty to attend to the feelings of others; and it is diſtinguiſhed by an open ingenuouſneſs of countenance, and an eaſy and flowing manner. It is therefore neceſſarily graceful. It may undoubtedly beſt be learned in the ſociety of the unembarraſſed, the eaſy and the graceful. It is moſt likely to exiſt among thoſe perſons who, delivered from the importunate preſſure of the firſt wants of our nature, have leiſure to attend to the delicate and evaneſcent touches of the ſoul.

Politeneſs has been ſaid to be the growth of courts, and a manner frank, abrupt and auſtere, to be congenial to a republic. If this aſſertion be true, it is a matter worthy of regret, and it will behove us to put it in the ſcale as a defect, to be weighed againſt the advantages that will reſult from a more equal and independent condition of mankind. It is however probably founded in miſtake. It does not ſeem reaſonable to ſuppoſe that the abolition of ſervility ſhould be the diminution of kindneſs; and it has already been obſerved that, where the powers of intellect are ſtrenuouſly cultivated, ſenſibility will be their attendant. But, in proportion to the acuteneſs of any man's feelings, will be, in a majority of caſes, his attention and deference to the feelings of others.

LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON, ON STRENGTH OF CHARACTER. *Written by Dr. AIKIN.*

DEAR SON,

IF I can ſpeak experimentally to any moral benefit in growing older, it is, that increaſing years augment the ſtrength and firmneſs of the character. This a part of the natural progreſs of the human ſyſtem, and is probably as much owing to phyſical as to moral cauſes. The diminution of mobility and irritability in the animal frame, muſt fortify it againſt external impreſſions, and give it a greater ſtability in its action and re-action. So far, however, as this is a corporeal proceſs, it cannot be anticipated; and the young muſt be exhorted to wait patiently for this advantage, till it comes to them in due courſe of time, to compenſate for the many privations they muſt undergo. But if an enquiry into the purely

moral cauſes of the oppoſite defects can ſuggeſt moral means of obviating them in ſome meaſure at any period, it will certainly be worth the pains; for a due degree of firmneſs and conſiſtency is abſolutely eſſential in forming a reſpectable character. Let us, then, enter upon ſuch an inveſtigation.

On retracing my own feelings, I find that the firſt and principal cauſe of juvenile weakneſs is *falſe ſhame*. The ſhame of being ſingular,—the ſhame of lying under reſtraints from which others are free,—the ſhame of appearing ungenteel,—are all acutely felt by young perſons in general, and require ſtrong principle or much native firmneſs of temper to ſurmount. Moſt of the defections from parties and ſects in which perſons have been educated, originate from this ſenſation, which is perhaps more ſeductive to the young, than even intereſt to the old. It firſt makes them heſitate to avow themſelves, and deſirous of paſſing undiſtinguiſhed in mixed companies; it next leads them to petty deceptions and compliances; and finiſhes with making entire converts of them, frequently with an affectation of extraordinary contempt of thoſe whom they have forſaken, in order to prevent all ſuſpicion of their having been of the number. The beſt guard againſt this conduct is a ſtrong impreſſion of its meanneſs. If young men were brought to diſcern that cowardice and ſervility were the chief agents in this progreſs, their native generoſity of ſpirit would powerfully oppoſe ſuch a degradation of character. Still more might be gained by accuſtoming them to ſet a value upon the circumſtance of ſtanding apart from the maſs of mankind, and to eſteem as honourable every diſtinction produced by the exerciſe of freedom in thinking and acting. I am aware that there is a danger to be avoided on this ſide, too, and that the pride of ſingularity is equally ridiculous and diſguſtful in a young man. But this, I believe, is not the leading error of the times; which is rather a propenſity to ſubmit implicitly to the deciſions of faſhion, and to value oneſelf more upon following, than oppoſing, the manners and opinions of the majority.

The *fear of offending* is another ſnare to young minds, which, though commonly originating in an amiable delicacy of character, muſt in ſome degree be overcome before a manly ſteadineſs of conduct can be ſupported. Many inſtances have I known, in which the ſpecies of adulation called by the Latins *aſſentatio*, has been occaſioned by a mere dread of giving offence by contradiction. But ſuch a habit of aſſenting to every thing that may be advanced is in danger of ſubverting all our principles; and we may come to practiſe from artifice that complaiſance which we perceived to be ſo agreeable, when only the conſequence of modeſt deference. This is an evil attending the practice, otherwiſe ſo inſtructive, of frequenting the company of ſeniors and ſuperiors; and it is only to be counteracted by a mixture of free ſociety with equals.

Akin to this is *the fear of giving pain*. It inſpires an inſuperable repugnance to the delivery of diſagreeable truths, or the undertak-

ing of unpleaſant offices; things which in the commerce of life are often neceſſary to the diſcharge of our duty. In particular, one whoſe office it is to apply *medicine to the mind*, muſt, as well as the phyſician of the body, conquer his reluctance to giving temporary pain, for the ſake of affording laſting benefit. Exceſs of politeneſs deviates into this weakneſs. It makes no diſtinction between ſaying an unpleaſant thing, and ſaying a rude one. A courſe of ſentimental reading is likewiſe apt to foſter ſuch an extreme delicacy of feeling, as makes the painful duties of the heart inſupportable. The moſt effectual remedy in this ſtate of morbid ſenſibility, is an unavoidable neceſſity of mixing in the buſineſs of the world, and encountering all its roughneſſes. To perſons of a retired condition, the beſt ſubſtitute is ſtrengthening the mind with the dictates of a maſculine and high-toned philoſophy.

The *deſire of pleaſing all mankind*, which is the counterpart of the two former principles, is a fertile ſource of weakneſs and mutability in ſome of the beſt diſpoſitions. It is the quality commonly termed *good-nature*, and perhaps is in ſome meaſure national to Engliſhmen. Young perſons are not only themſelves prone to fall into exceſs of eaſy good nature, but it is the quality that moſt readily captivates them in the choice of an early friend. It is impoſſible here to blame the diſpoſition, although it be highly important to guard againſt the indulgence of it; for it leads to the very ſame imbecility of conduct that falſe ſhame and cowardice do. In the courſe of our duties we are almoſt as frequently called upon to undergo the cenſure and enmity of mankind, as to cultivate their friendſhip and good opinion. Cicero, in enumerating the cauſes which induce men to deſert their duty, very properly mentions an unwillingneſs "ſuſcipere inimicitias," to take up enmities. This is, indeed, one of the ſevereſt trials of our attachment to principle; but it is what we muſt be ready to ſuſtain when occaſion requires, or renounce every claim to a ſtrong and elevated character.

When young in life, I derived much ſatisfaction from thinking that I had not an enemy in the world. A too great facility in giving up my own intereſt, when it involved a point of contention, and a habit of aſſenting to, or at leaſt not oppoſing, the various opinions I heard, had, in fact, preſerved me from direct hoſtilities with any mortal, and, I had reaſon to believe, had conciliated for me the *paſſive* regard of moſt of thoſe with whom I was acquainted. But no ſooner did different views of things, and a greater firmneſs of temper, incite me to an open declaration reſpecting points which I thought highly intereſting to mankind, then I was made ſenſible, that my former ſource of ſatisfaction muſt be exchanged for ſelf-approbation and the *eſteem* of a few. The event gave me at firſt ſome ſurpriſe and more concern; for I can truly ſay, that in my own breaſt, I found no obſtacle to the point of *agreeing to differ*. It was even ſome time before I could conſtrue the eſtranged looks of thoſe, who meant to intimate that they had renounced private friend-

ſhip with me, upon mere public grounds. But enough! At preſent, I can ſincerely aſſure you, that I feel more compunction for early compliances, than regret for the conſequences of later aſſertions of principle. And it is my decided advice to you, who are beginning the world, not to be intimidated from openly eſpouſing the cauſe you think a right one, by the apprehenſion of incurring any man's diſpleaſure. I ſuppoſe this to be done within the limits of candour, modeſty, and real good temper. Theſe being obſerved, you can have no enemies but thoſe who are not worthy to be your friends.

Adieu!

LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON, ON CHEAP PLEASURE. *By the ſame Author.*

DEAR SON,

YOU well know how much in vain philoſophers of all ages have endeavoured to detach man from the love of pleaſure, and to fix his attention on ſome ſole and higheſt good, which might render all others foreign and ſuperfluous. The voice of nature within him has proved too ſtrong to be ſilenced by artificial precepts; and mankind have ever made it a great object of their lives to enjoy as much and as various pleaſure as they have been capable of procuring. Taking the word in its large ſenſe, and extending the plan of enjoyment far enough, both as to ſpecies and duration, I ſee no reaſon to find fault with the purpoſe; and I expect no benefit to ariſe from eſtabliſhing one ſyſtem of morals for the ſchools, and another for real life. Suppoſing, then, the *end* of obtaining pleaſure to be, within certain limits, an allowable one, the *means* are a fit ſubject on which thoſe who are experienced in the world may communicate their obſervations to thoſe who have its leſſons yet to learn. It is an intereſting topic, and its diſcuſſion is fairly within the compaſs of human reaſon and knowledge.

The advice of contracting our deſires, ſo much inſiſted on by all the moral preceptors of antiquity, is a very important one towards the attainment of true felicity. It would, however, be a miſtake to ſuppoſe that the ſuppreſſion of deſire, in itſelf, leads to happineſs. There can be no enjoyments without deſires; for in their gratification, all enjoyment, as well intellectual as ſenſual, conſiſts. Thoſe ſects, therefore, which inſiſted on the entire abolition of deſire, as neceſſary to happineſs, were influenced by an artificial philoſophy, which ſet out with miſunderſtanding man's real nature and deſtination. But, on the other hand, unſatisfied deſires, or rather, ſuch as we have no reaſonable proſpect of being able to ſatisfy, are the ſource of the greateſt calamities of life. The true art of happineſs, then conſiſts in proportioning deſires to means, or, in other words, in acquiring a reliſh for *procurable pleaſures*.

There is ſcarcely a ſtation in life in which ſome attention to this point is not neceſſary; for deſire is as much diſpoſed to exceed the range of preſent enjoyment in the higheſt, as in the loweſt. But it is more peculiarly neceſſary in thoſe conditions, where an enlarged plan of education, and free intercourſe with the ſuperior ranks in ſociety, have foſtered lively ideas of gratifications which fortune commonly refuſes the means of obtaining. What are termed the genteel profeſſions are eminently of this kind; and numbers belonging to them pay a ſevere tax for the privileges annexed to their ſituation, in the perpetual torment of unattainable wiſhes.

The profeſſion you have choſen, my Son, in a peculiar manner forbids indulging thoſe deſires which are connected with the poſſeſſion of opulence. To be made happy it is requiſite that you ſhould be made *cheaply* ſo; and I pleaſe myſelf with thinking that many ſources of enjoyment will be fully acceſſible to you, which will ſcarcely leave you behind the moſt fortunate in the power of ſecuring genuine pleaſures. Taking for granted that you will ſeek, and will find, the higheſt of all gratifications in the performance of your profeſſional duty, I ſhall now ſuggeſt to you ſome of thoſe voluntary objects of purſuit, which may moſt happily employ your leiſure.

At the head of all the pleaſures which offer themſelves to the man of liberal education, may confidently be placed that derived from *books*. In variety, durability, and facility of attainment, no other can ſtand in competition with it; and even in intenſity it is inferior to few. Imagine that we had it in our power to call up the ſhades of the greateſt and wiſeſt men that ever exiſted, and oblige them to converſe with us on the moſt intereſting topics—what an ineſtimable privilege ſhould we think it!—how ſuperior to all common enjoyments! But in a well furniſhed library we, in fact, poſſeſs this power. We can queſtion Xenophon and Cæſar on their campaigns, make Demoſthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audiences of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonſtrations from Euclid and Newton. In books we have the choiceſt thoughts of the ableſt men in their beſt dreſs. We can at pleaſure exclude dulneſs and impertinence, and open our doors to wit and good ſenſe alone. It is needleſs to repeat the high commendations that have been beſtowed on the ſtudy of letters by perſons, who had free acceſs to every other ſource of gratification. Inſtead of quoting Cicero to you, I ſhall in plain terms give you the reſult of my own experience on this ſubject. If domeſtic enjoyments have contributed in the firſt degree to the happineſs of my life (and I ſhould be ungrateful not to acknowledge that they have,) the pleaſures of reading have beyond all queſtion held the ſecond place. Without books I have never been able to paſs a ſingle day to my entire ſatisfaction; with them, no day has been ſo dark as not to have its pleaſure. Even pain and ſickneſs have for a time been charmed away by them. By the eaſy proviſion of a book in my pocket, I have frequently worn through long nights and days in the moſt diſagreeable parts of my profeſſion,

with all the difference in my feelings between calm content and fretful impatience. Such occurrences have afforded me full proof both of the poſſibility of being cheaply pleaſed, and of the conſequence it is of to the ſum of human felicity, not to neglect minute attentions to make the moſt of life as it paſſes.

Reading may in every ſenſe be called a *cheap* amuſement. A *taſte for books*, indeed, may be made expenſive enough; but that is a taſte for editions, bindings, paper and type. If you are ſatisfied with getting at the ſenſe of an author in ſome commodious way, a crown at a ſtall will ſupply your wants as well as a guinea at a ſhop. Learn, too, to diſtinguiſh between books to be *peruſed*, and books to be *poſſeſſed*. Of the former you may find an ample ſtore in every ſubſcription library, the proper uſe of which to a ſcholar is to furniſh his mind without loading his ſhelves. No apparatus, no appointment of time and place, is neceſſary for the enjoyment of reading. From the midſt of buſtle and buſineſs you may, in an inſtant, by the magic of a book, plunge into the ſcenes of remote ages and countries, and diſengage yourſelf from preſent care and fatigue. "Sweet pliability of man's ſpirit (cries Sterne, on relating an occurrence of this kind in his Sentimental Journey,) that can at once ſurrender itſelf to illuſions, which cheat expectation and ſorrow of their weary moments!"

The next of the procurable pleaſures that I ſhall point out to you is that of *converſation*. This is a pleaſure of higher zeſt than that of reading; ſince in converſing we not only receive the ſentiments of others, but impart our own; and from this reciprocation a ſpirit and intereſt ariſe which books cannot give in an equal degree. Fitneſs for converſation muſt depend upon the ſtore of ideas laid up in the mind, and the faculty of communicating them. Theſe, in a great degree, are the reſults of education and the habit of ſociety, and to a certain point they are favoured by ſuperiority of condition. But this is only to a certain point; for when you arrive at that claſs in which ſenſuality, indolence, and diſſipation, are foſtered by exceſs of opulence, you loſe more by diminiſhed energy of mind, than you gain by ſuperior refinement of manner and elegance of expreſſion. And, indeed, there are numbers of the higher ranks among us, whoſe converſation has not even the latter qualities to recommend it, but to poverty of ſentiment adds the utmoſt coarſeneſs of language and behaviour. There is a radical meanneſs in debauchery, which even in the moſt elevated conditions of all, communicates the taint of vulgarity. To hear the high-bred party loudly contending in the praiſes of their dogs and horſes, and diſcuſſing gambling queſtions, intermixed with groſſer topics, you could not poſſibly diſcover by the ſtyle and matter, whether you were liſtening to the maſters above, or the grooms below. It is by no means unfrequent to find the *beſt company*, the *worſt converſation*. Should your character and ſituation for ever exclude you from ſuch ſocieties you need not repine at your loſs. It will be amply compenſated by the opportunities you are

likely to enjoy of free intercourſe with the moſt cultivated and rational of both ſexes, among whom decency of manners and variety of knowledge will always be valued, though very moderately decorated with the advantages of fortune.

I would not, however, inculcate too faſtidious a taſte with reſpect to the ſubject and ſtyle of converſation, provided it poſſeſs the eſſentials of ſound ſenſe and uſeful knoledge. Among thoſe who have enjoyed little of the benefit of education, you will often find perſons of natural ſagacity and a turn for remark, who are capable of affording both entertainment and inſtruction. Who would not wiſh to have been acquanted with Franklin when a journeyman printer, even though he had never riſen to be one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters of the age? Information, indeed, may be procured from almoſt any man in affairs belonging to his particular way of life; and when we fall into company from which little is to be expected with regard to general topics, it is beſt to give the converſation a turn towards the technical matters with which they may be acquainted, whence ſome profit may be made out of the moſt unpromiſing materials. *Man*, too, in every condition, is a ſubject well worthy of examination; and the ſpeculatiſt may derive much entertainment from obſerving the manners and ſentiments of all the various claſſes of mankind in their ſeveral occupations and amuſements.

Another ſource of cheap pleaſure is the *ſtudy of nature*. So many advantages with reſpect to health, tranquility of mind, uſeful knowledge and inexhauſtible amuſement, are united in this ſtudy, that I ſhould not fail moſt warmly to recommend it to your notice, had you not already acquired a decided taſte for its purſuits. Here, again, I can ſpeak from my own experience; for the ſtudy of Engliſh botany cauſed ſeveral ſummers to glide away with me in more pure and active delight than almoſt any other ſingle object ever afforded me. It rendered every ride and walk intereſting, and converted the plodding rounds of buſineſs into excurſions of pleaſure. From the impreſſion of theſe feelings, I have ever regarded as perfectly ſuperfluous the pains taken by ſome of the friends of natural hiſtory, to ſhew its utility in reference to the common purpoſes of life. Many of their obſervations, indeed, are true, and may ſerve to gain patrons for the ſtudy among thoſe who meaſure every thing by the ſtandard of economical value; but is it not enough to open a ſource of copious and cheap amuſement, which tends to harmonize the mind, and elevate it to worthy conceptions of nature and its author? If I offer a man happineſs at an eaſy rate, unalloyed by any debaſing mixture, can I confer on him a greater bleſſing? Nothing is more favourable to enjoyment than the combination of bodily exertion and ardour of mind. This, the reſearches of natural hiſtory afford in great perfection; and ſuch is the immenſe variety of its objects, that the labours of the longeſt life cannot exhauſt them.

The ſtudy of nature is in itſelf a cheap ſtudy; yet it may be purſued in a very expenſive manner, by all the apparatus of cabinets,

purchaſed collections, prints and drawings. But if you will content yourſelf with the great book of nature and a few of its ableſt expoſitors, together with the riches your own induſtry may accumulate, you will find enough of it within your compaſs to anſwer all reaſonable purpoſes of inſtruction and amuſement. We are both acquainted with an excellent naturaliſt,* who, by a proper application of the time and money he has been able to ſpare out of a common writing ſchool, has made himſelf the poſſeſſor of more curious and accurate knowledge than falls to the lot of many owners of the moſt coſtly treaſures. The recollection of his modeſt merit and ſcientific content will ever, I am ſure, endear to you theſe fertile ſtores of cheap delight.

A taſte for the ſublime and beautiful of nature, as exhibited in her larger works, and reſulting from the varied combinations of her external forms, is alſo productive of many exquiſite pleaſures, which few perſons are at all times precluded from enjoying. To feel theſe in a ſupreme degree, a mind enriched by literature and expanded by fancy and reflection is neceſſary; and, in particular, a high reliſh for poetry is almoſt an eſſential accompaniment. Much pains do not ſeem requiſite in cultivating this ſpecies of enjoyment, for it obtrudes itſelf unſought upon every elegant mind, and the danger is, leſt the deſire ſhould too ſoon exhauſt its objects. More uneaſy longings after what lay beyond my reach, have preyed upon my imagination on reading deſcriptions of the ſtriking ſcenes of nature viſited by travellers, than on reflecting on all the other advantages which fortune and leiſure have to beſtow. Yet, certainly, I would not wiſh to have been leſs ſenſible than I am to this ſource of pleaſurable emotions. They may be rendered more diſtinct and varied, by calling in a taſte for what is properly termed the *picturesque*, or a reference of the natural ſcene to its imitations and improvements by the pencil. But this I conceive to be almoſt neceſſarily connected with practical ſkill in the art of painting; and unleſs it were made ſubſervient to the purpoſes of this art, I ſhould apprehend that more might be loſt by opening an inlet to faſtidious nicety, than would be gained by viewing things with a more learned eye.

This remark would naturally lead me to conſider the pleaſures to be derived from the practice of ornamental arts, and from the contemplation of their productions in others. But though I am fully ſenſible of the pleaſing addition theſe make to the general ſtock of human enjoyment, yet with reſpect to moſt individuals, they ſcarcely come within the catalogue of cheap pleaſures. A taſte for them muſt be formed early in life, muſt be cultivated with much aſſiduity, and at conſiderable expence both of time and money. They are not of all times and places, but require apparatus and opportunity. They are with difficulty kept within bounds, and are continually diſpoſed to deſert the eaſy and ſimple, in purſuit of what is more

* Mr. Wigg of Yarmouth.

complex and elaborate. A taſte for muſic appears to me, as far as I can judge from obſervation alone, to be eminently of this kind. Where it is marked out by nature, as in ſome caſes it manifeſtly is, and can be cultivated early and advantageouſly, it is capable, I doubt not, of affording the moſt exquiſite delights; but then it will probably take place of all other ornamental acquirements. And though ſuch a ſacrifice may be worth making under the circumſtances deſcribed, yet to make it with a view of *creating* a taſte for any purſuit merely amuſive, is, I think, to eſtimate falſely the value of things. If, however, experience ſhews that muſical pleaſures may be enjoyed in moderation, and ſo as to make an agreeable variety, without occupying the place of any thing preferable, my objections are at an end. The ſame may be ſaid of drawing, and various other taſtes and acquiſitions, concerning which, accident and inclination, if regulated by prudence, may be ſuffered to determine the choice.

I have now, I think, pointed out to you ſources which will ſupply ſufficient *materials* of eaſily procurable pleaſure, if you bring to them what is abſolutely eſſential to the ſucceſs of any external means of happineſs—a mind in harmony with itſelf. This, nothing but conſcious worth and virtue can beſtow. This, "tibi ipſe parabis."

Farewell!

ON THE ART OF THINKING.

THE ſucceſs and happineſs of men in this life, and their deſtination in the next, depend upon their modes of thinking. It is of the utmoſt importance therefore to think correctly. Upon this ſubject we beg leave to preſent our readers with the excellent obſervations of Mr. Maſon:

The right government of the *thoughts* requires no ſmall art, vigilance, and reſolution. But it is a matter of ſuch vaſt importance to the peace and improvement of the mind, that it is worth while to be at ſome pains about it. A man that hath ſo numerous and turbulent a family to govern as his own thoughts, which are too apt to be at the command of his *paſſions* and *appetites*, ought not to be long from home. If he be, they will ſoon grow mutinous and diſorderly under the conduct of thoſe two headſtrong guides, and raiſe great clamours and diſturbances, and ſometimes on the ſlighteſt occaſions. And a more dreadful ſcene of miſery can hardly be imagined, than that which is occaſioned by ſuch a tumult and uproar within, when a raging conſcience or inflamed paſſions are let looſe without check or control. A city in flames, or the mutiny of a drunken crew *aboard*, who have murdered the *Captain*, and are butchering one another, are but faint emblems of it. The torment of the mind, under ſuch an inſurrection and ravage of the paſſions, is not eaſy to be

conceived. The moſt revengeful man cannot wiſh his enemy a greater.

Of what vaſt importance then is it for a man to watch over his thoughts, in order to a right government of them! To conſider what kind of thoughts find the eaſieſt admiſſion, in what manner they inſinuate themſelves, and upon what occaſions!

It was an excellent rule which a wiſe heathen preſcribed to himſelf, in his private meditations; *manage* (ſaith he) *all your actions and thoughts in ſuch a manner, as if you were juſt going out of the world.** Again, (ſaith he) *a man is ſeldom, if ever, unhappy for not knowing the thoughts of others; but he that does not attend to the motions of his own, is certainly miſerable.*†

It may be worth our while then to diſcuſs this matter a little more preciſely; and conſider, 1. *What kind of thoughts are to be excluded or rejected.* And 2. *What ought to be indulged and entertained.*

I. *Some thoughts ought to be immediately baniſhed as ſoon as they have found entrance.*—And if we are often troubled with them, the ſafeſt way will be to keep a good guard on the avenues of the mind by which they enter, and avoid thoſe occaſions which commonly excite them. For ſometimes it is much eaſier to prevent a bad thought entering the mind, than to get rid of it when it is entered.—More particularly,

1. Watch againſt all *fretful* and *diſcontented* thoughts which do but chafe and corrode the mind to no purpoſe. To harbour theſe is to do yourſelf more injury than is in the power of your greateſt enemy to do you. It is equally a chriſtian's intereſt and duty to *learn, in whatever ſtate he is, therewith to be content.*‡

2. Harbour not too *anxious* and *apprehenſive* thoughts. By giving way to tormenting fears, ſuſpicions of ſome approaching danger or troubleſome event, we not only anticipate but double the evil we fear; and undergo much more from the apprehenſion of it before it comes, than from the whole weight of it when preſent. This is a great, but common weakneſs; which a man ſhould endeavour to arm himſelf againſt by ſuch kind of reflections as theſe;—"Are not all theſe events under the certain direction of a wiſe providence? If they befal me, they are then that ſhare of ſuffering which God hath

---

* Marc. Anton. Medit. lib. 2. § 11.

† Marc. Anton. lib. 2. § 8.

"Nothing can be more unhappy than that man who ranges every where, ranſacks every thing, digs into the bowels of the earth, dives into other men's boſoms, but does not conſider all the while that his own mind will afford him ſufficient ſcope for inquiry and entertainment, and that the care and improvement of himſelf will give him buſineſs enough." Id. lib. 2. § 13.

"Your diſpoſition will be ſuitable to that which you moſt frequently think on; for the ſoul is, as it were, tinged with the colour and complexion of its own thoughts." Id. lib. 5. § 16.

‡ Phil. iv. 11.

appointed me; and which he expects I ſhonld bear as a chriſtian. How often hath my timorous heart magnified former trials? which I found to be leſs in reality than they appeared upon their approach. And perhaps the formidable aſpect they put on, is only a ſtratagem of the great enemy of my beſt intereſt, deſigned on purpoſe to divert me from ſome point of duty, or to draw me into ſome ſin to avoid them. However, why ſhould I torment myſelf to no purpoſe? The pain and affliction the dreaded evil will give me when it comes, is of GOD's ſending; the pain I feel in the apprehenſion of it before it comes, is of my own procuring. Whereby I often make my ſufferings more than double; for this overplus of them, which I bring upon myſelf, is often greater than that meaſure of them which the hand of providence immediately brings upon me."

3. Diſmiſs as ſoon as may be, all *angry* and *wrathful* thoughts. Theſe will but canker and corrode the mind, and diſpoſe it to the worſt temper in the world, *viz.* that of fixed *malice* and *revenge*. Anger may ſteal into the heart of a wiſe man, but it *reſts* only *in the boſom of fools*.* Make all the moſt candid allowances for the offender. Conſider his natural temper. Turn your anger into pity. Repeat 1 *Cor.* xiii. Think of the patience and meekneſs of *Chriſt*, and the petition in the *Lord's prayer*; and how much you ſtand in need of forgiveneſs yourſelf, both from GOD and man; how fruitleſs, how fooliſh is indulged reſentment; how tormenting to yourſelf? You have too much good nature willingly to give others ſo much torment; and why ſhould you give it yourſelf? You are commanded to *love your neighbour as yoruſelf*, but not forbidden to love yourſelf as much. And why ſhould you do yourſelf that injury, which your enemy would be glad to do you?†

But, above all, be ſure to ſet a guard on the tongue whilſt the fretful mood is upon you. The leaſt ſpark may break out into a conflagration, when cheriſhed by a reſentive heart, and fanned by the wind of an angry breath. Aggravating expreſſions, at ſuch a time, are like oil thrown upon flames, which always make them rage the more.‡ Eſpecially,

4. Baniſh all *malignant* and *revengeful* thoughts. A ſpirit of revenge is the very ſpirit of the devil, than which nothing makes a man more like him; and nothing can be more oppoſite to the

---

* Eccleſ. vii. 9.

† The chriſtian precept in this caſe is, *Let not the ſun go down upon your wrath*, Eph. iv. 26. And this precept *Plutarch* tells us the *Pythagoreans* practiſed in a litteral ſenſe: "Who, if at any time in a paſſion they broke out into opprobious language, before ſunſet gave one another their hands, and with them a diſcharge from all injuries; and ſo with a mutual reconciliation parted friends." Plut. Mor. Vol. iii. pag. 89.

‡ It is good in a fever, much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and ſmooth. Plutarch. de Irâ Cohiben.

temper which chriſtianity was deſigned to promote. If your revenge be not ſatisfied, it will give you torment *now*; if it be, it will give you greater *hereafter*. None is a greater ſelf-tormentor than a malicious and revengeful man, who turns the poiſon of his own temper in upon himſelf.*

Drive from the mind all *ſilly*, *trifling*, and *unreaſonable* thoughts; which ſometimes get into it we know not how, and ſeize and poſſeſs it before we are aware; and hold it in empty, idle amuſements, that yield neither pleaſure nor profit, and turn to no manner of account in the world; only conſume time, and prevent a better employment of the mind. And indeed there is little difference whether we ſpend the time in ſleep, or in theſe waking dreams. Nay, if the thoughts which thus inſenſibly ſteal upon you be not altogether abſurd and whimſical, yet if they be impertinent and unſeaſonable, they ought to be diſmiſſed, becauſe they keep out better company.

6. Caſt out all *wild* and *extravagant* thoughts, all *vain* and *fantaſtical* imaginations. Suffer not your thoughts to roam upon things that never were, and perhaps never will be; to give you a viſionary pleaſure in the proſpect of what you have not the leaſt reaſon to hope, or a needleſs pain in the apprehenſion of what you have not the leaſt reaſon to fear. The truth is, next to a clear conſcience and a ſound judgment, there is not a greater bleſſing than a *regular* and *well governed imagination*; to be able to view things as they are, in their true light and proper colours; and to diſtinguiſh the falſe images that are painted on the fancy, from the repreſentations of truth and reaſon. For how common a thing is it for men, before they are aware, to confound reaſon and fancy, truth and imagination together? To take the flaſhes of the animal ſpirits for the light of evidence? and think they believe things to be true or falſe, when they only *fancy* them to be ſo? and fancy them to be ſo, becauſe they *would have* them ſo? Not conſidering that mere fancy is only the *ignis fatuus* of the mind; which often appears brighteſt, when the mind is moſt covered with darkneſs; and will be ſure to lead them aſtray, who follow it as their guide. Near akin to theſe are,

7. *Romantick* and *chimerical* thoughts. By which I mean that kind of wildfire, which the briſkneſs of the animal ſpirits ſometimes ſuddenly flaſhes on the mind, and excites images that are ſo *extremely* ridiculous and abſurd, that one can ſcarce forbear wondering how they could get admittance. Theſe random flights of the fancy are ſoon gone; and herein differ from that caſtle building of the imagination before mentioned, which is a more ſettled amuſement. but theſe are too incoherent and ſenſeleſs to be of long continuance; and are the maddeſt ſallies, and the moſt ramping reveries of the fancy that can be. I know not whether my reader underſtands *now*

* Malitia ipſa maximam partem veneni ſui bibit.—Illud venenum quod ſerpentes in alienam perniciem proferunt, ſine ſua continent. Non eſt huic ſimile; hoc habentibus peſſimum eſt. Sen. Epiſt. 82.

what I mean; but if he attentively regards all that paſſes through his mind, perhaps he may hereafter by experience.

8. Repel all *impure* and *laſcivious* thoughts; which taint and pollute the mind; and though hid from men, are known to God, in whoſe eyes they are abominable. Our Saviour warns us againſt theſe as a kind of ſpiritual *fornication*,* and inconſiſtent with that *purity of heart* which his goſpel requires.

9. Take care how you too much indulge *gloomy* and *melancholy* thoughts. Some are diſpoſed to ſee every thing in the worſt light. A black cloud hangs hovering over their minds; which, when it falls in ſhowers through their eyes, is diſperſed; and all within is ſerene again. This is often purely mechanical; and owing either to ſome fault in the bodily conſtitution, or ſome accidental diſorder in the animal frame. However, one that conſults the peace of his own mind will be upon his guard againſt this, which ſo often robs him of it.

10. On the other hand, let not the imagination be too *ſprightly* and *triumphant*. Some are as unreaſonably exalted, as others are depreſſed; and the ſame perſon at different times often runs into both extremes; according to the different temper and flow of the animal ſpirits. And therefore the thoughts, which ſo eagerly crowd into the mind at ſuch times, ought to be ſuſpected and well guarded; otherwiſe they will impoſe upon our judgments and lead us to form ſuch a notion of ourſelves and of things, as we ſhall ſoon ſee fit to alter, when the mind is in a more ſettled and ſedate frame.

Before we let our thoughts judge of things, we muſt ſet reaſon to judge our thoughts; for they are not always in a proper condition to execute that office. We do not believe the character which a man gives us of another, unleſs we have a good opinion of his own; ſo neither ſhould we believe the verdict which the mind pronounces, till we firſt examine whether it be impartial and unbiaſſed; whether it be in a proper temper to judge, and have proper lights to judge by. The want of this previous act of *ſelf judgment*, is the cauſe of much ſelf deception and falſe judgment.

Laſtly. With abhorrence reject immediately all *profane* and *blaſphemous* thoughts; which are ſometimes ſuddenly injected into the mind, we know not *how*, though we may give a pretty good gueſs *from whence*. And all thoſe thoughts which are apparently temptations and inducements to ſin, our Lord hath, by his example, taught us to treat in this manner.†

Theſe then are the thoughts we ſhould carefully guard againſt.—And as they will (eſpecially ſome of them) be frequently inſinuating themſelves into the heart, remember to ſet reaſon at the door of it to guard the paſſage, and bar their entrance, or drive them out forthwith when entered; not only as impertinent, but miſchievous intruders.

---

* Matth. v. 28. † Matth. iv. 10.

But, II. There are other kinds of thoughts which we ought to *indulge* and with great care and diligence *retain* and *improve*.

Whatever thoughts give the mind a rational or religious pleaſure, and tend to improve the heart and underſtanding, are to be favoured, often recalled, and carefully cultivated. Nor ſhould we diſmiſs them, till they have made ſome impreſſions on the mind, which are like to abide there.

And to bring the mind into a habit of recovering, retaining, and improving ſuch thoughts, two things are neceſſary.

1. To habituate ourſelves to a *cloſe* and *rational way of thinking*. And 2. To *moral reflections* and *religious contemplations*.

1. To prepare and diſpoſe the mind for the entertainment of good and uſeful thoughts, we muſt take care to accuſtom it to a *cloſe* and *rational* way of thinking.

When you have ſtarted a good thought, purſue it; do not preſently loſe ſight of it, or ſuffer any trifling ſuggeſtion that may intervene to divert you from it. Diſmiſs it not till you have ſifted and exhauſted it; and well conſidered the ſeveral conſequences and inferences that reſult from it. However, retain not the ſubject any longer than you find your thoughts run freely upon it; for to confine them to it when it is quite worn out, is to give them an unnatural bent, without ſufficient employment; which will make them flag, or be more apt to run off to ſomething elſe.

And to keep the mind intent on the ſubject you think of, you muſt be at ſome pains to recal and refix your deſultory and rambling thoughts. Lay open the ſubject in as many lights and views as it is capable of being repreſented in. Clothe your beſt ideas in pertinent and well choſen words, deliberately pronounced; or commit them to writing.

Whatever be the ſubject, admit of no inferences from it, but what you ſee plain and natural. This is the way to furniſh the mind with true and ſolid knowledge. As, on the contrary, *falſe* knowledge proceeds from not underſtanding the ſubject, or drawing inferences from it which are forced and unnatural; and allowing to thoſe precarious inferences, or conſequences drawn from *them*, the ſame degree of credibility as to the moſt rational and *beſt eſtabliſhed* principles.

Beware of a *ſuperficial*, *ſlight*, or *confuſed* view of things. Go to the bottom of them, and examine the foundation; and be ſatisfied with none but clear and diſtinct ideas (when they can be had) in every thing you read, hear, or think of. For reſting in imperfect and obſcure ideas, is the ſource of much confuſion and miſtake.

Accuſtom yourſelf to *ſpeak* naturally, pertinently, and rationally, on all ſubjects, and you will ſoon learn to *think* ſo on the beſt; eſpecially if you often converſe with thoſe perſons that ſpeak, and thoſe authors that write in that manner.

Such a regulation and right management of your thoughts and rational powers, will be of great and general advantage to you, in

the purſuit of youthful knowledge, and a good guard againſt the levities and frantick ſallies of the imagination. Nor will you be ſenſible of any diſadvantage attending it, excepting one, *viz.* its making you more ſenſible of the weakneſs and ignorance of others who are often talking in a random, inconſequential manner; and whom it may oftentimes be more prudent to bear with, than contradict. But the vaſt benefit this method will be of in tracing out truth, and detecting error, and the ſatisfaction it will give you in the cool and regular exerciſes of ſelf employment, and in the retaining, purſuing, and improving good and uſeful thoughts, will more than compenſate that petty diſadvantage.

2. If we would have the mind furniſhed and entertained with good thoughts, *we muſt inure it to religious and moral ſubjects.*

It is certain the mind cannot be more nobly and uſefully employed than in ſuch kind of contemplations. Becauſe the knowledge it thereby acquires, is of all others the moſt excellent knowledge; and that both in regard of its *object* and its *end*; the object of it being GOD, and the end of it *eternal happineſs.*

The great end of religion is to *make us like* GOD, and to *conduct us to the enjoyment of him.* And whatever hath not this plain tendency, and eſpecially if it have the contrary, men may call *religion* (if they pleaſe) but they cannot call it more out of its name. And whatever is called religious knowledge, if it does not direct us in the way to this end, is not religious knowledge; but ſomething elſe *falſely ſo called.* And ſome are unhappily accuſtomed to ſuch an abuſe of words and underſtanding, as not only to call, but to *think* thoſe things *religion*, which are quite the reverſe of it, and thoſe notions *religious knowledge*, which lead them the fartheſt from it.

The ſincerity of a true religious principle, cannot be better known, than by the readineſs with which the thoughts advert to GOD, and the pleaſure with which they are employed in devout exerciſes. And though a perſon may not always be ſo well pleaſed with hearing religious things talked of by others, whoſe different taſte, ſentiments, or manner of expreſſion may have ſomething diſagreeable; yet if he have no inclination to think of them himſelf, or to converſe with himſelf about them, he hath great reaſon to ſuſpect that his *heart is not right with* GOD. But if he frequently and delightfully exerciſe his mind in divine contemplations, it will not only be a good mark of his ſincerity, but will habitually diſpoſe it for the reception of the beſt and moſt uſeful thoughts, and fit it for the nobleſt entertainments.

Upon the whole then, it is of as great importance for a man to take heed what thoughts he entertains as what company he keeps; for they have the ſame effect upon the mind. Bad thoughts are as infectious as bad company; and good thoughts ſolace, inſtruct, and entertain the mind, like good company. And this is one great advantage of retirement; that a man may chooſe what company he pleaſes from within himſelf.

As in the world we oftener light into bad company than good, ſo in ſolitude, we are oftener troubled with impertinent and unprofitable thoughts, than entertained with agreeable and uſeful ones. And a man that hath ſo far loſt the command of himſelf, as to lie at the mercy of every fooliſh or vexing thought, is much in the ſame ſituation as a *hoſt*, whoſe houſe is open to all *comers*; whom, though ever ſo noiſy, rude and troubleſome, he cannot get rid of; but with this difference, that the *latter* hath ſome recompenſe for his trouble, the *former* none at all; but is robbed of his peace and quiet for nothing.

Of ſuch vaſt importance to the peace, as well as the improvement of the mind, is the right regulation of the thoughts. Which will be my apology for dwelling ſo long on this branch of the ſubject; which I ſhall conclude with this one obſervation more; that it is a very dangerous thing to think, as too many are apt to do, that it is a matter of indifference what thoughts they entertain in their hearts; ſince the reaſon of things concurs with the teſtimony of the holy ſcriptures to aſſure us, *that the* allowed *thought of fooliſhneſs is ſin.**(x)

ON THE OPINION OF THE WORLD.

Written by the ſame Gentleman.

WOULD *we know ourſelves, we ſhould not altogether neglect the opinion which others may entertain concerning us.*

Not that we need be very ſolicitous about the cenſure or applauſe of the world; which are generally very raſh and wrong, and proceed from the particular humours and prepoſſeſſions of men; and he that knows himſelf, will ſoon know how to deſpiſe them both. "The judgment which the world makes of us is generally of no manner of uſe to us; it adds nothing to our ſouls or bodies, nor leſſens any of our miſeries. Let us conſtantly follow reaſon, (ſays *Montaigne*) and let the publick approbation follow us the ſame way, if it pleaſes."

But ſtill, I ſay, a total indifference in this matter is unwiſe.† We ought not to be entirely inſenſible of the reports of others; no, no†

* Prov. xxiv. 9.

(x) Nam ſcelus inter ſe tacitum qui cogitat allium
Facti crimen habet. Juv. Sat. 14.
Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are heard in heav'en.
Young.

† As to the groundleſs reports that may be raiſed to our diſadvantage, it is not good either too much to fear them, or entirely to deſpiſe them. We ſhould endeavour to ſtifle them, be they ever ſo falſe, or the authors of them ever ſo contemptible. Chryſoſt. de Sacerd. l. 5. .c 4.

to the railings of an enemy; for an enemy may ſay ſomething out of ill will to us, which it may concern us to think of coolly when we are by ourſelves; to examine whether the accuſation be juſt, and what there is in our conduct and temper which may make it appear ſo. And by this means our enemy may do us more good than he intended; and diſcover to us ſomething in our hearts which we did not before advert to. A man that hath no enemies ought to have very faithful friends; and one who hath no ſuch friends, ought to think it no calamity that he hath enemies to be his effectual monitors.—"Our friends (ſays Mr. *Addiſon*) very often flatter us as much as our own hearts. They either do not ſee our faults, or conceal them from us; or ſoften them by their repreſentations, after ſuch a manner that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adverſary, on the contrary, makes a ſtricter ſearch into us, diſcovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers, and though his malice may ſet them in too ſtrong a light, it has generally ſome ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wiſe man ſhould give a juſt attention to both of them ſo far as it may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an eſſay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and among the good fruits of enmity mentions this in particular, that by the reproaches it caſts upon us we ſee the worſt ſide of ourſelves, and open our eyes to ſeveral blemiſhes and defects in our lives and converſations, which we ſhould not have obſerved without the help of ſuch ill natured monitors.

"In order likewiſe to come at a true knowledge of ourſelves, we ſhould conſider, on the other hand, how far we may deſerve the praiſes and approbations which the world beſtow upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives, and how far we are really poſſeſſed of the virtues which gain us applauſe amongſt thoſe with whom we converſe. Such a reflection is abſolutely neceſſary, if we conſider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourſelves by the opinions of others, and ſacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world."*

In that treatiſe of *Plutarch* here referred to, there are a great many excellent things pertinent to this ſubject; and therefore I thought it not improper to take a few extracts out of it.

Why ſhould we not take an enemy for our tutor, who will inſtruct us *gratis* in thoſe things we knew not before? For an enemy ſees and underſtands more in matters relating to us than our friends do. Becauſe love is blind, but ſpite, malice, ill will, wrath, and contempt, talk much, are very inquiſitive and quick ſighted.

Thoſe perſons whom *that* wiſdom hath brought to live ſoberly, which the fear and awe of enemies hath infuſed, are by degrees

* Spectat. Vol. VI. No. 399.

drawn into a habit of living ſo, and are compoſed and fixed in their obedience to virtue by cuſtom and uſe.

When one aſked Diogenes how he might be avenged of his enemies, he replied, *To be yourſelf a good and honeſt man.*

Antiſthenes ſpake incomparably well; "that if a man would live a ſafe and unblamable life, it was neceſſary that he ſhould have very ingenuous and faithful friends, or very bad enemies; becauſe the firſt, by their kind admonitions, would keep him from ſinning, the latter by their invectives."

He that hath no friend to give him advice, or reprove him when he does amiſs, muſt bear patiently the rebukes of his enemies, and thereby learn to mend the errors of his ways; conſidering ſeriouſly the object which theſe ſevere cenſures aim at, and not what he is who makes them. For he who deſigned the death of Prometheus the Theſſalian, inſtead of giving him a fatal blow, only opened a ſwelling which he had, which did really ſave his life. Juſt ſo may the harſh reprehenſions of enemies cure ſome diſtempers of the mind, which were before either not known, or neglected; though their angry ſpeeches do originally proceed from malice or ill will.

If any man with opprobrious language objects to you crimes you know nothing of, you ought to inquire into the cauſes or reaſons of ſuch falſe accuſations; whereby you may learn to take heed for the future, leſt you ſhould unwarily commit thoſe offences which are unjuſtly imputed to you.

Let us carefully obſerve thoſe good qualities wherein our enemies excel us, and endeavour to excel them, by avoiding what is faulty, and imitating what is excellent in them. Plut. Mor. Vol. I. page 265. et ſeq.

It is the character of a diſſolute mind, to be entirely inſenſible to all that the world ſays of us; and ſhews ſuch a confidence of ſelf knowledge as is uſually a ſure ſign of *ſelf ignorance.* The moſt knowing minds are ever leaſt preſumptuous. And true ſelf knowledge is a ſcience of ſo much depth and difficulty, that a wiſe man would not chooſe to be over-confident that all his notions of himſelf are right, in oppoſition to the judgment of all mankind; ſome of whom perhaps have better opportunities and advantages of knowing him (at ſome ſeaſons eſpecially) than he has of knowing himſelf. Becauſe herein they never look through the ſame falſe medium of *ſelf flattery.*

ON THE DESIRE OF FAME.

Extracted from Mr. Wallaston's excellent Book.

WHEN *glory*, *honor*, *praise*, are given to God; or He is said to do any thing for His own *glory*, or we to propose the *glory* of his name in what we do; those words should not be taken as standing for *that kind* of glory and applause, which is so industriously sought, and capriciously* distributed among us mortals, and which I will take this opportunity to handle a little more *largely*, in order to give here a specimen of the world, and save that trouble in another place.

Among us some are celebrated for small matters, either through the ignorance of the multitude, the partiality of a faction, the advantage of great friendships, the usual deference paid to men in eminent stations, or mere good luck;† and others for atchieving *such things*, as if they were duly weighed, and people were not imposed upon by *false notions*, first introduced in barbarous times, and since polished and brought into fashion by historians, poets, and flatterers, would appear rather to be a disgrace to *savages* than any recommendation of rational and *civilized* natures. Strength, and courage, and beauty, and parts, and birth are followed with *encomiums* and honors, which, though they may be the felicities and *privileges* of the possessors, cannot be their *merit*, who received them *gratis*, and contributed nothing ‡themselves toward the acquisition of them: whilst real virtue and industry (which, even when unsuccessful, or oppress by ill health or unkind fortune, give the *truest title* to praise) lie disregarded. Thirst after glory, when that is desired merely for its own sake, is founded in *ambition* and *vanity*:§ the thing itself is but a *dream*, and imagination; since, according to the differing humors and sentiments of nations and ages, the same thing may be either *glorious* or *inglorious*: the *effect* of it, considered still by itself, is neither more health, nor estate, nor knowledge, nor virtue to him who has it; or if that be any thing, it is but *what must cease* when the man dies: and, after all, as it lives but in the *breath* of the people, a little sly envy or a new turn of things extinguishes it, or perhaps it goes quite out of itself.‖ Men please themselves with notions of *immortality*, and fancy a perpetuity of fame secured to themselves by books and testimonies of historians: but, alas! it is a stupid delusion, when they imagine

---

* *Cleon*, only a songster, had a statue at *Thebes*, kept as sacred, when *Pindar* himself had none. See the story in *Athenaus*.

† What *Seneca* says of *Alexander*, is true of many an other hero: *pro virtute erat felix temeritas*.

‡ *Tumes alto Druforum sanguine, tanquam Feceris ipse aliquid, &c.* Juv.

§ *Gloria quantalibet quid erit, si gloria tantum est?* Juv.

‖ Even the great *pyramid* in *Egypt*, though it still remains, hath not been able to preserve the *true name* of its builder; which is lost, one may justly wonder how.

themselves *present*, and *enjoying* that fame at the reading of their story after their death. And, beside, *in reality* the man is not known ever the more to posterity, because his name is transmitted to them: *he* doth not live, because his *name* does. When it is said, *J. Cæsar* subdued *Gaul*, beat *Pompey*, changed the *Roman* commonwealth into a monarchy, &c. It is the same, thing, as to say, the conqeuror of *Pompey*, &c. was *Cæsar*: that is, *Cæsar* and the conqueror of *Pompey* are the same thing; and *Cæsar* is as much known by the one designation as by the other. The amount then is only this: that the conqueror of *Pompey* conquered *Pompey*; or some body conquered *Pompey*; or rather, since *Pompey* is as little known now as *Cæsar*, *some body* conquered *some body*. Such a *poor business* is this boasted immortality: and such as has been here described, is the thing called *glory* among us! The notion of it may serve to excite them, who having abilities to serve their country in time of real danger, or want, or to do some other good, have yet not *philosophy* enough to do this upon principles of virtue, or to see through the glories of the world (just as we excite children by *praising* them and as we see many good inventions and improvements proceed from emulation and vanity): but to discerning men this *fame* is mere air, and the next remove from nothing;* what they despise, if not shun. I think there are two considerations, which may justify a desire of *some* glory or honor: and scarce more. When men have performed any *virtuous* actions, or such as sit easy upon their memories, it is a *reasonable pleasure* to have the testimony of the world added to that of their own consciences, that they have done well: and more than that, if the *reputation* acquired by any qualification or action may produce a man any *real* comfort or advantage (if it be only protection from the insolencies and injustice of mankind; or if it enables him to do by his authority more good to others), to have this privilige must be a great satisfaction, and what a *wise* and *good* man may be allowed, as he has opportunity, to propose to himself. But then he proposes it no farther than it may be *useful*: and it can be no farther useful than he *wants* it. So that upon the whole, *glory*, *praise* and the like, are either mere *vanity*, or only valuable in proportion to our *defects* and *wants*. If then those words are understood according to the import and value they have *among men*, how dares any one think, that the Supreme Being can propose such a *mean* end to Himself as our praises? He can neither *want*, nor *value* them. *Alexander*, according to his taste of things, it may well be supposed would have been proud to have heard that he should be the subject of *some* second *Homer*, in whose sheets his name might be imbalmed for ages to come; or to have been celebrated at *Athens*, the mother of so many wits and captains: but sure *even he*, with all his vanity, could not propose to himself as the end of all his fatigues and dangers only to be praised by *children*, or rather by *worms* and *insects*, if they were capable of shewing some faint sense of his *greatness*.

---

* *Expende Hannabalem: quot libras in duce summo invenires?*

SOME PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON HABIT.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is not a common ſaying which has a better turn of ſenſe in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that *cuſtom* is *ſecond nature*. It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from thoſe he was born with. Dr. PLOT, in his *Hiſtory of Staffordſhire*, tells us of an idiot that chancing to live within the ſound of a clock, and always amuſing himſelf with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock ſtruck, the clock being ſpoiled by ſome accident, the idiot continued to ſtrike and count the hour without the help of it, in the ſame manner he had done when it was intire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this ſtory, it is very certain that cuſtom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the ſame time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I ſhall in this paper conſider one very remarkable effect which cuſtom has upon human nature; and which, if rightly obſerved, may lead us into very uſeful rules of life. What I ſhall here take notice of in cuſtom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleaſant to us. A perſon who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at firſt, by degrees contracts ſo ſtrong an inclination towards it, and gives himſelf up ſo entirely to it, that it ſeems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or buſy life will grow upon a man inſenſibly, as he is converſant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for reliſhing that to which he has been for ſome time diſuſed. Nay, a man may ſmoke or drink, or take ſnuff, till he is unable to paſs away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular ſtudy, art, or ſcience, riſes and improves in proportion to the application which we beſtow upon it. Thus, what was at firſt an exerciſe, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diverſions. The mind grows fond of thoſe actions ſhe is *accuſtomed* to, and is drawn with reluctancy from thoſe paths in which ſhe has uſed to walk.

Not only ſuch actions as were at firſt indifferent to us, but even ſuch as were painful, will by cuſtom and practice become pleaſant. Sir Francis BACON obſerves, in his *Natural Philoſophy*, that our taſte is never pleaſed better than with thoſe things which at firſt created ſome diſguſt. He gives particular inſtances of claret, coffee, and other liquors, which the palate ſeldom approves upon the firſt taſte; but when it has once got a reliſh of them, generally retains it for life. The mind is conſtituted after the ſame manner, and, after having habituated herſelf to any particular exerciſe or employment, not only loſes her firſt averſion towards it, but conceives a certain

fondneſs and affection for it. I have heard one of the greateſt geniuſes this age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite ſtudies of antiquity, aſſure me, upon his being obliged to ſearch into ſeveral rolls and records, that notwithſtanding ſuch an employment was at firſt very dry and irkſome to him, he at laſt took an incredible pleaſure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil or Cicero. The reader will obſerve, that I have not here conſidered *cuſtom* as it makes things eaſy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the ſame reflections, it is poſſible they may not have drawn thoſe uſes from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this ſection.

If we conſider attentively this property of human nature, it may inſtruct us in very fine moralities. In the firſt place I would have no man diſcouraged with that kind of life or ſeries of action, in which the choice of others, or his own neceſſities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very diſagreeable to him at firſt; but uſe and application will certainly render it not only leſs painful, but pleaſing and ſatisfactory.

In the ſecond place I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which PYTHAGORAS is ſaid to have given to his diſciples, and which that philoſopher muſt have drawn from the obſervation I have enlarged upon: *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam conſuetudo faciet jucundiſſimum;* pitch upon that courſe of life which is the moſt excellent, and *cuſtom* will render it the moſt delightful. Men, whoſe circumſtances will permit them to chooſe their own way of life, are inexcuſable if they do not purſue that which their judgment tells them is the moſt laudable. The voice of reaſon is more to be regarded than the bent of any preſent inclination, ſince by the rule above mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reaſon, though we can never force reaſon to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this obſervation may teach the moſt ſenſual and irreligious man to overlook thoſe hardſhips and difficulties, which are apt to diſcourage him from the proſecution of a virtuous life. *The gods*, ſaid HESIOD, *have placed Labour before Virtue; the way to her is at firſt rough and difficult, but grows more ſmooth and eaſy the further you advance in it.* The man who proceeds in it, with ſteadineſs and reſolution, will in a little time find, that "*her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and that all her paths are peace.*"

In the fourth place, we may learn from this obſervation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once ſettled in a regular courſe of life, how we too frequently indulge ourſelves in any the moſt innocent diverſions and entertainments, ſince the mind may inſenſibly fall off from the reliſh of virtuous actions, and, by degrees, exchange that pleaſure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The laſt uſe which I ſhall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with thoſe actions to which it is

accuſtomed, is to ſhew how abſolutely neceſſary it is for us to gain *habits* of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleaſures of the next. The ſtate of bliſs we call heaven will not be capable of affecting thoſe minds, which are not thus qualified for it; we muſt, in this world, gain a reliſh of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taſte that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The ſeeds of thoſe ſpiritual joys and raptures, which are to riſe up and flouriſh in the ſoul to all eternity, muſt be planted in her during this her preſent ſtate of probation. In ſhort, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

On the other hand, thoſe evil ſpirits, who, by long cuſtom, have contracted in the body *habits* of luſt and ſenſuality, malice and revenge, an averſion to every thing that is good, juſt, or laudable, are naturally ſeaſoned and prepared for pain and miſery. Their torments have already taken root in them; they cannot be happy when diveſted of the body, unleſs we may ſuppoſe, that PROVIDENCE will, in a manner, create the *mind* anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taſte a kind of malignant pleaſure in thoſe actions to which they are accuſtomed, whilſt in this life; but when they are removed from all thoſe objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cheriſh in themſelves thoſe painful habits of mind which are called, in Scripture phraſe, "*the worm which never dies.*"

> To be good is to be happy; angels
> Are happier than men, becauſe they're better:
> Guilt is the ſource of ſorrow; 'tis the fiend,
> Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
> With whips and ſtings: the bleſs'd know none of this,
> But reſt in everlaſting peace of mind.

This notion of heaven and hell is ſo very conformable to the light of nature, that it was diſcovered by ſeveral of the moſt exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the laſt age, as in particular by Archbiſhop TILLOTSON and Dr. SHERLOCK: but there is none who has raiſed ſuch noble ſpeculations upon it as Dr. SCOTT, in the firſt book of his *Chriſtian Life*, which is one of the fineſt and moſt rational ſchemes of divinity, that is written in our tongue, or in any other. That excellent author has ſhewn how every particular cuſtom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the *heaven*, or a ſtate of happineſs, in him who ſhall practiſe it: as on the contrary, how every cuſtom or habit of vice will be the natural *hell* of him in whom it ſubſiſts.*

Many parents, by ſtudying the health and comforts of their chil-

---

* When we had occaſion before to mention the *reſurrection*, we obſerved that the ſpirit on that day would be "*embodied*," and "*GOD would give it a body as it pleaſeth him, and to every one its own* (or proper) *body; and as the ſun, moon, and ſtars, differ from each other in*

dren, bring on *habits* that prove the ſources of perpetual ſickneſs, or the certain preſages of an early death. The mother certainly forſakes the intention of Nature when ſhe carries her fondneſs to exceſs; when ſhe makes an idol of her child; increaſing his weakneſs by preventing its ſenſe of it; and, as if ſhe could emancipate him from the laws of Nature, tries to prevent every approach of pain and diſtreſs; not conſidering, that for the ſake of preſerving him at preſent from inconveniences, ſhe is accumulating on his head a load of anxieties and misfortunes, and, by bringing up her child in ſoftneſs and effeminacy, ſhe abſolutely renders him *more tender* and *vulnerable*; and *lays open*, as it were, his nerves to every ſpecies of afflicting ſenſations, to which he moſt aſſuredly will fall a prey as he grows up.

Nor do I recommend the oppoſite extreme. The middle is the only right path. When men, whom the world hath celebrated for profound thinking, ſpeculate upon innate ideas, or liberty and free will, they may be permitted to have their opinion; but when they alledge* that children are to be every day plunged into cold water, and, whatever be their conſtitutions or parents, indiſcriminately inured to cold and moiſture; that they are to have no covering on their feet; and are to go half naked, &c. Theſe are ſuch noxious errors, that all reaſonable men ſhould endeavour to oppoſe them. Many have been the children whom theſe opinions, begun in ſpeculation, have injured or deſtroyed in practice, and I have ſeen many a little philoſophic martyr whom I wiſhed, but was unable, to relieve.

Extracted from Medical Extracts.

---

glory, and there is one fleſh of birds, auother of fiſh, another of beaſts, ſo would it be with us on that grand and awful day."—An inquiry here naturally ſtarts itſelf, "immediate upon the diſſolution of the body what becomes of the immortal ſpirit?" This we can only learn from Scripture. "*It is not expedient for me, doubtleſs,*" ſays St. PAUL, "*to glory. I will however come to revelations vouchſafed unto me from the Lord—I ſaw* CHRIST *above fourteen years ago, whether embodied, or no, I cannot tell,* GOD *knoweth, he was caught up to the* THIRD HEAVEN."—*I alſo know how he was caught up into* PARADISE, *whether embodied or not I cannot tell,* GOD *knoweth, and heard unſpeakable words, which it is not allowable for man to utter.*" The Jews make mention of three heavens. The firſt is properly the ambient air; the ſecond the viſible firmament, wherein the ſun, moon, and ſtars appear; and the *third* is the inviſible heaven, the throne of GOD and the habitation of the holy angels.—St. PAUL diſtinctly ſpeaks of two viſions.—Firſt, the aſcenſion of CHRIST to HEAVEN; and ſecondly, his aſcenſion into PARADISE. That theſe are diſtinct, appear alſo from the reſurrection of LAZARUS, and the words of our Saviour to the penitent ſinner on the croſs: "*This day ſhalt thou be with me in* PARADISE."—MOSES and ELISHA appear to CHRIST at the transfiguration; and we have ſeveral other demonſtrative proofs in Scripture, that the ſoul, from the moment it quits the body, ceaſes not its active energies.

* Vide LOCK'S *Treatiſe on Education.*

EDUCATION.

OF THE MODE OF EDUCATION PROPER IN A REPUBLIC. *Written by Dr. Rush.*

THE buſineſs of education has acquired a new complexion by the independence of our country. The form of government we have aſſumed, has created a new claſs of duties to every American. It becomes us, therefore, to examine our former habits upon this ſubject, and in laying the foundation for nurſeries of wiſe and good men, to adapt our modes of teaching to the peculiar form of our government.

The firſt remark that I ſhall make upon this ſubject is, that an education in our own, is to be preferred to an education in a foreign country. The principle of patriotiſm ſtands in need of the reinforcement of prejudice. And it is well known that our ſtrongeſt prejudices in favour of our country are formed in the firſt one and twenty years of our lives. The policy of the Lacedemonians is well worthy of our imitation. When Antipater demaded fifty of their children as hoſtages for the fulfillment of a diſtant engagement, thoſe wiſe republicans refuſed to comply with his demand, but readily offered him double the number of their adult citizens, whoſe habits and prejudices could not be ſhaken by reſiding in a foreign country. Paſſing by, in this place, the advantages to the community from the early attachment of youth to the laws and conſtitution of their country, I ſhall only remark, that young men who have trodden the paths of ſcience together, or have joined in the ſame ſports, whether of ſwimming, ſcating, fiſhing, or hunting, generally feel, thro' life, ſuch ties to each other, as add greatly to the obligations of mutual benevolence.

I conceive the education of our youth in this country to be peculiarly neceſſary in Pennſylvania, while our citizens are compoſed of the natives of ſo many different kingdoms in Europe. Our ſchools of learning, by producing one general, and uniform ſyſtem of education, will render the maſs of the people more homogeneous, and thereby fit them more eaſily for uniform and peaceable government.

I proceed in the next place, to enquire, what mode of education we ſhall adopt ſo as to ſecure to the ſtate all the advantages that are to be derived from the proper inſtruction of youth; and here I beg leave to remark, that the only foundation for a uſeful education in a republic is to be laid in Religion. Without this there can be no virtue, and without virtue there can be no liberty, and liberty is the object and life of all republican governments.

Such is my veneration for every religion that reveals the attributes of the Deity, or a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, that I had rather ſee the opinions of Confucius or Mahomed inculcated upon

our youth, than ſee them grow up wholly devoid of a ſyſtem of religious principles. But the religion I mean to recommend in this place, is that of the New Teſtament.

It is foreign to my purpoſe to hint at the arguments which eſtabliſh the truth of the Chriſtain revelation. My only buſineſs is to declare, that all its doctrines and precepts are calculated to promote the happineſs of ſociety, and the ſafety and well being of civil government. A Chriſtian cannot fail of being a republican. The hiſtory of the creation of man, and of the relation of our ſpecies to each other by birth, which is recorded in the Old Teſtament, is the beſt refutation that can be given to the divine right of kings, and the ſtrongeſt argument that can be uſed in favour of the original and natural equality of all mankind. A Chriſtian, I ſay again, cannot fail of being a republican, for every precept of the Goſpel inculcates thoſe degrees of humility, ſelf-denial, and brotherly kindneſs, which are directly oppoſed to the pride of monarchy and the pageantry of a court. A Chriſtian cannot fail of being uſeful to the republic, for his religion teacheth him, that no man "liveth to himſelf." And laſtly, a chriſtian cannot fail of being wholly inoffenſive, for his religion teacheth him, in all things to do to others what he would wiſh, in like circumſtances, they ſhould do to him.

I am aware that I diſſent from one of thoſe paradoxical opinions with which modern times abound; and that it is improper to fill the minds of youth with religious prejudices of any kind, and that they ſhould be left to chooſe their own principles, after they have arrived at an age in which they are capable of judging for themſelves. Could we preſerve the mind in childhood and youth a perfect blank, this plan of education would have more to recommend it, but this we know to be impoſſible. The human mind runs as naturally into principles as it does after facts. It ſubmits with difficulty to thoſe reſtraints or partial diſcoveries which are impoſed upon it in the infancy of reaſon. Hence the impatience of children to be informed upon all ſubjects that relate to the inviſible world. But I beg leave to aſk, why ſhould we purſue a different plan of education with reſpect to religion, from that which we purſue in teaching the arts and ſciences? Do we leave our youth to acquire ſyſtems of geography, philoſophy, or politics, till they have arrived at an age in which they are capable of judging for themſelves? We do not. I claim no more then for religion, than for the other ſciences, and I add further, that if our youth are diſpoſed after they are of age to think for themſelves, a knowledge of one ſyſtem, will be the beſt means of conducting them in a free enquiry into other ſyſtems of religion, juſt as an acquaintance with one ſyſtem of philoſophy is the beſt introduction to the ſtudy of all the other ſyſtems in the world.

Next to the duty which young men owe to their Creator, I wiſh to ſee a regard to their country, inculcated upon them. When the Duke of Sully became prime miniſter to Henry the IVth of France, the firſt thing he did, he tells us, "Was to ſubdue and forget his

own heart. The ſame duty is incumbent on every citizen of a republic. Our country includes family, friends and property, and ſhould be preferred to them all. Let our pupil be taught that he does not belong to himſelf, but that he is public property. Let him be taught to love his family, but let him be taught, at the ſame time, that he muſt forſake, and even forget them, when the welfare of his country requires it. He muſt watch for the ſtate, as if its liberties depended upon his vigilance alone, but he muſt do this in ſuch a manner as not to defraud his creditors, or neglect his family. He muſt love private life, but he muſt decline no ſtation, however public or reſponſible it may be, when called to it by the ſuffrages of his fellow citizens. He muſt love popularity, but he muſt deſpiſe it when ſet in competition with the dictates of his judgment, or the real intereſt of his country. He muſt love character, and have a due ſenſe of injuries, but he muſt be taught to appeal only to the laws of the ſtate, to defend the one and puniſh the other. He muſt love family honour, but he muſt be taught that neither the rank nor antiquity of his anceſtors, can command reſpect, without perſonal merit. He muſt avoid neutrality in all queſtions that divide the ſtate, but he muſt ſhun the rage and acrimony of party ſpirit. He muſt be taught to love his fellow creatures in every part of the world, but he muſt cheriſh with more intenſe and peculiar affection, the citizens of the United States. I do not wiſh to ſee our youth educated with a ſingle prejudice againſt any nation or country; but we impoſe a taſk upon human nature, repugnant alike to reaſon, revelation, and the ordinary dimenſions of the human heart, when we require him to embrace, with equal affection, the whole family of mankind. He muſt be taught to amaſs wealth, but it muſt be only to encreaſe his power of contributing to the wants and demands of the ſtate. He muſt be indulged occaſionally in amuſement, but he muſt be taught that ſtudy and buſineſs ſhould be his principal purſuits in life. Above all he muſt love life, and endeavour to acquire as many of its conveniences as poſſible by induſtry and economy, but he muſt be taught that this life "is not his own," when the ſafety of his country requires it. Theſe are practicable leſſons, and the hiſtory of the commonwealths of Greece and Rome ſhow, that human nature, without the aids of Chriſtianity, has attained theſe degrees of perfection.

While we inculcate theſe republican duties upon our pupil, we muſt not neglect, at the ſame time, to inſpire him with republican principles. He muſt be taught that there can be no durable liberty but in a republic, and that government, like all other ſciences, is of a progreſſive nature. The chains which have bound this ſcience in Europe are happily unlooſed in America. Here it is open to inveſtigation and improvement. While philoſophy has protected us by its diſcoveries from a thouſand natural evils, government has unhappily followed with an unequal pace. It would be to diſhonour human genius, only to name the many defects which ſtill exiſt in

the beſt ſyſtems of legiſlation. We daily ſee matter of a periſhable nature rendered durable by certain chemical operations. In like manner, I conceive, that it is poſſible to combine power in ſuch a way as not only to encreaſe the happineſs, but to promote the duration of republican forms of government far beyond the terms limited for them by hiſtory, or the common opinions of mankind.

To aſſiſt in rendering religious, moral and political inſtruction more effectual upon the minds of our youth, it will be neceſſary to ſubject their bodies to phyſical diſcipline. To obviate the inconveniences of their ſtudious and ſedentary mode of life, they ſhould live upon a temperate diet, conſiſting chiefly of broths, milk and vegetables. The black broth of Sparta, and the barley broth of Scotland, have been alike celebrated for their beneficial effects upon the minds of young people. They ſhould avoid taſting ſpiritous liquors. They ſhould alſo be accuſtomed occaſionally to work with their hands, in the intervals of ſtudy, and in the buſy ſeaſons of the year in the country. Moderate ſleep, ſilence, occaſional ſolitude and cleanlineſs, ſhould be inculcated upon them, and the utmoſt advantage ſhould be taken of a proper direction of thoſe great principles in human conduct,—ſenſibility, habit, imitations and aſſociation.

The influence of theſe phyſical cauſes will be powerful upon the intellects, as well as upon the principles and morals of young people. To thoſe who have ſtudied human nature, it will not appear paradoxical to recommend, in this eſſay, a particular attention to vocal muſic. Its mechanical effects in civilizing the mind, and thereby preparing it for the influence of religion and government, have been ſo often felt and recorded, that it will be unneceſſary to mention facts in favour of its uſefulneſs, in order to excite a proper attention to it.

I cannot help bearing a teſtimony, in this place, againſt the cuſtom, which prevails in ſome parts of America, (but which is daily falling into diſuſe in Europe) of crouding boys together under one roof for the purpoſe of education. The practice is the gloomy remains of monkiſh ignorance, and is as unfavourable to the improvements of the mind in uſeful learning, as monaſteries are to the ſpirit of religion. I grant this mode of ſecluding boys from the intercourſe of private families, has a tendency to make them ſcholars, but our buſineſs is to make them men, citizens and Chriſtians. The vices of young people are generally learned from each other. The vices of adults ſeldom infect them. By ſeparating them from each other, therefore, in their hours of relaxation from ſtudy, we ſecure their morals from a principal ſource of corruption, while we improve their manners, by ſubjecting them to thoſe reſtraints which the difference of age and ſex naturally produce in private families.

From the obſervations that have been made it is plain, that I conſider it is poſſible to convert men into republican machines. This muſt be done, if we expect them to perform their parts proper-

ly, in the great machine of the government of the ſtate. That republic is ſophiſticated with monarchy or ariſtocracy that does not revolve upon the wills of the people, and theſe muſt be fitted to each other by means of education before they can be made to produce regularity and uniſon in government.

Having pointed out thoſe general principles, which ſhould be inculcated alike in all the ſchools of the ſtate, I proceed now to make a few remarks upon the method of conducting, what is commonly called, a liberal or learned education in a republic.

I ſhall begin this part of my ſubject, by bearing a teſtimony againſt the common practice of attempting to teach boys the learned languages, and the arts and ſciences, too early in life. The firſt twelve years of life are barely ſufficient to inſtruct a boy in reading, writing and arithmetic. With theſe, he may be taught thoſe modern languages which are neceſſary for him to ſpeak. The ſtate of the memory, in early life, is favourable to the acquiſition of languages, eſpecially when they are conveyed to the mind, through the ear. It is, moreover, in early life only, that the organs of ſpeech yield in ſuch a manner as to favour the juſt pronunciation of foreign languages.

Too much pains cannot be taken to teach our youth to read and write our American language with propriety and elegance. The ſtudy of the Greek language conſtituted a material part of the literature of the Athenians, hence the ſublimity, purity and immortality of ſo many of their writings. The advantages of a perfect knowledge of our language to young men intended for the profeſſions of law, phyſic, or divinity, are too obvious to be mentioned; but in a ſtate which boaſts of the firſt commercial city in America, I wiſh to ſee it cultivated by young men, who are intended for the compting houſe, for many ſuch, I hope, will be educated in our colleges. The time is paſt when an academical education was thought to be unneceſſary to qualify a young man for merchandize. I conceive no profeſſion is capable of receiving more embelliſhments from it. The French and German languages ſhould likewiſe be carefully taught in all our colleges. The abound with uſeful books on all ſubjects. So important and neceſſary are thoſe languages, that a degree ſhould never be conferred upon a young man who cannot ſpeak or tranſlate them.

Connected with the ſtudy of languages is the ſtudy of eloquence. It is well known how great a part it conſtituted of the Roman education. It is the firſt accompliſhment in a republic, and often ſets the whole machine of government in motion. Let our youth, therefore, be inſtructed in this art. We do not extol it too highly when we attribute as much to the power of eloquence as to the ſword, in bringing about the American revolution.

With the uſual arts and ſciences that are taught in our American colleges, I wiſh to ſee a regular courſe of lectures given upon Hiſtory and Chronology. The ſcience of government, whether it related to

conſtitutions or laws, can only be advanced by a careful ſelection of facts, and theſe are to be found chiefly in hiſtory. Above all, let our youth be iſtructed in the hiſtory of the ancient republics, and the progreſs of liberty and tyranny in the different ſtates of Europe. I wiſh likewiſe to ſee the numerous facts that relate to the origin and preſent ſtate of commerce, together with the nature and princples of money, reduced to ſuch a ſyſtem, as to be intelligible and agreeable to a young man. If we conſider the commerce of our metropolis only as the avenue of the wealth of the ſtate, the ſtudy of it merits a place in a young man's education; but, I conſider commerce in a much higher light when I recommend the ſtudy of it in republican ſeminaries. I view it as the beſt ſecurity againſt the influence of hereditary monopolies of land, and, therefore, the ſureſt protection againſt ariſtocracy. I conſider its effects as next to thoſe of religion in humanizing mankind, and laſtly; I view it as the means of uniting the different nations of the world together by the ties of mutual wants and obligations.

Chemiſtry, by unfolding to us the effects of heat and mixture, enlarges our acquaintance with the wonders of nature and the myſteries of art; hence it has become in moſt of the univerſities of Europe, a neceſſary branch of a gentleman's education. In a young county, where improvements in agriculture and manufactures are ſo much to be deſired, the cultivation of this ſcience, which explains the principles of both of them, ſhould be conſidered as an object of the utmoſt importance.

Again, let your youth be inſtructed in all the means of promoting national proſperity and independence, whether they relate to improvements in agriculture, manufactures, or inland navigation. Let him be inſtructed further in the general principles of legiſlation, whether they relate to revenue, or to the preſervation of life, liberty or property. Let him be directed frequently to attend the courts of juſtice, where he will have the beſt opportunities of acquiring habits of comparing, and arranging his ideas by obſerving the diſcovery of truth, in the examination of witneſſes, and where he will hear the laws of the ſtate explained, with all the advantages of that ſpecies of eloquence which belongs to the bar. Of ſo much importance do I conceive it to be, to a young man, to attend occaſionally to the deciſions of our courts of law, that I wiſh to ſee our colleges eſtabliſhed, only in county towns.

But further, conſidering the nature of our connexion with the United States, it will be neceſſary to make our pupil acquainted with all the prerogatives of the national government. He muſt be inſtructed in the nature and variety of treaties. He muſt know the difference in the powers and duties of the ſeveral ſpecies of ambaſſadors. He muſt be taught wherein the obligations of individuals and of ſtates are the ſame, and wherein they differ. In ſhort, he muſt acquire a general knowledge of all thoſe laws and forms, which unite the ſovereigns of the earth, or ſeparate them from each other.

I beg pardon for having delayed ſo long to ſay any thing of the ſeparate and peculiar mode of education proper for women in a republic. I am ſenſible that they muſt concur in all our plans of education for young men, or no laws will ever render them effectual. To qualify our women for this purpoſe, they ſhould not only be inſtructed in the uſual branches of female education, but they ſhould be taught the principles of liberty and government; and the obligations of patriotiſm ſhould be inculcated upon them. The opinions and conduct of men are often regulated by the women in the moſt arduous enterprizes of life; and their approbation is frequently the principal reward of the hero's dangers, and the patriot's toils. Beſides, the firſt impreſſions upon the minds of children are generally derived from the women. Of how much conſequence, therefore, is it in a republic, that they ſhould think juſtly upon the great ſubjects of liberty and government!

The complaints that have been made againſt religion, liberty and learning, have been againſt each of them in a ſeparate ſtate. Perhaps like certain liquors, they ſhould only be uſed in a ſtate of mixture. They mutually aſſiſt in correcting the abuſes, and in improving the good effects of each other. From the combined and reciprocal influence of religion, liberty and learning upon the morals, manners and knowledge of individuals, of theſe, upon government, and of government, upon individuals, it is impoſſible to meaſure the degrees of happineſs and perfection to which mankind might be raiſed. For my part, I can form no ideas of the golden age, ſo much celebrated by the poets, more delightful, than the contemplation of that happineſs which it is now in the power of the legiſlature of Pennſylvania to confer upon her citizens, by eſtabliſhing proper modes and places of education in every part of the ſtate.

OF AWAKENING THE MIND.

THE true object of education, like that of every other moral proceſs, is the generation of happineſs.

Happineſs to the individual in the firſt place. If individuals were univerſally happy, the ſpecies would be happy.

Man is a ſocial being. In ſociety the intereſt of individuals are intertwiſted with each other, and cannot be ſeparated. Men ſhould be taught to aſſiſt each other. The firſt object ſhould be to train a man to be happy; the ſecond to train him to be uſeful, that is, to be virtuous.

There is a further reaſon for this. Virtue is eſſential to individual happineſs. There is no tranſport equal to that of the performance of virtue. All other happineſs, which is not connected with ſelf-approbation and ſympathy, is unſatisfactory and frigid.

To make a man virtuous we muſt make him wiſe. All virtue is a compromiſe between oppoſite motives and inducements. The man of genuine virtue, is a man of vigorous comprehenſion and long views. He who would be emminently uſeful, muſt be eminently inſtructed. He muſt be endowed with a ſagacious judgment and an ardent zeal.

The argument in favour of wiſdom or a cultivated intellect, like the argument in favour of virtue, when cloſely conſidered, ſhows itſelf to be twofold. Wiſdom is not only directly a means to virtue; it is alſo directly a means to happineſs. The man of enlightened underſtanding and perſevering ardour, has many ſources of enjoyment which the ignorant man cannot reach; and it may at leaſt be ſuſpected that theſe ſources are more exquiſite, more ſolid, more durable and more conſtantly acceſſible, than any which the wiſe man and the ignorant man poſſeſs in common.

Thus it appears that there are three leading objects of a juſt education, happineſs, virtue, wiſdom, including under the term wiſdom both extent of information and energy of purſuit.

When a child is born, one of the earlieſt purpoſes of his inſtitutor ought to be, to awaken his mind, to breathe a ſoul into the, as yet, unformed maſs.

What may be the preciſe degree of difference with reſpect to capacity that children generally bring into the world with them, is a problem that it is perhaps impoſſible completely to ſolve.

But, if education cannot do every thing, it can do much. To the attainment of any accompliſhment what is principally neceſſary, is that the accompliſhment ſhould be ardently deſired. How many inſtances is it reaſonable to ſuppoſe there are, where this ardent deſire exiſts, and the means of attainment are clearly and ſkilfully pointed out, where yet the accompliſhment remains finally unattained? Give but ſufficient motive, and you have given every thing. Whether the object be to ſhoot at a mark, or to maſter a ſcience, this obſervation is equally applicable.

The means of exciting deſire are obvious. Has the propoſed object deſirable qualities? Exhibit them. Delineate them with perſpicuity, and delineate them with ardour. Show your object from time to time under every point of view which is calculated to demonſtrate its lovelineſs. Criticiſe, commend, exemplify. Nothing is more common than for a maſter to fail in infuſing the paſſions into his pupil that he propoſes to infuſe; but who is there that refuſes to confeſs, that the failure is to be aſcribed to the indolence or unſkilfulneſs of the maſter, not to the impoſſibility of ſucceſs?

The more inexperienced and immature is the mind of the infant, the greater is its pliability. It is not to be told how early, habits, pernicious or otherwiſe, are acquired. Children bring ſome qualities, favourable or adverſe to cultivation, into the world with them. But they ſpeedily acquire other qualities in addition to theſe, and which are probably of more moment than they. Thus a diſeaſed

ſtate of body, and ſtill more an improper treatment, the rendering the child, in any conſiderable degree, either the tyrant or the ſlave of thoſe around him, may in the firſt twelve months implant ſeeds of an ill temper, which in ſome inſtances may accompany him through life.

Reaſoning from the principles already delivered, it would be a groſs miſtake to ſuppoſe, that the ſole object to be attended to in the firſt part of education, is to provide for the preſent eaſe and happineſs of the individual. An awakened mind is one of the moſt important purpoſes of education, and it is a purpoſe that cannot too ſoon enter into the views of the preceptor.

It ſeems probable that early inſtruction is a thing, in itſelf conſidered, of very inferior value. Many of thoſe things which we learn in our youth, it is neceſſary, if we would well underſtand, that we ſhould learn over again in our riper years. Many things that, in the dark and unapprehenſive period of youth, are attained with infinite labour, may, by a ripe and judicious underſtanding, be acquired with an effort inexpreſſibly inferior. He who ſhould affirm, that the true object of juvenile education was to teach no one thing in particular, but to provide againſt the age of five and twenty a mind well regulated, active, and prepared to learn, would certainly not obtrude upon us the abſurdeſt of paradoxes.

The purpoſe therefore of early inſtruction is not abſolute. It is of leſs importance, generally ſpeaking, that a child ſhould acquire this or that ſpecies of knowledge, than that, through the medium of inſtruction, he ſhould acquire habits of intellectual activity. It is not ſo much for the direct conſideration of what he learns, that his mind muſt not be ſuffered to lie idle. The preceptor in this reſpect is like the incloſer of uncultivated land; his firſt crops are not valued for their intrinſic excellence; they are ſown that the land may be brought into order. The ſprings of the mind, like the joints of the body, are apt to grow ſtiff for want of employment. They muſt be exerciſed in various directions and with unabating perſeverance. In a word, the firſt leſſon of a judicious education is, Learn to think, to diſcriminate, to remember and to enquire.

THE NECESSITY OF CULTIVATING THE DISPOSITIONS OF CHILDREN. *By* HUGH SMITH, M. D.

THE human mind, in its infant opening, has been juſtly compared to a blank ſheet of paper, ſuſceptible of every impreſſion: whence it may be ſuppoſed, children receive their prejudices and inclinations from the diſpoſitions of thoſe perſons to whoſe care they are entruſted, in like manner as theſe letters convey the ſentiments of the author.

That any children are born with vicious inclinations, I would not willingly believe. When I hear parents exclaiming againſt the bad

diſpoſitions of their own children, I cannot help oftentimes ſecretly condemning the parents themſelves, for introducing ſuch vices into their habits. Inſtinct, even in brutes, produces a tenderneſs for their young—a harmleſs ſociety amongſt their neighbours—a paſſive fear towards their enemies—and violence ſeldom is diſcovered but againſt thoſe animals which nature has appointed for their ſupport. Can we then imagine that a worſe than brutiſh fierceneſs ſhould be naturally diſcernable in our infant ſtate?—that ſpite, malice, anger, and revenge, ſuch diabolical paſſions, ſhould tyranize before we are capable of ſelf-defence? The very ſuppoſition ſeems to me an arraignment of providence in the nobleſt part of the creation, and appears to be inconſiſtent with the juſtice of a benevolent Deity.

It therefore behoves every mother to be watchful of her own conduct, and perfectly ſatisfied of the diſpoſitions of ſuch ſervants as ſhe entruſts with the care of her children, at this ſuſceptible time of life; when even the more affectionately theſe perſons treat them, the worſe conſequences are to be apprehended, if their own tempers are not good: for as children are gratefully fond of thoſe who uſe them kindly, they are by far the more likely to imbibe the bad qualities of an indulgent attendant; and, on the contrary, to profit by good examples.

Objects that attract the eyes are the firſt delighting: the pleaſures from hearing are the next. From ſight and ſound ideas take their gradual riſe. Hence, a partial fondneſs is formed by children towards thoſe whoſe province it is to attend upon them: and for this reaſon they are more fond of their nurſes, who are conſtantly prattling to them, than of parents neglectful of their infancy.

The want of duty and affection in children towards their parents ſo much to be cenſured, and ſo generally complained of, often proceeds from this early miſmanagement. The indifference alſo of too many parents towards their children, frequently owes its origin to depriving themſelves of the enjoyments of their little ones at this engaging ſeaſon of life. Even to an unintereſted perſon, the expanding of an infant mind is a delightful entertainment; but to good parents, the pleaſure and attachment muſt certainly prove exceedingly more agreeable and laſting. We muſt indeed pity thoſe whom neceſſity deprives of this happy ſolace, but utterly condemn ſuch whoſe inclinations drive their little nurſlings from them. Unnatural and miſtaken perſons, who, if they are puniſhed with undutiful children, ſuffer only in conſequence of their own neglect!

Would you, my tender and conſiderate matrons, wiſh to ſee your children truly amiable? Be then ever careful of yourſelves. Endeavour alſo as much as poſſible to prevent violent exceſs of paſſion in your huſbands. This is a landable taſk, and much more in the power of women than they generally imagine. Truſt me, my fair-ones, truly prudent and good wives, by bending a little to the rugged, headſtrong, and boiſterous diſpoſitions of ſome huſbands, may for the moſt part civilize them; and by their endearing and ſooth-

ing manners, in ſpite of early vicious habits, compel them to a behaviour of tenderneſs and love. Thus, by the example of an engaging deportment on your part, you will ſoften their tempers, ſo as to render them good huſbands, good fathers, good maſters, and valuable members of ſociety.

While, on the other hand, vindictive and peeviſh women not only forfeit this female importance, but too frequently eſtrange their huſbands' affections from them: and need I ſay that this want of harmony and ſincere friendſhip, between man and wife, is a dangerous pattern for their children?

From the ſtrong force of example, it becomes in a manner natural to the children of ſuch perſons to give an unbridled looſe to every impulſe; nay, their emulation is ſoon engaged to become equally tyrannical with their parents. On the contrary, where no ſuch precedents are before their eyes—where impaſſioned and youthful love keeps pace with ſentimental friendſhip—where the polite and well-bred man ſhows a virtuous inclination towards his wife; and they both join in a proper regard for their children—how much reaſon have we to expect that their young and tender minds will be impreſſed with virtue! Nay, I dare aver, that, from this rectitude of behaviour, ſuch parents will generally be rewarded with good and dutiful children.

With reſpect to the management of children, how ſhall we draw the line between indulgence and ſeverity? Although they are diametrically oppoſite to each other, it is ſcarcely poſſible to be done; nay, it cannot be determined, ſo as to admit of abſolute deciſion. Children neceſſarily require a different treatment, even from their natural diſpoſition, as it is uſually called; and a conduct indulgent to ſome, will prove the greateſt ſeverity to others. Let it therefore be remembered, that our plan is to ſubdue the firſt irregular emotions in the bud, ſo as to prevent them from riſing into paſſions.

I would, then, at all events, earneſtly recommend temper and forbearance to thoſe who have the government of their infant years. Kind treatment, good words, and a generous encouragement, to moſt diſpoſitions, will prove equal to every thing that you require of them; and if they can be conquered by ſuch laudable and gentle means, you not only carry the firſt points in the moſt eligible manner, but accuſtom them alſo to an obliging behaviour, and excite their emulation to endeavour to pleaſe.

Carefully therefore obſerve every emotion that is praiſe-worthy, and let a reward accompany it; for the encouragement of one virtuous impulſe will have a much happier effect than the correction of a hundred faults.

Such are the impreſſions neceſſary to form a virtuous mind, and they will certainly grow up into their habits. On the contrary, where children's diſpoſitions are untoward; if they be ſubdued by harſh words, threats, and chaſtiſement, how are their tempers ruffled by ſuch treatment!—and what is to be expected but that they conſi-

der ſeverity and violence as the only means for them to obtain any point over others, whom they may have a future occaſion to contend with? What a wretched foundation of perpetual diſquietude!

Where reproof is neceſſary, mortification is undoubtedly the beſt means of correction; and let an acknowledgement of the fault prove the means of reconciliation.

"And next to *right*, pray condeſcend
"T' acknowledge doing *wrong*, my friend."

This humbles them in their own opinions; it neceſſarily begets ſhame; and before a diſpoſition is hardened into vice, ſhame will always produce amendment.

Moreover, in this caſe there is no object for reſentment, that great ſupport of pride; conſequently it initiates them to conſider thoroughly their own conduct, and of courſe to dwell upon the cauſe for which they are thus humbled. What, therefore, can more thoroughly conduce to render children amiable as they grow up, than the accuſtoming of them to a retroſpection of their own behaviour, and to an inward condemnation of their faults, of which their making a confeſſion is ſufficient proof?

Even in the moſt trifling promiſe a parent can make to children, I moſt earneſtly recommend that it be religiouſly adhered to; otherwiſe you teach them a ſhocking leſſon of deceit.

For equivocation and falſity, their mortifications ought to be exceedingly ſevere; but in every point where you find it neceſſary to correct, be ſure you make them truly ſenſible of their error: at the ſame time, in every miſdemeanor, be thoroughly ſatisfied that it proceeds from a culpable emotion, before you reprove it; for it ſometimes falls out, that wrong actions may proceed from laudable intentions.

How often in life does it happen, that exceptions are taken againſt a friend, who is at that very time actually meditating the angry perſon's advantage; and yet, perhaps, appearances ſo blind him that he thinks of nothing but revenge, until an eclairciſement takes place, when he as paſſionately reproaches himſelf for his ingratitdue! The caſe is ſtill harder with children; for, when they are puniſhed wrongfully; it is ſeldom that they have it in their power to clear themſelves; and further, they may probably ſuppoſe their own good emotions to be the guilty cauſe, and thereby endeavour to ſuppreſs a riſing virtue.

Indulgence over much is liable to produce effects equally bad, as extreme ſeverity; for as the latter inures them to every act of violence, ſo the former encourages the breach of every civil duty that thwarts their ſelfiſh inclinations.

But the greateſt miſconduct of all ariſes from theſe two oppoſite ways of management being united together in the wideſt extreme; when one moment the little creature's bones are almoſt broken for a fault of which it is ſcarcely ſenſible, and the next moment it is fondly cheriſhed to reconcile it to the miſtaken parent; and in re-

ſturn, not improbably, indulged in exerciſing its rage upon toys, in torturing birds, dogs, cats, and ſuch-like domeſtic animals, as infant tyranny can lord it over; and permitted alſo at the window to ſport with the lives of little buzzing inſects, that fall a ſacrifice to wanton cruelty.

The child who is fondly and fooliſhly indulged, promiſes only a melancholy proſpect; but where, on the other hand, as is too generally ſeen, an occaſional ſeverity inures it to cruelty, the diſpoſition is inevitably ruined. The conſequences of ſuch ſeverity and ſuch indulgence fill the mind with every diſagreeable apprehenſion: and indeed, what can they produce but inordinate deſires, brutiſh rage, and violence?

Thoſe parents who are happy enough to ſubdue their own choler, and thereby ſet their children proper examples, will have very little cauſe for complaint againſt them: on the contrary, ſuch as are perpetually quarreling with each other, with their children, ſervants, and every body around them, cannot expect much peace and comfort from their riſing families. But if they will take this friendly advice, to correct their own errors only once, for every hundreth time they chaſtiſe others, it will probably bring about ſome amendment in themſelves; and the force of their example muſt ſurely produce the beſt effect upon their houſehold.

We have now conducted children through the different ſtages of helpleſs infancy and gradually introduced them, though as yet but junior characters, upon the grand theatre of life; where the happy effects of ſuch careful regulations are generally to be diſtinguiſhed. As to literary improvements, they properly come under another juriſdiction, and therefore claim your future conſideration. Nevertheleſs, a condeſcending obligingneſs, a ſweet affability, an unaſſuming ſenſibility, and a modeſt deportment, ever denote the proper education of a female mind. In like manner, prudence, abſtemiouſneſs, and virtuous diſpoſitions in men, moſt frequently proceed from the good impreſſions of childhood. Severe ſtripes, and harſh uſage, add fuel to a turbulent and revengeful ſpirit, and too frequently render a ſullen boy malicious: on the other hand, the indulged and ſpoiled child commonly turns out an abandoned libertine.

Thus, my fair ones, you may eaſily diſcover how much ſociety is intereſted in your motherly conduct, at this early time; "for, as the twig is bent the tree will grow;" and the ſeeds of iniquity, in thoſe diſpoſitions where virtue is not planted, unavoidably, as it were, take root, and ſpring up without much cultivation.

Every notorious vice ſhows an utter contempt for the moral duties of life; and the man whoſe character is infamous, ſeems but little to regard the opinion of others: therefore the good fame and chaſtity of women become his ridicule and ſport. Such men are continually aſſaulting their virtue, and aiming at their ſeduction. Of conſequence, the darling who has never been curbed in the early impulſes of erroneous inclinations, will prove to be very little capable of ſub-

duing the tempeſtuous paſſions of youth ; which will not only hurry him on to his own ruin, but alſo too generally occaſion the diſgrace, infamy, and deſtruction of many unfortunate young women.

Thus it appears, how greatly the happineſs and proſperity of the fair ſex are affected by the ſenſual miſconduct of ours ; inſomuch that, in the preſent inſtance, women as well as men muſt fall degraded.

THOUGHTS UPON FEMALE EDUCATION.

Written by Dr. Ruſh.

THE firſt remark that I ſhall make upon this ſubject, is, that female education ſhould be accommodated to the ſtate of ſociety, manners, and government of the country, in which it is conducted.

This remark leads me at once to add, that the education of young ladies, in this country, ſhould be conducted upon principles very different from what it is in Great Britain, and in ſome reſpects, different from what it was when we were part of a monarchical empire.

There are ſeveral circumſtances in the ſituations, employments, and duties of women in America, which require a peculiar mode of education.

I. The early marriages of our women, by contracting the time allowed for education, renders it neceſſary to contract its plan, and to confine it chiefly to the more uſeful branches of literature.

II. The ſtate of property in America, renders it neceſſary for the greateſt part of our citizens to employ themſelves, in different occupations, for the advancement of their fortunes. This cannot be done without the aſſiſtance of the female members of the community. They muſt be the ſtewards, and guardians of their huſbands' property. That education, therefore, will be moſt proper for our women, which teaches them to diſcharge the duties of thoſe offices with the moſt ſucceſs and reputation.

III. From the numerous avocations from their families, to which profeſſional life expoſes gentlemen in America, a principal ſhare of the inſtruction of children naturally devolves upon the women. It becomes us therefore to prepare them by a ſuitable education, for the diſcharge of this moſt important duty of mothers.

IV. The equal ſhare that every citizen has in the liberty, and the poſſible ſhare he may have in the government of our country, make it neceſſary that our ladies ſhould be qualified to a certain degree by a peculiar and ſuitable education, to concur in inſtructing their ſons in the principles of liberty and government.

V. In Great Britain the buſineſs of ſervants is a regular occupation ; but in America this humble ſtation is the uſual retreat of unexpected indigence ; hence the ſervants in this country poſſeſs leſs knowledge and ſubordination than are required from them ; and

hence, our ladies are obliged to attend more to the private affairs of their families, than ladies generally do, of the ſame rank in Great Britain. "They are good ſervants," ſaid an American lady of diſtinguiſhed merit,* in a letter to a favourite daughter,† "who will do well with good looking after." This circumſtance ſhould have great influence upon the nature and extent of female education in America.

The branches of literature moſt eſſential for a young lady in this country, appear to be,

I. A knowledge of the Engliſh language. She ſhould not only read, but ſpeak and ſpell it correctly. And to enable her to do this, ſhe ſhould be taught the Engliſh grammar, and be frequently examined in applying its rules in common converſation.

II. Pleaſure and intereſt conſpire to make the writing of a fair and legible hand, a neceſſary branch of a lady's education. For this purpoſe ſhe ſhould be taught not only to ſhape every letter properly, but to pay the ſtricteſt regard to points and capitals.‡

I once heard of a man who profeſſed to diſcover the temper and diſpoſition of perſons by looking at their hand writing. Without enquiring into the probability of this ſtory, I ſhall only remark, that there is one thing in which all mankind agree upon this ſubject, and that is, in conſidering writing that is blotted, crooked, or illegible, as a mark of vulgar education. I know of few things more rude or illiberal, than to obtrude a letter upon a perſon of rank or buſineſs, which cannot be eaſily read. Peculiar care ſhould be taken to avoid every kind of ambiguity and affectation in writing *names*. I have now a letter in my poſſeſſion upon buſineſs, from a gentleman of a liberal profeſſion in a neighbouring ſtate, which I am unable to anſwer, becauſe I cannot diſcover the name which is ſubſcribed to it.§ For obvious reaſons I would recommend the writing of the firſt or Chriſtian name at full length, where it does not conſiſt of more than two ſyllables. Abbreviations of all kinds in letter writing, which always denote either haſte or careleſſneſs, ſhould likewiſe be avoided.

---

* Mrs. Græme. † Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguſon.

‡ The preſent mode of writing among perſons of taſte is to uſe a capital letter only for the firſt word of a ſentence, and for names of perſons, places and months, and for the firſt word of every line in poetry. The words ſhould be ſo ſhaped that a ſtraight line may be drawn between two lines, without touching the extremeties of the words in either of them.

§ Dr. Franklin received many letters while he was in France during the American war, from perſons who wiſhed to migrate to America, and who appeared to poſſeſs knowledge and talents that would have been uſeful to this country, but their names were ſubſcribed to their letters in ſo artificial and affected a manner, that he was unable to decypher them, and of courſe, did not anſwer them.

I have only to add under this head, that the Italian and inverted hands which are read with difficulty, are by no means accommodated to the active ſtate of buſineſs in America, or to the ſimplicity of the citizens of a republic.

III. Some knowledge of figures and book-keeping is abſolutely neceſſary to qualify a young lady for the duties which await her in this country. There are certain occupations in which ſhe may aſſiſt her huſband with this knowledge; and ſhould ſhe ſurvive him, and agreeably to the cuſtom of our country be the executrix of his will, ſhe cannot fail of deriving immenſe advantages from it.

IV. An acquaintance with geography and ſome inſtruction in chronology will enable a young lady to read hiſtory, biography, and travels, with advantage; and thereby qualify her not only for a general intercourſe with the world, but to be an agreeable companion for a ſenſible man. To theſe branches of knowledge may be added, in ſome inſtances, a general acquaintance with the firſt principles of aſtronomy, natural philoſophy and chemiſtry, particularly, with ſuch parts of them as are calculated to prevent ſuperſtition, by explaining the cauſes, or obviating the effects of natural evil, and ſuch, as are capable of being applied to domeſtic, and culinary purpoſes.

V. Vocal muſic ſhould never be neglected, in the education of a young lady, in this country. Beſides preparing her to join in that part of public worſhip which conſiſts in pſalmody, it will enable her to ſoothe the cares of domeſtic life. The diſtreſs and vexation of a huſband—the noiſe of a nurſery, and even the ſorrows that will ſometimes intrude into her own boſom, may all be relieved by a ſong, where ſound and ſentiment unite to act upon the mind. I hope it will not be thought foreign to this part of our ſubject to introduce a fact here which has been ſuggeſted to me by my profeſſion, and that is, that the exerciſe of the organs of the breaſt, by ſinging, contributes very much to defend them from thoſe diſeaſes to which our climate, and other cauſes, have of late expoſed them.—Our German fellow citizens are ſeldom afflicted with conſumptions, nor have I ever known but one inſtance of ſpitting of blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occaſioned by the ſtrength which their lungs acquire, by exerciſing them frequently in vocal muſic, for this conſtitutes an eſſential branch of their education. The muſic-maſter of our academy* has furniſhed me with an obſervation ſtill more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known ſeveral inſtances of perſons who were ſtrongly diſpoſed to the conſumption, who were reſtored to health, by the moderate exerciſe of their lungs in ſinging.

VI. Dancing is by no means an improper branch of education for an American lady. It promotes health, and renders the figure and motion of the body eaſy and agreeable. I anticipate the time

* Mr. Adgate.

when the reſources of converſation ſhall be ſo far multiplied, that the amuſement of dancing ſhall be wholly confined to children. But in our preſent ſtate of ſociety and knowledge, I conceive it to be an agreeable ſubſtitute for the ignoble pleaſures of drinking and gaming, in our aſſemblies of grown people.

VII. The attention of young ladies ſhould be directed, as ſoon as they are prepared for it, to the reading of hiſtory, travels, poetry, and moral eſſays. Theſe ſtudies are accommodated, in a peculiar manner, to the preſent ſtate of ſociety in America, and when a reliſh is excited for them, in early life, they ſubdue that paſſion for reading novels, which ſo generally prevails among the fair ſex. I cannot diſmiſs this ſpecies of writing and reading without obſerving, that the ſubjects of novels are by no means accommodated to our preſent manners. They hold up *life*, it is true, but it is not as yet *life* in America. Our paſſions have not as yet "overſtepped the modeſty of nature," nor are they "torn to tatters," to uſe the expreſſions of the poet, by extravagant love, jealouſy, ambition, or revenge. As yet the intrigues of a Britiſh novel are as foreign to our manners, as the refinements of Aſiatic vice. Let it not be ſaid, that the tales of diſtreſs, which fill modern novels, have a tendency to ſoften the female heart into acts of humanity. The fact is the reverſe of this. The abortive ſympathy which is excited by the recital of imaginary diſtreſs, blunts the heart to that which is real; and hence we ſometimes ſee inſtances of young ladies, who weep away a whole forenoon over the criminal ſorrows of a fictitious Charlotte or Werter, turning with diſdain at three o'clock from the ſight of a beggar, who ſolicits in feeble accents or ſigns, a ſmall portion only of the crumbs which fall from their father's tables.

VIII. It will be neceſſary to connect all theſe branches of education with regular inſtruction in the Chriſtian religion. For this purpoſe the principles of the different ſects of Chriſtians ſhould be taught and explained, and our pupils ſhould early be furniſhed with ſome of the moſt ſimple arguments in favour of the truth of Chriſtianity.* A portion of the Bible (of late improperly baniſhed from our ſchools) ſhould be read by them every day, and ſuch queſtions ſhould be aſked, after reading it, as are calculated to imprint upon their minds the intereſting ſtories contained in it.

Rouſſeau has aſſerted that the great ſecret of education conſiſts in "waſting the time of children profitably." There is ſome truth in this obſervation. I believe that we often impair their health, and weaken their capacities, by impoſing ſtudies upon them, which are not proportioned to their years. But this objection does not apply to religious inſtruction. There are certain ſimple propoſitions

* Baron Haller's letters to his daughter on the truths of the Chriſtian religion, and Dr. Beatie's "evidences of the Chriſtian religion briefly and plainly ſtated," are excellent little tracts, and well adapted for this purpoſe.

in the Chriſtian religion, which are ſuited in a peculiar manner to the infant ſtate of reaſon and moral ſenſibility. A clergyman of long experience in the inſtruction of youth,* informed me, that he always found children acquired religious knowledge more eaſily than knowledge upon other ſubjects; and that young girls acquired this kind of knowledge more readily than boys. The female breaſt is the natural ſoil of Chriſtianity; and while our women are taught to believe its doctrines, and obey its precepts, the wit of Voltaire, and the ſtile of Bolinbroke, will never be able to deſtroy its influence upon our citizens.

I cannot help remarking in this place, that Chriſtianity exerts the moſt friendly influence upon ſcience, as well as upon the morals and manners of mankind. Whether this be occaſioned by the unity of truth, and the mutual aſſiſtance which truths upon different ſubjects afford each other, or whether the faculties of the mind be ſharpened and corrected by embracing the truths of revelation, and thereby prepared to inveſtigate and perceive truths upon other ſubjects, I will not determine; but I believe that the greateſt diſcoveries in ſcience have been made by Chriſtian philoſophers, and that there is the moſt knowledge in thoſe countries where there is the moſt Chriſtianity.† If this remark be well founded, then thoſe philoſophers who reject Chriſtianity, and thoſe Chriſtians, whether parents or ſchool-maſters, who neglect the religious inſtruction of their children and pupils, *reject* and *neglect* the moſt effectual means of promoting knowledge in our country.

IX. If the meaſures that have been recommended for inſpiring our pupils with a ſenſe of religious and moral obligation be adopted, the government of them will be eaſy and agreeable. I ſhall only remark under this head, that *ſtrictneſs* of diſcipline will always render *ſeverity* unneceſſary, and that there will be the moſt inſtruction in that ſchool, where there is the moſt order.

I have ſaid nothing in favour of inſtrumental muſic as a branch of female education, becauſe I conceive it is by no means accommo-

---

* The Rev. Mr. NICHOLAS COLLIN, miniſter of the Sweediſh church in Wicocoe.

† This is true in a peculiar manner in the ſcience of medicine. A young Scotch phyſician of enterprizing talents, who conceived a high idea of the ſtate of medicine in the eaſtern countries, ſpent two years in enquiries after medical knowledge in Conſtantinople and Grand Cairo. On his return to Britain he confeſſed to an American phyſician whom he met at Naples, that after all his reſearches and travels, he "had diſcovered nothing except a ſingle fact relative to the plague, that he thought worth remembering or communicating." The ſcience of medicine in China, according to the accounts of De Halde, is in as imperfect a ſtate as among the Indians of North America.

dated to the preſent ſtate of ſociety and manners in America. The price of muſical inſtruments, and the extravagant fees demanded by the teachers of inſtrumental muſic, form but ſmall part of my objections to it.

To perform well, upon a muſical inſtrument, requires much time and long practice. From two to four hours in a day, for three or four years, appropriated to muſic, are an immenſe deduction from that ſhort period of time which is allowed by the peculiar circumſtances of our country for the acquiſition of the uſeful branches of literature that have been mentioned. How many uſeful ideas might be picked up in theſe hours from hiſtory, philoſophy, poetry, and the numerous moral eſſays with which our language abounds, and how much more would the knowledge acquired upon theſe ſubjects add to the conſequence of a lady, with her huſband and with ſociety, than the beſt performed pieces of muſic upon a harpſicord or a guittar! Of the many ladies whom we have known, who have ſpent the moſt important years of their lives, in learning to play upon inſtruments of muſic, how few of them do we ſee amuſe themſelves or their friends with them, after they become miſtreſſes of families! Their harpſicords ſerve only as ſide-boards for their parlours, and prove by their ſilence, that neceſſity and circumſtances will always prevail over faſhion and falſe maxims of education.

Let it not be ſuppoſed from theſe obſervations that I am inſenſible of the charms of inſtrumental muſic, or that I wiſh to exclude it from the education of a lady where a muſical ear irreſiſtably diſpoſes to it, and affluence at the ſame time affords a proſpect of ſuch an exemption from the uſual cares and duties of a miſtreſs of a family, as will enable her to practiſe it. Theſe circumſtances form an exception to the general conduct that ſhould ariſe upon this ſubject, from the preſent ſtate of ſociety and manners in America.

It is agreeable to obſerve how differently modern writers, and the inſpired author of the Proverbs, deſcribe a fine woman. The former confine their praiſes chiefly to perſonal charms and ornamental accompliſhments, while the latter celebrates only the virtues of a valuable miſtreſs of a family, and a uſeful member of ſociety. The one is perfectly acquainted with all the faſhionable languages of Europe; the other, "opens her mouth with wiſdom," and is perfectly acquainted with all the uſes of the needle, the diſtaff, and the loom. The buſineſs of the one is pleaſure; the pleaſure of the other, is buſineſs. The one is admired abroad; the other is honoured and beloved at home. "Her children riſe up and call her bleſſed, her huſband alſo, and he praiſeth her." There is no fame in the world equal to this; nor is there a note in muſic half ſo delightful, as the reſpectful language with which a grateful ſon or daughter perpetuates the memory of a ſenſible and affectionate mother.

It ſhould not ſurprize us that Britiſh cuſtoms, with reſpect to female education, have been tranſplanted into our American ſchools and families. We ſee marks of the ſame incongruity, of time and

place in many other things. We behold our houſes accommodated to the climate of Great Britain, by eaſtern and weſtern directions. We behold our ladies panting in a heat of ninety degrees, under a hat and cuſhion, which were calculated for the temperature of a Britiſh ſummer. We behold our citizens condemned and puniſhed by a criminal law, which was copied from a country, where maturity in corruption renders public executions a part of the amuſements of the nation. It is high time to awake from this ſervility—to ſtudy our own character—to examine the age of our country—and to adopt manners in every thing, that ſhall be accommodated to our ſtate of ſociety, and to the forms of our government. In particular it is incumbent upon us to make ornamental accompliſhments yield to principles and knowledge, in the education of our women.

A philoſopher once ſaid, "let me make all the ballads of a country, and I care not who makes its laws." He might with more propriety have ſaid, let the ladies of a country be educated properly, and they will not only make and adminiſter its laws, but form its manners and character. It would require a lively imagination to deſcribe, or even to comprehend, the happineſs of a country, where knowledge and virtue were generally diffuſed among the female ſex. Our young men would then be reſtrained from vice by the terror of being baniſhed from their company. The loud laugh, and the malignant ſmile, at the expence of innocence, or of perſonal infirmities—the feats of ſucceſsful mimickry—and the low priced wit, which is borrowed from a miſapplication of ſcripture phraſes, would no more be conſidered as recommendations to the ſociety of the ladies. A double entendre in their preſence, would then exclude a gentleman forever from the company of both ſexes, and probably oblige him to ſeek an aſylum from contempt in a foreign country. The influence of female education would be ſtill more extenſive and uſeful in domeſtic life. The obligations of gentlemen to qualify themſelves by knowledge and induſtry to diſcharge the duties of benevolence, would be encreaſed by marriage; and the patriot, the hero, and the legiſlator, would find the ſweeteſt reward of their toils, in the approbation and applauſe of their wives. Children would diſcover the marks of maternal prudence and wiſdom in every ſtation of life; for it has been remarked that there have been few great or good men who have not been bleſſed with wiſe and prudent mothers. Cyrus was taught to revere the gods, by his mother Mandane—Samuel was devoted to his prophetic office before he was born, by his mother Hannah—Conſtantine was reſcued from paganiſm by his mother Conſtantia—and Edward the ſixth inherited thoſe great and excellent qualities which made him the delight of the age in which he lived, from his mother, lady Jane Seymour. Many other inſtances might be mentioned, if neceſſary, from ancient and modern hiſtory, to eſtabliſh the truth of this propoſition.

I am not enthuſiaſtical upon the ſubject of education. In the ordinary courſe of human affairs, we ſhall probably too ſoon follow the footſteps of the nations of Europe in manners and vices. The firſt marks we ſhall perceive of our declenſion, will appear among our women. Their idleneſs, ignorance and profligacy will be the harbingers of our ruin. Then will the character and performance of a buffoon on the theatre, be the ſubject of more converſation and praiſe, than the patriot, or the miniſter of the goſpel;—then will our language and pronunciation be enfeebled and corrupted by a flood of French and Italian words;—then will the hiſtory of romantic amours be preferred to the pure and immortal writings of Addiſon, Hawkeſworth and Johnſon;—then will our churches be neglected, and the name of the Supreme Being never be called upon, but in profane exclamations;—then will our Sundays be appropriated only to feaſt and concerts!—and then will begin all that train of domeſtic and political calamities——But, I forbear. The proſpect is ſo painful, that I cannot help, ſilently, imploring the great Arbiter of human affairs to interpoſe his almighty goodneſs, and to deliver us from theſe evils, that, at leaſt, one ſpot of the earth may be reſerved as a monument of the effects of good education, in order to ſhew, in ſome degree, what our ſpecies was before the fall, and what it ſhall be after its reſtoration.

ON THE COMPARATIVE VALUE OF DIFFERENT STUDIES.

By Dr. Aikin.

THOUGH it is probably advantageous to ſociety that every object which can occupy the human mind ſhould engage the attention of ſome individuals, and the freedom of ſtudy demands that the utmoſt latitude ſhould be given to the diverſity of taſtes, yet to each individual ſeparately conſidered, it is by no means a matter of indifference how he directs his choice. He may, indeed, fill up his time with purſuits of almoſt any kind; he may become intereſted in any; but if it be the purpoſe of ſtudy to make acquiſitions of knowledge which may enlarge the conceptions, remove errors and prejudices, ſuggeſt uſeful concluſions, and really elevate a man amid his ſpecies, it muſt be of fundamental importance how he ſelects the objects on which he is to employ the force of his intellectual powers. And not only is it of conſequence that he ſhould be able properly to direct his own purſuits, but it is deſirable that he ſhould be provided with a rule whereby to form ſome eſtimate (a liberal and impartial one) of the proportional value of other men's attainments. For, ſince many of theſe make a claim to the public applauſe and reſpect, it is but right that the public ſhould poſſeſs ſome principles on which to found their adjudication. Horace, with his uſual good ſenſe, has ſaid,

'Nec tua laudabis ſtudia, nec aliena reprendes;
"Praiſe not your own, nor blame another's taſte;"

which is certainly juſt, as far as it regards the equal right of choice exiſting in different perſons; but this does not render the things themſelves equal. The maxim, however, is a good one, as far as it warns us againſt making our own purſuits a ſtandard by which thoſe of others are to be eſtimated. To this partiality we are all liable; and the only way to correct it is to lay down ſuch large and general principles of preference as will not readily bend to the excluſive ſervice of particular likings.

"I muſt premiſe to the conſideration I mean in the preſent letter to give this ſubject, that the *value* of ſtudies concerning which I inquire, is to the ſtudent himſelf, not the community. Were value to be eſtimated according to the common notions of utility, the arts by which the neceſſaries, nay, the luxuries, of life are procured, would obtain more votes in their favour than the ſublimeſt ſciences. A memoir in the Swediſh "Amœnitates Academicæ," entitled *Cui Bono*, relates, that a certain perſon, who had enriched himſelf by the ſale of ſalt-fiſh, on being ſhown the royal muſeum of natural hiſtory, arranged in ſcientific order, aſked, "What was the good of all this?" —a queſtion, the writer ſays, fit for ſuch a man to make. He ſeems, however, to have thought it of ſome importance; for the purpoſe of his paper is to ſhow, that natural hiſtory, even according to the vulgar notions of utility, *is* good for ſomething. It muſt, indeed, be confeſſed that many of his arguments are ſo trifling, that the ſalt-fiſh merchant would be juſtified in valuing, upon that ground, Beukelen, the inventor of the art of pickling herrings, beyond Linnæus or Buffon. Further, the utility of ſtudies to any other than the ſtudents themſelves depends upon the communication of the knowledge acquired. Writers on the moſt abſtruſe and confined topics may be ſerviceable to the few who engage in ſimilar purſuits with their own; whereas mere readers and ſpeculators, on the moſt popular ſubjects, are fruitleſs with reſpect to ſociety. But the duty of communicating our ideas is a ſeparate conſideration, which I do not intend to engage in.

"One of the moſt material circumſtances on which the relative value of an object of ſtudy depends is, that it be ſomething real, ſtable, of general import, and not indebted for its conſequence to temporary and conventional modes of thinking. In this reſpect, nature has greatly the advantage over art. Whatever is learned concerning her is an eternal truth, which will preſerve its relation to other things as long as the world endures. The motions of the heavenly bodies, the influence of the elements, the properties of minerals, vegetables, and animals, are *grand facts*, which ſpeak a common language to all mankind in all ages, and afford a perpetual fund of uſe and entertainment. The more wide and comprehenſive a ſurvey is taken of theſe objects, the better they anſwer the purpoſe of enlarging the mind, and eſtabliſhing a baſis for truths of univerſal appli-

cation. Hence the advantage of ſtudying them in a connected and ſyſtematic mode, and framing general propoſitions concerning them. But the foundation for theſe muſt be a very accurate inveſtigation of particular facts, ſince the inſtant their guidance is quitted, and reliance is placed upon analogical deductions, error commences. Obſervation and experiment muſt therefore go hand in hand with reaſoning; nor was there ever a true philoſopher who did not unite their proceſſes. I can conceive of no employment of the human faculties nobler than thus taking the ſcale of creation, detecting all its mutual connexions and dependencies, inveſtigating the laws by which it is governed as a whole, and the economy of its conſtituent parts, and alternately making uſe of the ſagacity of the ſenſes in minute reſearch, and the powers of intellect in comparing and abſtracting. The ſtudies, then, which range under the heads of natural philoſophy and natural hiſtory, and are comprehended under the the general term of phyſics, appear to me to take the lead of all mental purſuits with reſpect to extent, variety and dignity. Let it be underſtood, however, that I include among them the ſtudy of one of the nobleſt objects nature preſents, and certainly the moſt intereſting to a human creature—that of man himſelf. To aſcertain what he eſſentially is, what are the faculties of the body and mind which characteriſe him as the head of the animal creation, and what are the variations induced in him by education, habit, climate, and mode of life, is ſtrictly a branch of phyſics, and has by the beſt writers been treated as ſuch.

"It is, doubtleſs, impoſſible for a ſingle mind to embrace all the objects here pointed out, ſo as to fathom the depths of human knowledge in each;—to be at the ſame time the mind of Newton, Locke, Boyle, and Haller: but according to the degree in which a man had imbibed the leading ideas which conſtituted the intellectual furniture of ſuch minds, I ſhould eſtimate the value of his attainments; and I ſhould prefer, though not in point of genius, yet with reſpect to acquiſitions, one who combined a tolerably accurate acquaintance with all the branches of knowledge poſſeſſed by theſe, to a complete adept in any one of them. The laſt mentioned of the above perſons, Haller, was ſcarcely, I believe, ſurpaſſed by any man in the variety, and at the ſame time the ſolidity, of his phyſical knowledge. Buffon may be named as one whoſe general views were as grand, and whoſe purſuits were planned upon as enlarged a ſcale, as thoſe of any perſon whom ſtudies of this claſs have rendered famous, though he wanted accuracy and ſolidity in many of the particulars of his ſpeculations. As a criterion of this capaciouſneſs and elevation of underſtanding, I would ſuppoſe a delegate ſent from this earth to explore ſome other world and bring back the moſt complete and important information concerning it:—the perſon duly ſelected for ſuch a miſſion would, in my idea, poſſeſs a title to the ſuperiority in queſtion.

Although nature, thus ſtudied, appears to me the nobleſt of all ſubjects that can occupy the mind, I am far from affixing the ſame proportionate value to inveſtigations of detached parts of the works of nature. In theſe, all the grandeur of large and connected views is frequently loſt, and the whole attention is employed on petty details, which lead to nothing further. A very little mind may ſucceſsfully apply itſelf to the arrangement of ſhells and butterflies by their forms and colours, and gain nothing by the proceſs but the ſimple ideas of form and colour, as ſerving for marks of diſtinction. To ſuch minds, an arrangement of ribbons by their ſhades and patterns would be a perfectly ſimilar employment. I do not deny that even theſe humble labourers in ſcience are neceſſary to complete the great fabric of the ſyſtem of nature, and give accuracy and uniformity to its nomenclature. Their induſtry and exactneſs deſerve praiſe; but it is better for a ſtudent, capable of more extenſive views, to make uſe of their labours than to imitate them. What I have ſaid, however, muſt be underſtood with limitation; for, as I have already obſerved, it is incumbent on the inquirer into nature to ſpare no pains in the accurate ſearch after facts; but theſe ſhould be facts not trifling or inſulated, but eſſential to the formation of thoſe general theorems in which ſyſtematical knowledge conſiſts. It is certain, for inſtance, that while the Linnæan claſs of *cryptogamia* ſubſiſts, the vegetable economy muſt be very incompletely known. It cannot, however, be aboliſhed without the minuteſt examination of the generative organs of moſſes, ferns, algæ, lichens, &c. which may therefore reaſonably employ the ableſt and moſt philoſophical naturaliſt. Bonnet, a philoſopher in every ſenſe of the word, occupied himſelf for years in microſcopical obſervations and experiments on the ſmalleſt parts of nature, but it was with the purpoſe of eſtabliſhing important concluſions concerning the eſſential characters of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and the limits between each. Modern chemiſtry is one of the moſt important branches of phyſics, and comprehends many truly ſublime ſpeculations relative to the globe we inhabit; but its theory is entirely built upon experiments, in which the niceſt mechanical attentions are neceſſary to avoid fundamental errors.

A branch of ſtudy which appears to me the next in dignity, is that which, ſelecting *man* from amidſt the objects of creation, purſues a courſe of inquiry into his hiſtory, tracing the origin and progreſs of nations, their languages, arts, manners, ſyſtems of polity, and all the viciſſitudes of their fortune; and which, taking theſe facts for its guide, inveſtigates the principles of legiſlation, government, commerce, and all the relations proceeding from human ſociety, with the means of improving and perfecting them. Here is ample ſcope for the exerciſe of the nobleſt faculties; and ſome of the greateſt names in the literary catalogue rank under this diviſion. To follow the labours of the hiſtorian, the juriſt, the antiquary, the linguiſt, and the geographer, and from their united materials to form large

ſurveys of the ſeveral ages and races of mankind, is an employment for a genuine philoſopher; and nothing ſo much conduces to raiſe the mind above narrow prejudices as ſpeculations of this kind, conducted upon a liberal plan. The acquirements of a Grotius and a Monteſquieu, a Jones and a Gibbon, cannot be viewed without high admiration, nor the uſe they made of them without liberal applauſe. The demand for knowledge of this kind, as materials for converſation, is perhaps greater than that of the preceding claſs; and its application to the weighty affairs of the world, ſuch as the making of laws and treaties, carrying on negotiations, and framing public inſtitutions, renders it a more direct road to fortune and honour. Theſe are therefore the favourite ſtudies not only of the ſage in human life, but of the ambitious man; and they are peculairly proper for thoſe who by birth and rank are deſtined to fill important offices in the ſtate. It is, however, to be obſerved, that without a portion of that phyſical knowledge of man which I have referred to the former head, the views taken of him in his artificial ſtate are apt to miſlead. Old as the world is, new caſes in ſociety are continually occurring, which cannot ſafely be decided by the analogy of precedent. Man, in all forms and ſituations, is eſſentially *the animal, man.* His natural character will occaſionally break through all the ſhackles of poſitive inſtitutions; and, indeed, under the dominion of thoſe inſtitutions, there is more ſimilarity in human actions and their motives, than external diverſities would lead an obſerver to ſuppoſe. Even in this branch of ſtudy, then, nature takes precedence of art.

There are a ſet of ſtudies which have engaged the attention of the ſpeculative and learned perhaps beyond any others, and, I conceive, much beyond their merits. Theſe are ſuch as relate to the *opinions* of mankind. The ſubjects of theſe opinions have, indeed, in appearance, been the moſt ſublime and important. Deity and its attributes, mind and matter, ſpace, time, exiſtence, the prior and the future condition of created beings, are all high and impoſing topics, capable of exerciſing the utmoſt force and ſubtlety of the human faculties. But as reaſonings concerning them muſt, in great part, be the mere internal operation of the mind upon its own ideas, without any teſt from external nature to prove their truth, it is no wonder that the efforts of the greateſt geniuſes have been ſo far from reducing them to certainty, that they have not even been able to make them clearly comprehended. Controverſialiſts on theſe points complain to this day that they are miſunderſtood or miſrepreſented by their antagoniſts; and in common with Milton's fallen angels, they

———find no end, in wand'ring mazes loſt.

Now, although an original genius, confident in his powers, ought not, perhaps, to refuſe a ſubject becauſe all former inquirers have failed in their attempts to elucidate it; yet, I think, a private ſtudent may with propriety conſider, with reſpect to himſelf, certainty as unattainable, where great diverſity of opinion remains after long

and full diſcuſſion; and ſurely, without the proſpect of attaining certainty, or a probability almoſt equal to it, there is little encouragement for the ſerious application of time and labour. It is true, a general acquaintance with opinion is part of the knowledge of man; which, to be complete, ſhould comprehend what he has *thought*, as well as what he has *done*; but to conſume laborious days and nights in endeavouring to fathom the meaning of writers who never had a preciſe meaning, but have merely dreſſed in a ſolemn and ſpecious garb the reveries of an unchaſtiſed imagination, is ſacrificing too much to vain curioſity, or miſplaced admiration. I have already, in a letter upon *authority*, ventured to aſſert that no man ever deſerved ſuch a degee of credit from his fellow men, as to have his opinions admitted on the footing of realities, and his *dicta* ſtudied like divine oracles. Who are Plato, Ariſtotle, and a hundred other celebrated names that might be mentioned, that ſo much pains ſhould be beſtowed on reconciling their contradictions, clearing up their obſcurities, penetrating their myſteries, and doing for them what, if they were really the maſter-writers they are ſuppoſed, their works would not require? 'He who is not intelligible (ſays Jortin) is ſeldom intelligent;' an admirable maxim, due attention to which would cut ſhort many a profound diſquiſition on the ſenſe of authors!

You have probably read our lamented friend Dr. Enfield's abridgement of 'Brucker's Hiſtory of Philoſophy.' Thoſe two quarto volumes contain a ſketch of opinions propoſed in works which of themſelves would fill a copious library. But of theſe, how very few are intrinſically worth a more minute examination than this ſketch preſents! How manifeſt is it to an unprejudiced mind, that this great maſs of opinion chiefly relates to ſubjects either utterly unfathomable by the human underſtanding, or the mere creation of verbal ſophiſtry? Even what ſeems to belong to practical wiſdom is generally ſo artificial and chimerical in its principles, that it may well be denominated, in Milton's words,

Vain wiſdom all, and falſe philoſophy.

Shall I refer you to the ſchools of modern theology for topics of diſcuſſion more certain and more important? Alas! what ſpectacle do they afford ſo ſtriking as miſemployed talents, and the wreck of intellect? Read the life of the great Grotius, the patriot, the lawyer, the hiſtorian, the poet, the ſtateſman, and ſee how wretchedly he was bewildered in his youth by the unintelligible diſputes between the Calviniſts and Arminians, in his advanced years by the differences between proteſtantiſm and popery—the ſource to him of impriſonment, exile, and obloquy; and then judge of the encouragement ſuch an employment of the faculties affords. How eaſy would it be to multiply examples to this effect, were it neceſſary!

Another diviſion of ſtudies may be formed (not, indeed, with ſtrict accuracy of arrangement, but ſufficient for the preſent purpoſe) upon a view of what *man has done*, conſidered as a creator in art and

ſcience. A multiplicity of objects here opens upon the mind, of which I ſhall content myſelf with ſelecting two or three for particular conſideration.

As the nobleſt diſtinction of a human being is the uſe of language, that art which teaches to uſe it in the beſt manner, or the *art of compoſition*, may take the lead under this diviſion. By ſtudying its principles, ſo as to be able to enter into all the beauties and delicacies of fine writing, a ſource of entertainment of the higheſt kind is provided, independently of the power acquired of imitating what we admire. I have already touched upon this ſubject in my letter on the advantages reſulting from a taſte for poetry: but it is capable of great extenſion by comprehendlng the art of criticiſm in all its branches. This compriſes an accurate reſearch into the nature of language in general, and the genius of thoſe particular languages in which the ſtudent is converſant; an acquaintance with the character of ſtyle in all its diverſities, and the various figures of ſpeech employed to adorn and invigorate it; a knowledge of the eſſential diſtinctions between the different ſpecies of compoſition; and a familiarity with all the principal works of different ages and countries, in order to trace imitations and form exact ideas of comparative merit. The number of capital productions in verſe and proſe to which the ancient and a few of the modern languages give acceſs, is ſo great, that the critical ſtudy of them will furniſh employment for all the leiſure any ſcholar can command; and ſo ſeductive is this branch of literature, that perſons claſſically educated are often ſeen to make it almoſt the ſole occupation of life. To its intrinſic value was formerly added ſo high a degree of reputation attending a proficiency in it, as placed it almoſt at the head of intellectual purſuits. This was derived from its real importance at the time of the reſtoration of ancient learning, when to give accurate editions of the claſſics, and elucidate them by commentaries, was one of the moſt uſeful taſks in which a ſcholar could engage. Since this buſineſs has been tolerably completed, and other ſtudies have taken the lead in public eſtimation, the art of criticiſm has ſomewhat declined in dignity; though it ſtill ſtands high among that claſs who are peculiarly termed *the learned*, and the adepts in it themſelves appear little inclined to yield the precedence they formerly aſſumed. It muſt be allowed in their favour, that the acquiſitions neceſſary to arrive at diſtinction as a critic are extremely various, and imply aſſiduous cultivation of the underſtanding. Many of them, too, are ſo elegant in their nature, that we may reaſonably wonder they have not more generally tended to poliſh the manners and humanize the temper. That they have not greatly conduced to enlarge the mind is leſs ſurpriſing, ſince for the moſt part they conſiſt in points of knowledge that are limited to their ſpecific objects, and terminate in themſelves. The nicities of Greek and Latin proſody, which it might coſt ſome of the beſt years of life to acquire, are, to modern, at leaſt, mere inſulated facts, derived from authority; and

though the formation and mechaniſm of language is, in ſome ſenſe a branch of philoſophy, yet it is of a kind which bears little upon other topics. In undertaking to explain the ſenſe of an author, indeed, the critic or commentator muſt be maſter of all the knowledge referred to by that author; and this will often oblige him to take a wide range through the hiſtory, mythology, arts, manners, and cuſtoms, of antiquity. But what a maſs of extravagance and abſurdity muſt he encounter in this progreſs! and how muſt his memory be burdened with a multitude of trifling particulars! How fully theſe occupy the mind, to the excluſion of more valuable matter, is evident from the groſs ignorance occaſionally diſplayed by annotators when they touch upon topics which ought to be determined by an appeal to fact rather than to books. I confeſs I ſhould feel heſitation in accepting the mental ſtock of a Saumaiſe, a Scaliger, a Bently, and a Bruman, high as they rank in the records of erudition.

The preceding obſervations, however, refer more to the critic by profeſſion, than to the private ſtudent, who has no occaſion to enter further into the examination of authors, than to obtain a juſt perception of their excellencies and defects. This end is perhaps better attained, by ſtudying thoſe principles of good taſte in writing which are deducible from the philoſophy of the human mind, than by a cloſe attention to all the minute particulars of diction, which is apt to interfere with, rather than to aid, thoſe larger ſurveys on which an enlightened judgment of whole works muſt be formed. Criticiſm thus exerciſed is one of the moſt agreeable, and certainly not of the leaſt dignified employments of the mental faculties; and few topics are better adapted either to cloſet amuſement, or to liberal and cultured converſation.

I ſhall ſay little reſpecting thoſe agreeable ſtudies which have for their object the cultivation of a taſte for the fine arts. The propriety of engaging in theſe depends partly upon natural talent, but principally upon the opportunity of having recourſe to ſpecimens of art of the moſt perfect kind, by way of example and illuſtration. Without ſuch a reference to practice, the ſtudy of the theory will be apt to terminate in pedantic ſelf-conceit, expoſing the fancied proficient to the ridicule of artiſts and real connoiſſeurs. The eye, and even the hand, ſhould be exerciſed in order to fit a perſon for judging on theſe points. Neither the power nor the limits of art can be exactly known without trial; and delicacy of taſte is only to be acquired by compariſon of the performances of great maſters.

Mathematical ſtudies muſt already be ſuppoſed to ſtand high in my eſtimate, ſince I have placed in the firſt claſs thoſe large and ſublime views of nature, ſome of which could not originally have been formed, nor can now be comprehended, without the principles of mathematics. But beſides their undoubted value as means, they have by many been purſued ultimately, as affording the higheſt and pureſt exerciſe to the intellectual powers. Fully ſenſible of my own

inadequacy to judge of their worth in this reſpect, and fearful of giving way to partiality, I ſhall only ſpeak of them from obſerving their effects upon others. As far as I have remarked, few of thoſe who during the early part of their lives have gone deep into mathematics, acquire ſuch a reliſh for them, as to be induced ſpontaneouſly to continue their application to them at an after period. Whether it be that they find the requiſite mental exertion too ſevere, or that they become wearied with ſtudies which offer no further proſpects, and furniſh no materials for converſaton—it ſeems to me to be the fact, that mathematical purſuits are uſually deſerted, as ſoon as the incidental motives which cauſed them to be entered upon, or the firſt ardour of curioſity, have ceaſed. Where this has not been the caſe, they are ſometimes found to occupy the whole mind, to the excluſion of all other ſubjects, pleaſant or uſeful; and ſurely the ideas of figure and number alone are inſufficient to fill the compaſs of the human underſtanding. A ſtory is told of a profound mathematician, who being with difficulty perſuaded to read through Homer's Iliad, coldly obſerved at the concluſion, that he did not find that the author had *proved* any thing. It would, however, be very unjuſt to repreſent this inſenſibility as the univerſal reſult of mathematical ſtudies. Many inſtances may be produced of their alliance in the ſame perſon with polite and philoſophical literature. Of theſe it will ſuffice to mention the late celebrated D'Alembert, a diſtinguiſhed member at the ſame time of the Academy of Sciences, and the French Academy, and an admired writer on a variety of topics. A proficiency in abſtract mathematics is certainly an undoubted proof of great mental capacity; and I ſuppoſe the extent of the ſtudy is ſuch, that no apprehenſions need be entertained of exhauſting its objects. Whether, with no further view, it be worth while to expend ſo much time and exertion upon it, I leave you to determine for yourſelf.

Without tracing further the circle of human knowledge, I ſhall bring my letter to a concluſion after a general obſervation. No kinds of ſtudy can differ more from each other than the ſame from itſelf, as purſued by a man of a ſtrong, and by one of a weak underſtanding. The firſt will render a ſmall object important; the ſecond, an important one, little. The hiſtory of literature abounds with inſtances in proof of this aſſertion—I ſhall mention one. Elias Aſhmole in the laſt century obtained conſiderable reputation here in the multifarious character of a *philoſopher*. He was an aſtronomer, but this noble ſcience in his hands turned to judicial aſtrology. He was a chymiſt, but under this title alchemy was the real object of his purſuit. He was a naturaliſt, but his taſte rather led him to be a collector, than a ſcientific obſerver of nature. He was an antiquary, and in that capacity made large collections for the hiſtory of freemaſonry in this country: afterwards he ſoared to the moſt noble order of the Garter, the hiſtory of which, with all its laws and inſtitutions, was his *opus magnum*. In this man were united the val-

uable qualities of induſtry, exactneſs, and perſeverance; but the foundation of good ſenſe was wanting. How different from one 'qui nil molitur ineptè,' all whoſe purſuits were directed by a ſound underſtanding! Such an one was the wiſe Franklin, who from the moſt trivial facts could deduce the moſt important concluſions—who had always ſomething truly valuable in proſpect—and whoſe touch converted every meaner material to gold.

It is not, then, merely the ſpecies of ſtudy, but the mind and ſpirit with which it is purſued, that ſhould regulate our eſtimate of the intellectual powers of the ſtudent. Folly often conceals herſelf under the maſk of ſerioufneſs, and wiſdom is ſometimes light and playful. The latter knows ſhe hazzards nothing by occaſionally deſcending from her dignity; whereas folly loſes all by loſing appearances. A great latitude of mental occupation may be admitted, provided good ſenſe preſides over all—that quality which truly is, as our ethical poet aſſerts,

Though no ſcience, fairly worth the ſeven.

ON FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

From Edgeworth's "Practical Education."

WOMEN cannot foreſee what may be the taſtes of the individuals with whom they are to paſs their lives. Their own taſtes ſhould not, therefore, be early decided; they ſhould, if poſſible, be ſo educated that they may attain any talent in perfection which they may deſire, or which their circumſtances may render neceſſary. If, for inſtance, a woman were to marry a man who was fond of muſic, or who admired painting, ſhe ſhould be able to cultivate theſe talents for his amuſement and her own. If he be a man of ſenſe and feeling, he will be more pleaſed with the motive than with the thing that is actually done. But if it be urged, that all women cannot expect to marry men of ſenſe and feeling; and if we are told, that nevertheleſs they muſt look to "an advantageous "eſtabliſhment," we muſt conclude, that men of rank and fortune are meant by that comprehenſive phraſe. Another ſet of arguments muſt be uſed to thoſe who ſpeculate on their daughters accompliſhments in this line. They have, perhaps, ſeen ſome inſtances of what they call ſucceſs; they have ſeen ſome young women of their acquaintance, whoſe accompliſhments have attracted men of fortunes ſuperior to their own; conſequently, maternal tenderneſs is awakened, and many mothers are ſanguine in their expectation of the effect of their daughters education. But they forget that every body now makes the ſame reflections, that parents are, and have been for ſome years, ſpeculating in the ſame line; conſequently, the market is likely to be overſtocked, and, of courſe, the value of the commodities muſt fall. Every young lady (and every young woman is now

a young lady) has ſome pretenſions to accompliſhments. She draws a little; or ſhe plays a little, or ſhe ſpeaks French a little. Even the blue-board boarding ſchools, ridiculed by Miſs Allſcript in the Heireſs, profeſs to perfect young ladies in ſome or all of theſe neceſſary parts of education. Stop at any good inn on the London roads, and you will probably find that the landlady's daughter can ſhew you ſome of her own framed drawings, can play a tune upon her ſpinnet, or ſupport a dialogue in French of a reaſonable length, in the cuſtomary queſtions and anſwers. Now it is the practice in high life to undervalue, and avoid as much as poſſible, every thing which deſcends to the inferior claſſes of ſociety. The dreſs of to-day is unfaſhionable to-morrow, becauſe every body wears it. The dreſs is not preferred becauſe it is pretty or uſeful, but becauſe it is the diſtinction of well bred people. In the ſame manner accompliſhments have loſt much of that value which they acquired from opinion, ſince they have become common. They are now ſo common, that they cannot be conſidered as the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of even a gentlewoman's education. The higher claſſes in life, and thoſe individuals who aim at diſtinction, now eſtabliſh another ſpecies of monopoly, and ſecure to themſelves a certain ſet of expenſive maſters in muſic, drawing, dancing &c. and they endeavor to believe, and to make others believe, that no one can be well educated without having ſerved an apprenticeſhip of ſo many leſſons under ſome of theſe privileged maſters. But it is in vain that they intrench themſelves, they are purſued by the intruſive vulgar. In a wealthy, mercantile nation, there is nothing which can be bought for money, which will long continue to be an envied diſtinction. The hope of attaining to that degree of eminence in the fine arts which really deſerves celebrity, becomes every day more difficult to private practitioners, becauſe the number of competitors daily increaſes; and it is the intereſt of maſters to forward their pupils by every poſſible means. Both genius and perſeverance muſt now be united to obtain the prize of diſtinction; and how ſeldom are they found, or kept together, in the common courſe of education!

Conſidering all theſe circumſtances, is not there ſome reaſon to apprehend, that in a few years the taſte for ſeveral faſhionable appendages of female education, may change, and that thoſe will conſequently be treated with neglect, who have no other claim to public regard, than their proficiency in what may, perhaps, then be thought vulgar or obſolete accompliſhments? Our great grandmothers diſtinguiſhed themſelves by truly ſubſtantial tent-work chairs and carpets, by needle-work pictures of Solomon and the queen of Sheba. Theſe were admirable in their day, but their day is over; and theſe uſeful, ingenious, and laborious ſpecimens of female talents, are conſigned to the garret, or they are produced but as curioſities, to excite wonder at the ſtrange patience and miſerable deſtiny of former generations: the taſte for tapeſtry and embroidery is thus paſt; the long labors of the loom have ceaſed. Cloth-work, crape-

work, chenille-work, ribbon-work, wafer-work, with a long train of etceteras, have all paſſed away in our own memory; yet theſe conferred much evaneſcent fame, and a proportional qnantity of vain emulation. A taſte for drawing, or muſic, cannot be claſſed with any of theſe trifling performances; but there are many faded drawings of the preſent generations, which cannot ſtand in competition with the glowing and faithful colors of the ſilk and worſted of former times; and many of the hours ſpent at a *ſtammering* harpſichord, might, ſurely, with full as much domeſtic advantage, have been devoted to the embelliſhment of chairs and carpets. We hope no one will ſo perverſely miſunderſtand us, as to infer from theſe remarks, that we deſire to ſee the revival of old tapeſtry work; or that we condemn the elegant accompliſhments of muſic and drawing. We condemn only the abuſe of theſe accompliſhments; we only wiſh that they ſhould be conſidered as domeſtic occupations, not as matters of competition, or of exhibition, nor yet as the means of attracting temporary admiration. We are not afraid that any, who are really conſcious of having acquired accompliſhments with theſe prudent and honorable views, ſhould miſapprehend what has been ſaid. Mediocrity may, perhaps, attempt to miſrepreſent our remarks, and may endeavor to make it appear that we have attacked, and that we would diſcourage, every effort of female taſte and ingenuity in the fine arts; we cannot, therefore, be too explicit in diſclaiming ſuch illiberal views.

We have not yet ſpoken of dancing, though it is one of the moſt admired of female accompliſhments. This evidently is an amuſement, not an occupation; it is an agreeable exerciſe, uſeful to the health, and advantageous, as it confers a certain degree of habitual eaſe and grace. Mr. Locke ſeems to think, that it gives young people confidence in themſelves when they come into company, and that it is, therefore, expedient to teach children early to dance: but there are ſo many other methods of inſpiring young people with this confidence in themſelves, that it appears unneceſſary to lay much ſtreſs upon this argument. If children live in good company, and ſee conſtantly people with agreeable manners, they will acquire manners which the dancing maſter does not always teach; and they will eaſily vary their forms of politeneſs with the faſhion of the day. Nobody comes into a room regularly as their dancing maſter taught them to make their entrance; we ſhould think a ſtrict adherence to his leſſons ridiculous and aukward in well bred company; therefore much muſt be left to the diſcretion and taſte of the pupil, after the dancing maſter has made his laſt bow. Eaſe of manners is not always attained by thoſe who have been ſtrictly diſciplined by a Veſtris, becauſe the leſſons are not always practiſed in preciſely the ſame circumſtances in which they were learnt: this confuſes and confounds the pupils, and they rather loſe than gain confidence in themſelves, from perceiving that they cannot immediately apply what they have been taught. But we need not expatiate upon this

ſubject, becauſe there are few parents of good ſenſe, in any rank of life, who will not perceive that their daughters' manners cannot be formed or poliſhed by a dancing-maſter. We are not to conſider dancing in a grave and moral light; it is an amuſement much more agreeable to young people, and mnch better ſuited to them in every reſpect, than cards, or ſilent aſſemblies of formal viſitors. It promotes cheerfulneſs, and prevents, in ſome meaſure, the habits of goſſiping converſation, and the love of ſcandal. So far we moſt willingly agree with its moſt vivacious advocates, in its common eulogium. But this is not we fear, ſaying enough. We ſee, or fancy that we ſee, the ſober matron lay down her carefully aſſorted cards upon the card-table, and with dictatorial ſolemnity ſhe pronounces, "That dancing is ſomething more than an amuſement; that girls muſt learn to dance, becauſe they muſt appear well in public; becauſe the young ladies who dance the beſt, are uſually moſt *taken notice* of in public; moſt admired by the other ſex; moſt likely, in ſhort, not only to have their choice of the beſt partner in a ball-room, but ſometimes of the beſt partner for life."

With ſubmiſſion to maternal authority, theſe arguments do not ſeem to be juſtified of late years. Girls, who dance remarkably well, are, it is true, admired in a ball-room, and followed, perhaps, by thoſe idle, thoughtleſs young men, who frequent public places merely for want of ſomething elſe to do. This race of beings are not particalarly calculated to make good huſbands in any ſenſe of the word; nor are they uſually diſpoſed to think of marriage in any other light than as the laſt deſperate expedient to repair their injured fortunes. They ſet their wits againſt the ſex in general, and conſider themſelves as in danger of being jockeyed into the matrimonial ſtate. Some few, perhaps, who have not brought their imagination ſufficiently under the command of the calculating faculty, are *caught* by beauty and accompliſhments, and many againſt the common rules of intereſt. Theſe men are conſidered with pity, or with ridicule, by their companions, as dupes who have ſuffered themſelves to be taken in: others are warned by their fate; and the future probability of ſimilar *errors*, of courſe, muſt be diminiſhed. The faſhionable apathy, whether real or affected, with which young men lounge in public places, with ſcarcely the appearance of attention to the fair exhibitors before them, ſufficiently marks the temper of the times; and if the female ſex have loſt any thing of the reſpect and eſteem which ought to be paid to them in ſociety, they can ſcarcely expect to regain their proper influence by conceſſions to the falſe and vitiated taſte of thoſe who combine to treat them with neglect bordering upon inſolence. If the ſyſtem of female education, if the ſyſtem of female manners, conſpire to ſhew in the fair ſex a degrading anxiety to attract worthleſs admiration, wealthy or titled homage, is it ſurpriſing that every young man, who has any pretenſions to birth, fortune, or faſhion, ſhould conſider himſelf as the arbiter of their fate, and the deſpotic judge of their

merit? Women, who underſtand their real intereſts, perceive the cauſes of the contempt with which the ſex is treated by faſhionable coxcombs, and they feel ſome indignation at the meanneſs with which this contempt, tacitly or openly expreſſed, is endured. Women, who feel none of this indignation, and who, either from their education, or their circumſtances, are only ſolicitous to obtain preſent amuſement, or what they think the permanent advantages of a fortunate alliance, will yet find themſelves miſtaken by preſiſting in their thoughtleſs career; they will not gain even the objects to which they aſpire. How many accompliſhed belles run the uſual round of diſſipation in all public places of exhibition, tire the public eye, and, after a ſeaſon or two, fade and are forgotten! How many accompliſhed belles are there, who, having gained the object of their own, or of their mother's ambition, find themſelves doomed to miſery for life! Thoſe unequal marriages, which are ſometimes called *excellent matches*, ſeldom produce much happineſs. And where happineſs is not, what *is* all the reſt?

If all, or any of theſe reflection, ſhould ſtrike the heart, and convince the underſtanding, of an anxious, but reaſonable mother, ſhe will, probably, immediately determine upon her own conduct in the education of her daughters: ſhe will reſolve to avoid the common errors of the frivolous or the intereſted! ſhe will not be influenced by the importunity of every idle acquaintance, who may talk to her of the neceſſity of her daughter's being taken notice of in public, of the chances of an *advantageous* eſtabliſhment, of the good fortune of Miſs Y——, or lady Angelina X——, in meeting with a coxcomb or a ſpendthrift for a huſband; nor will ſhe be moved with maternal emulation when ſhe is further told, that theſe young ladies owed their *ſucceſs* entirely to the ſuperiority of their accompliſhments: ſhe will conſider, for one moment, what is meant by the word ſucceſs; ſhe will, perhaps, not be of opinion that "'tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix;" ſhe will, perhaps, reflect, that even the "ſoft ſounds" of titled grandeur loſe their power to pleaſe, and "ſalute the ear" almoſt unobſerved. The happineſs, the permanent happineſs of her child, will be the firſt, the laſt object of the good and enlightened mother: to this all her views and all her efforts will tend; and to this ſhe will make every faſhionable, every elegant accompliſhment ſubſervient.

With reſpect to the literary education of the female ſex, the arguments on both ſides of the queſtion have already been ſtated, with all the impartiality in our power in another place.* Without obtruding a detail of the ſame arguments again upon the public, it will be ſufficient to profeſs the diſtinct opinion, which a longer conſideration of the ſubject has yet more fully confirmed, That it will tend to the happineſs of ſociety in general, that women ſhould have their underſtandings cultivated and enlarged as much as poſſible; that the happineſs of domeſtic life, the virtues and the powers of

* V. Letters for Literary Ladies.

pleaſing in the female ſex, the yet more deſirable power of attaching thoſe worthy of their love and eſteem, will be increaſed by the judicious cultivation of the female underſtanding, more than by all that modern gallantry or ancient chivalry could deviſe in favour of the ſex. Much prudence and ability are requiſite to conduct properly a young woman's literary education. Her imagination muſt not be raiſed above the taſte for neceſſary occupations, or the numerous ſmall, but not trifling, pleaſures of domeſtic life: her mind muſt be enlarged, yet the delicacy of her manners muſt be preſerved: her knowledge muſt be various, and her powers of reaſoning unawed by authority; yet ſhe muſt *habitually* feel that nice ſenſe of propriety, which is at once the guard and the charm of every femenine virtue. By early caution, unremitting, ſcrupulous caution in the choice of the books which are put into the hands of girls, a mother, or a preceptreſs, may fully occupy and entertain their pupils, and excite in their minds a *taſte* for propriety, as well as a taſte for literature. It cannot be neceſſary to add more than this general idea, that a mother ought to be anſwerable to her daughter's huſband for the books her daughter had read, as well as for the company ſhe had kept.

Thoſe obſervations, which apply equally to the cultivation of the underſtanding both of men and of women, we do not here mean to point out; we would ſpeak only of what may be peculiar to female education. From the ſtudy of the learned languages, women, by cuſtom, fortunately for them, are exempted: of ancient literature they may, in tranſlations which are acknowledged to be excellent, obtain a ſufficient knowledge, without paying too much time and labour for this claſſic pleaſure. Confuſed notions from faſhionable publications, from periodical papers, and comedies, have made their way into common converſation, and thence have aſſumed an appearance of authority, and have been extremely diſadvantageous to female education. Sentiment and ridicule have conſpired to repreſent reaſon, knowledge, and ſcience, as unſuitable or dangerous to women; yet at the ſame time wit, and ſuperficial acquirements in literature, have been the object of admiration in ſociety; ſo that this dangerous inference has been drawn, almoſt without our perceiving its fallacy, that ſuperficial knowledge is more deſirable in women than accurate knowledge. This principle muſt lead to innumerable errors; it muſt produce continual contradictions in the courſe of education: inſtead of making women more reaſonable, and leſs preſuming, it will render them at once arrogant and ignorant; full of pretenſions, incapable of application, and unfit to hear themſelves convinced. Whatever young women learn, let them be taught accurately; let them know ever ſo little apparently, they will know much if they have learnt that little *well*. A girl who runs through a courſe of natural hiſtory, hears ſomething about chemiſtry, has been taught ſomething of botany, and who knows but juſt enough of theſe to make her fancy that ſhe is well informed, is in a miſerable

ſituation, in danger of becoming ridiculous, and inſupportably tireſome to men of ſenſe and ſcience. But let a woman know any one thing completely, and ſhe will have ſufficient underſtanding to learn more, and to apply what ſhe has been taught ſo as to intereſt men of generoſity and genius in her favour. The knowledge of the general principles of any ſcience, is very different from ſuperficial knowledge of the ſcience; perhaps, from not attending to this diſtinction, or from not underſtanding it, many have failed in female education.

ON KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

From a Modern Publication.

IT is a common opinion, "That adverſity is the ſchool in which all extraordinary virtue muſt be formed. Henry the fourth of France and Elizabeth of England experienced a long ſeries of calamities before they were elevated to a throne. Alfred, of whom the obſcure chronicles of a barbarous age record ſuch ſuperior virtues, paſſed through the viciſſitudes of a vagabond and a fugitive. Even the mixed, and upon the whole the vicious, yet accompliſhed, characters of Frederic and Alexander, were not formed without the interference of injuſtice and perſecution."

But, though the opinion here ſtated of the uſefulneſs of adverſity be exaggerated, it is, like many other of our errors, allied to important truth. If adverſity be not neceſſary, it muſt be allowed that proſperity is pernicious. Not a genuine and philoſophical proſperity, which requires no more than ſound health with a ſound intellect, the capacity of procuring for ourſelves by a moderate and well regulated induſtry the means of ſubſiſtence, virtue and wiſdom, but proſperity, as it is uſually underſtood, that is, a competence, provided for us by the caprice of human inſtitution, inviting our bodies to indolence, and our minds to lethargy; and ſtill more proſperity, as it is underſtood in the caſe of noblemen and princes, that is, a ſuperfluity of wealth, which deprives us of all intercourſe with our fellow men upon equal terms, and makes us priſoners of ſtate, gratified indeed with baubles and ſplendour, but ſhut out from the real benefits of ſociety and the perception of truth. If truth be ſo intrinſically powerful as to make adverſity unneceſſary to excite our attention to it, it is nevertheleſs certain that luxury and wealth have the moſt fatal effects in diſtorting it. If it require no foreign aid to aſſiſt its energies, we ought however to be upon our guard againſt principles and ſituations the tendency of which may be perpetually to counteract it.

Nor is this all. One of the moſt eſſential ingredients of virtue is fortitude. It was the plan of many of the Grecian philoſophers, and moſt of all of Diogenes, to ſhow to mankind how very limited was the ſupply that our neceſſities required, and how little depend-

ent our real welfare and proſperity were upon the caprice of others. Among innumerable incidents upon record that illuſtrate this principle, a ſingle one may ſuffice to ſuggeſt to our minds its general ſpirit. Diogenes had a ſlave whoſe name was Menas, and Menas thought proper on ſome occaſion to elope. "Ha!" ſaid the philoſopher, "can Menas live without Diogenes, and cannot Diogenes live without Menas?" There can be no leſſon more important than that which is thus conveyed. The man that does not know himſelf not to be at the mercy of other men, that does not feel that he is invulnerable to all the viciſſitudes of fortune, is incapable of a conſtant and inflexible virtue. He, to whom the reſt of his ſpecies can reaſonably look up with confidence, muſt be firm, becauſe his mind is filled with the excellence of the object he purſues; and cheerful becauſe he knows that it is out of the power of events to injure him. If any one ſhould chooſe to imagine that this idea of virtue is ſtrained too high, yet all muſt allow that no man can be entitled to our confidence, who trembles at every wind, who can endure no adverſity, and whoſe very exiſtence is linked to the artificial character he ſuſtains. Nothing can more reaſonably excite our contempt, than a man who, if he were once reduced to the genuine and ſimple condition of man, would be driven to deſpair, and find himſelf incapable of conſulting and providing for his own ſubſiſtence. Fortitude is a habit of mind that grows out of a ſenſe of our own independence. If there be a man, who dares not even truſt his own imagination with the fancied change of his circumſtances, he muſt neceſſarily be effeminate, irreſolute and temporiſing. He that loves ſenſuality or oſtentation better than virtue, may be entitled to our pity, but a madman only would entruſt to his diſpoſal any thing that was dear to him.

Again, the only means by which truth, however immutable in its own nature, can be communicated to the human mind is through the inlet of the ſenſes. It is perhaps impoſſible that a man ſhut up in a cabinet can ever be wiſe. If we would acquire knowledge, we muſt open our eyes, and contemplate the univerſe. Till we are acquainted with the meaning of terms and the nature of the objects around us, we cannot underſtand the propoſitions that may be formed concerning them. Till we are acquainted with the nature of the objects around us, we cannot compare them with the principles we have formed, and underſtand the modes of employing them. There are other ways of attaining wiſdom and ability beſide the ſchool of adverſity, but there is no way of attaining them but through the medium of experience. That is, experience brings in the materials with which intellect works; for it muſt be granted that a man of limited experience will often be more capable than he who has gone through the greateſt variety of ſcenes; or rather perhaps that one man may collect more experience in a ſphere of a few miles ſquare, than another who has ſailed round the world.

To conceive truly the value of experience we muſt recollect the infinite improvements the human mind has received in a long ſeries of ages, and how an enlightened European differs from a ſolitary ſavage. However multifarious are theſe improvements, there are but two ways in which they can be appropriated by any individual; either at ſecond hand by books and converſation, or at firſt hand by our own obſervations of men and things. The improvement we receive in the firſt of theſe modes is unlimited; but it will not do alone. We cannot underſtand books, till we have ſeen the ſubjects of which they treat.

He that knows the mind of man, muſt have obſerved it for himſelf; he that knows it moſt intimately, muſt have obſerved it in its greateſt variety of ſituations. He muſt have ſeen it without diſguiſe, when no exterior ſituation puts a curb upon its paſſions, and induces the individual to exhibit a ſtudied, not a ſpontaneous character. He muſt have ſeen men in their unguarded moments, when the eagerneſs of temporary reſentment tips their tongue with fire, when they are animated and dilated by hope, when they are tortured and anatomiſed by deſpair, when the ſoul pours out its inmoſt ſelf into the boſom of an equal and a friend. Laſtly, he muſt himſelf have been an actor in the ſcene, have had his own paſſions brought into play, have known the anxiety of expectation and the tranſport of ſucceſs, or he will feel and underſtand about as much of what he ſees, as mankind in general would of the tranſactions of the vitrified inhabitants of the planet Mercury, or the ſalamanders that live in the ſun.—Such is the education of the true philoſopher, the genuine politician, the friend and benefactor of human kind.

ON ACQUIREMENTS.

Written by William Beckford Eſq. ſince deceaſed.

THE great end of biography is inſtruction; and from diſtinguiſhed and illuſtrious characters we are more apt to look for example and precept, than from thoſe who are more lowly and dependent. But if this rule were to be conſidered as general and preſcriptive, from what ſource are the ſimple and the unlettered to derive their ſtream of inſtruction, ſince theſe advantages ſeem only to flow from an opulent and a cultered ſoil.

The ſun was ordained to ſhine with equal warmth and influence on all, and is ſeen to illuminate, with equal favour, as well the cottage of the ruſtic, as the palace of the king. The night protends her ſilver lamp, not leſs for the utility of the peaſant, than the lumination of the peer. The rain as much deſcends to allay the duſt beneath the footſtep of the hind, as beneath the chariot wheels of the proud. The dews equally diſtil to refreſh the cultivations of poverty and contentment, as to invigorate the painted bowers of the opulent, or to

cheriſh the exotic paſtures of the voluptuous and profuſe. The univerſal harmony and regularity of nature, from the moſt ſublime of her operations, to the moſt attenuated of her works, revolve in concord to the diſpenſation of the great artificer, who, governed by general, and not by partial ordinances, diſtributes his phyſical bleſſings, and, with a benevolent hand, alike on all.

If ſuch be the generous diſpenſations of the Creator, in regard to external objects, why ſhould we doubt his moral impartiality in the formation of his creatures? Having endued them with the ſame organs of outward perception, why ſhould not the faculties of the mind be equally ſubject to the ſame diſpoſitions? To ſuppoſe that ſome men are born with a more original proportion of intellects than others, would be to arraign the wiſdom, and to repine at the juſtice of his decrees; as the perverſion of the underſtanding would become a crime, and, at the ſame time, involve its own puniſhment.

Practice gives vigour to the mind, as perfection in manual operations, celebrity in the arts, and perſeverance in the ſciences, are the conſequence of labour, of ſtudy, and experience. Without the aid of ſuch auxiliaries, underſtanding would be inert, and we ſhould find that there is not, in innate comprehenſion, any difference between the philoſopher and the ideot.

If a man excel in any given purſuit, we call it an acquirement; and if acquired, we renounce at once the originality of his ideas.

Original perceptions there are not any: reflection is the child of memory and obſervation, and, aſſiſted by the concentration of incipient powers, become what are called ideas; but this being a word of popular import, is made applicable to every thing human; that is to ſay, to every thing that is endued with underſtanding.

The pride of talents, therefore, ſhould be reduced to the artificial retention of the brain, a painful inveſtigation, and a ſucceſsful inquiry; and genius, ſo called, is found to be the reſult of their combinations.

But it may be ſaid, were not the powers of Homer original? was *he* not *born* a poet, Apelles a painter, and our Newton to be immortal?

Such characters appear to have been uſhered into the world to confound metaphyſics; and the blaze of their tranſcendent endowments to give a genuine ſtamp to their celebrity.

The recitations of Homer, like thoſe of an orator, might have been acquired. The fire of ſome enthuſiaſt, like himſelf, from the ſparks of which he early lighted his poetical taper, might have occaſioned his boſom to glow with the ſame propenſities; and the tradition of ages of heroiſm and renown having inſpired his youthful breaſt with ardour, his fancy might have taken up the tale, aſſiſted his remembrance of paſt occurrences, and, ſuperadding tradition to his own inventions, might have produced thoſe noble poems which are, in the original, the boaſt of the learned, as they are, in their

transfuſions, the delight of the feeling, and the admiration of the accompliſhed world.

Apelles excelled in an art that was purely imitative; what, therefore, was conſidered as a genius in his profeſſion, could not have proceeded from an originality of talents. He ſaw nature with an eye of obſervation and correctneſs; he traced the outlines, he ſtudied the characters, and deſigned the forms; and, going over his work with the experience he had acquired, his practice aſſiſted his invention, and his imagination gave flexibility to his contours, proportion to his attitudes, expreſſion to his features, and united grace and elegance to render his productions complete.

Of Newton the panegyric is more lofty, as the reſearches were more ſublime. Indeed, he ſeems to have ſtood in the middle way between materiality and the divinity; and yet his wonderful endowments did not accompany him from his birth, but grew up with his years and matured with his ſtrength.

There are many men who have lived and died unnoticed and unknown, who might have been as highly diſtinguiſhed as theſe illuſtrious perſons whoſe names we have recited, if, with the ſame propenſities, they had had the ſame opportunities, and the ſame advantages. Some there are who are elevated into notice by encouragement; but there are many, too many, we greatly fear, who, from an ungrateful neglect of the world, are ſuffered to wear out an unprofitable exiſtence in neglect, obſcurity, and want.

NOVEL READING, A CAUSE OF FEMALE DEPRAVITY.

From the Monthly Mirror for November 1797.

"The traveller, if he chance to ſtray,
May turn uncenſur'd to his way;
Polluted ſtreams again are pure,
And deepeſt wounds admit a cure;
But woman no redemption knows—
The wounds of honour never cloſe!
Pity may mourn, but not reſtore—
And woman falls to riſe no more."

Mr. Editor,

I NOW begin to hope I ſhall ſee good old days come round again—that moderately ſtiff ſtays, covered elbows, and concealed boſoms, will ſoon be prevailing faſhions; and, what is of far greater importance, that chaſtity—pure and ſpotleſs CHASTITY!—will once more be the darling attribute of women. Had faſhionable depravity been confined to the higher circles of life, I think I ſhould hardly have troubled you with theſe my ſentiments; I ſhould have concluded it the offſpring of idleneſs and voluptuouſneſs, and have deſpaired of effectually deprecating a vice which not the happy exam-

ple of conjugal virtue held forth from the throne could diſcountenance. But, like every other faſhion, a little day hands it down to *the million*, and woman is now but another name for infamy.

I have been at ſome trouble to trace to its ſource this great calamity, in the middling orders of ſociety—for faſhion of itſelf, even if it was introduced by a prince, and his dulcinea's trains were held up by every peereſs at court, could never have ſo unhappily corrupted the female world—and I find thoſe who firſt made *novel-reading* an indiſpenſible branch in forming the minds of young women, have a great deal to anſwer for. Without this poiſon inſtilled, as it were, into the blood, females in ordinary life would never have been ſo much the ſlaves of vice. The plain food, wholeſome air, and exerciſe they enjoy, would have exempted them from the tyranny of lawleſs paſſions, and, like their virtuous grandmothers, they would have pointed the finger of ſhame at the impure and licentious. But thoſe generous ſentiments, thoſe liberal opinions, thoſe tender tales abounding with fine feeling, ſoft ideas, facinating gentleneſs, and warm deſcriptions, have been the ruin of us. A girl with her intellectual powers enervated by ſuch a courſe of reading, falls an eaſy prey to the firſt *boy* who aſſumes the languiſhing lover. He has only to ſtuff a piece of dirty paper into the crevice of her window, full of *thous* and *thees* and *thys* and mellifluous compounds, hyeroglyphically ſpelled, perhaps, and Miſs is not long in finding out that "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it;" ſo as Maſter is yet in his apprenticeſhip, and friends would diſapprove of an early marriage, they agree to diſpenſe with the ceremony. Nay, even when brooding over a helpleſs baſe-born infant, and ſurrounded by a once reſpectable and happy family, now dejected and diſhonoured, too often does the infatuated fair one take pleaſure in the miſery ſhe has created, and fancy floods of ſorrow *ſweetly graceful*, becauſe, forſooth, ſhe is juſt in the ſame point of view as the hapleſs, the diſtreſſed, the love-lorn Sappho of ſome novel or other.

And yet this, bad as it is, is not the worſt reſult of ſuch pernicious reading. It is no uncommon thing for a young lady who has attended her deareſt friend to the altar, a few months after a marriage which, perhaps, but for *her*, had been a happy one, to fix her affections on her friend's huſband, and by artful blandiſhments allure him to herſelf. Be not ſtaggered, moral reader, at the recital! ſuch ſerpents are really in exiſtence; ſuch dæmons in the form of women are now too often to be found! Three inſtances, in as many years, have occurred in the little circle I move in. I have ſeen two poor diſconſolate parents drop into premature graves, miſerable victims to their daughter's diſhonour, and the peace of ſeveral relative families wounded, never to be healed again in this world.

"And was novel-reading the cauſe of this?" inquires ſome gentle fair one, who, deprived of ſuch an amuſement, could hardly exiſt; "was novel-reading the foundation of ſuch frail conduct?" I anſwer yes! It is in that ſchool the poor deluded female imbibes

erroneous principles, and from thence purſues a flagrantly vicious line of conduct; it is there ſhe is told that love is involuntary, and that attachments of the heart are decreed by fate. Impious reaſoning! As if a Power infinitely wiſe and beneficent would ordain atrocity! The firſt idle prepoſſeſſion, therefore, ſuch a perſon feels, if it happens to be for the huſband of her moſt intimate friend, inſtead of calling herſelf to a ſevere account for the illegal preference, ſhe ſets to work to reconcile it to nature—"There is a fatality in it," argues ſhe; "it is the will of Heaven our ſouls ſhould be united in the ſilken bonds of reciprocal love, and there is no ſtriving againſt fate." This once ſettled, criminality ſoon follows; the gentle, the ſympathizing, the faithful friend, undauntedly plants a dagger in the boſom of the mother, and ruthleſsly tears from the innocent children the parent ſtem on which their ſupport and comfort depends. And yet this very female has cried, oh how ſhe has cried! over relations of fictitious diſtreſs—has railed at hard-hearted fathers, cruel mothers, barbarous uncles, and treacherous friends, till her tongue denied its office, and ſhe ſunk beneath the weight of ſympathy, for miſery far ſhort of *that* ſhe herſelf is creating.

If good ſpirits in the other world are ſenſible of what is done in this, how will the Spartan and Roman dames of antiquity bleſs themſelves that they were not doomed to breathe on earth in the eighteenth century; how will the cheeks of many a Britiſh matron be ſuffuſed with ſhame for her polluted deſcendants! You may think me warm, Mr. Editor, and your readers may think me illiberal; but let me beg of the female part of them to caſt their eye into the world for a moment—let them count the diſgraceful, and number the diſhonoured, and if they do not find reaſon to bluſh for expiring virtue, I am content to be reckoned a peeviſh old maid, or a diſappointed old bachelor, as long as I live. *Generoſity, liberal judgment,* and *a refined way of thinking,* have done enough for us; for after ages will read in our annals, that when philoſophy and humanity were objects of every one's pretenſion, from the night-man to the miniſter of ſtate, the rights of nature were never more violated, nor the rights of religion more trampled on. What is refined ſophiſtication; what is lenity, when they tend to corrupt our nature? Surely reprehenſible! and as ſuch let them give way to the more ſevere, but infinitely more beneficial, dictates of truth. Why are we endowed with ſo noble a power as reaſon? Why do we boaſt of a will to control our paſſions? if we ſuffer the one to be degraded by a vicious courſe of life, and the other to abet laſcivious enormity.

CRITICISM.

CRITICISM UPON POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

WE have thought proper to commence this head with an examen of Pope's famous Eſſay on Criticiſm, extracted from Dr. Aikin's Letters to his Son.

DEAR SON,

THOUGH it is for the moſt part a poor employment to endeavour to point out faults in a performance of reputation, and to diminiſh the admiration with which it has uſually been regarded, yet as far as inculcating the true principles of literature is of any conſequence, it is important occaſionally to diſcuſs the merits of thoſe works on which the public taſte is chiefly formed. And this is peculiarly juſt and proper with reſpect to ſuch pieces as are themſelves critical, and written with the profeſſed intention of eſtabliſhing rules for compoſing and judging. Among works of this kind, few are more diſtinguiſhed than *Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm*. If the circumſtance of its being written in verſe has, on the one hand, impaired its authority, on the other, it has ſerved to make it more read, and to fix its maxims more thoroughly in the memory. In fact, few pieces are more referred to in the way of quotation; and after the high praiſes it has received from ſuch names as Warburton, Johnſon, and Warton, its influence upon the opinions of writers and readers cannot be ſuppoſed inconſiderable. Such commendations, indeed, render it a hazardous taſk to call in queſtion its merits. But my experience of men and books has not ſerved to augment my confidence in great names; and if I can give good reaſons for the objections I ſhall make, I fear not that you will regard my attempt as preſumptuous.

Dr. Warburton, at the cloſe of his Commentary on this Eſſay, ſtrongly calls it to the reader's recollection, that its author had not attained his twentieth year. This view of it as a juvenile performance is a very proper one. It may juſtly excite our admiration of the early diſplay of poetical powers it exhibits, and ſhould ſuggeſt every indulgence of candour to its defects; but it ſhould make us heſitate in attributing to it that comprehenſion of view and accuracy of conception, which were by no means the moſt ſtriking qualities of the author in the full maturity of his powers. It does not belong to my purpoſe to point out the imperfections with which it abounds as a mere poetical compoſition. What I have to do with, are the falſe thoughts and vicious principles, which render it a very unſafe guide in matters of taſte, notwithſtanding the large admixture of maxims founded on good ſenſe, and expreſſed with the utmoſt brilliancy of language.

With reſpect to the *method* of the piece, as far as it really poſſeſſes a method not forcibly held together by the commentator's chain, it may be affirmed, that the arrangement of matter is ſimple and natural, but not vey cloſely adhered to. Many of the rules and remarks are brought in with little connexion with what preceded, and apparently might be tranſpoſed without injury. And after all Warburton has done for Pope, and his diſciple for Horace, it is certain that the reader of each poet will ſcarcely, without a previous clue, become ſenſible of more than a ſet of detached maxims, connected only by the general ſubject.

Pope begins with an aſſertion which, if true, would render his work of very confined utility, namely, that critics, as well as poets, muſt be born ſuch.

> Both muſt alike from heav'n derive their light,
> Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.

And he further limits the profeſſion of criticiſm, by requiring that both talents ſhould be united in the ſame perſon.

> Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
> And cenſure freely who have written well.

But ſurely both theſe are very falſe notions; for nothing ſeems to be more a matter of acquirement than the habit of judging accurately on works of art; and this habit appears from innumerable inſtances to be perfectly diſtinct from the faculty of practiſing the arts. Indeed they have much oftener exiſted ſeparate than combined.

> Thus in the ſoul while Memory prevails,
> The ſolid power of Underſtanding fails;
> Where beams of warm imagination play,
> The memory's ſoft figures melt away.

The beauty of imagery in theſe lines, ſhould not make us blind to the want of juſtneſs in the thought. To repreſent ſtrength of memory as incompatible with ſolidity of underſtanding, is ſo obviouſly contrary to fact, that I preſume the author had in his eye only the caſe of extraordinary memory for names, dates, and things which offer no ideas to the mind; which has, indeed, been often diſplayed in great perfection by mere idiots. For, it is difficult to conceive how the faculty of judgment, which conſiſts in the compariſon of different ideas, can at all be exerciſed without the power of ſtoring up ideas in the mind, and calling them forth when required. From the ſecond couplet, apparently meant to be the converſe of the firſt, one would ſuppoſe that he conſidered the underſtanding and the imagination as the ſame faculty, elſe the counterpart is defective. Further, ſo far is it from being true, that the imagination obliterates the figures of memory, that the circumſtance which cauſes a thing to be remembered is principally its being aſſociated with other ideas by the agency of the imagination. If the poet only meant, that

thoſe ideas about which the imagination is occupied, are apt to exclude ideas of a different kind, the remark is true; but it ſhould have been differently expreſſed.

One Science only will one Genius fit.

The maxim is as falſe, as it is diſcouraging, and derogatory from the powers of the human mind. It is, perhaps, generally true, that the genius is excluſively fitted for attaining excellence in one of the great claſſes of mental acquiſitions, as ſcience, art, invention, &c. but he who can make himſelf maſter of one *ſcience* properly ſo called, may commonly with equal application attain any other.

Firſt follow Nature.

This trite rule can be of little uſe without being opened and exemplified. It is perfectly obvious, that in all the arts which are imitative or deſcriptive of nature, ſhe muſt be the archetype; but the proper manner of ſtudying nature, and transferring its images to each particular ſpecies of the works of art, variouſly combined, contraſted, and perhaps heightened and altered, is the great *deſideratum* on which their true theory and practice is founded. We ſhall ſoon ſee that Pope cuts ſhort all diſcuſſions of this kind, by reducing his general precept to the ſingle practical direction, imitate the ancients.

When firſt young Maro, &c.

That Virgil, not only in his general plan, but in moſt of the ſubordinate parts, was a cloſe copyiſt of Homer, is undeniable, whatever be thought of the ſuppoſition that he ſet out with a deſign of drawing from the ſources of nature, and was diverted from it by the diſcovery that "Nature and Homer were the ſame." The modern idolatry of Shakeſpeare has elevated *him* to the ſame degree of authority among us; and critics have not been wanting, who have confidently drawn from his characters the proofs and illuſtrations of their theories on the human mind. But what can be more unworthy of the true critic and philoſopher, than ſuch an implicit reliance on any man, how exalted ſoever his genius, eſpecially on thoſe who lived in the infancy of their art? If an epic poem be a repreſentation of nature in a courſe of heroic action, it muſt be ſuſceptible of as much variety as nature herſelf; and ſurely it is more deſirable that a poet of original genius ſhould give full ſcope to his inventive powers, under the reſtrictions of ſuch laws only as are founded on nature, than that he ſhould fetter himſelf with rules derived from the practice of a predeceſſor. When Pope praiſes the ancient rules for compoſition on the ground that they were "diſcovered not deviſed," and were only "nature methodized," he gives a juſt notion of what they *ought* to be. But when he ſuppoſes Virgil to have been properly "checked in his bold deſign of drawing from Nature's fountains," and in conſequence to have confined his work within rules as ſtrict

As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line,

how can he avoid the force of his own ridicule, where a little further, in this very piece, he laughs at Dennis for

Concluding all were deſperate ſots and fools
Who durſt depart from Ariſtottle's rules?

Such are the inconſiſtencies of a writer who ſometimes utters notions derived from reading and education, ſometimes the ſuggeſtions of native good ſenſe!

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.

If the meaning of the writer here is only, that rules will not ſtand inſtead of genius, and that a poet's greateſt beauties are rather the reſult of a happy flow of fancy, than the careful purſuit of precepts, the truth of the remark is indiſputable. But if, applying to the critic, he means to tell him that certain poetical beauties are irreducible to rational principles, and only to be referred to *luck*, *chance*, a *brave diſorder*, and ſuch other unmeaning notions, we may aſſert that he was indeed young in the *philoſophy of criticiſm*. He appears, however, to have been in the right train, when he ſays, that where the *lucky licence* anſwers its purpoſe,

———that Licence is a rule;

but he confuſes all again by the often-quoted maxim,

Great Wits ſometimes may glorioufly offend,
And riſe to faults true Critics dare not mend.

for he ſought rather to have concluded, that ſuch ſucceſsful deviations from common practice are not faults; and that the true critic ſhould enlarge his rules to the comprehenſion of theſe real, though unuſual, excellencies. So much, indeed, does he perplex himſelf between veneration for ancient rules, and regard to the practice of eminent poets, that the whole paſſage is full of contradictions, which coſt his commentator much fruitleſs pains to reconcile, and oblige him to take ſhelter in a compariſon between the ſublimities of poetry, and the myſteries of religion, "ſome of which are above reaſon, and ſome contrary to it."

Pope goes on to obſerve, that though the ancients may make thus free with their own rules, yet that modern writers ſhould copy this indulgence with caution, and not without "their precedent to plead." On the contrary, a liberal mode of reaſoning would allow more freedom to the moderns, who poſſeſs ſuch ſtores of new ideas, to deviate from ancient rules, than to the ancients who made and acknowledged them.

Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Either Steele or Addiſon, in one of his periodical papers, humourouſly deſires his reader, when he finds him dull, to ſuppoſe he has a deſign in it. This doctrine is here ſeriouſly inculcated with reſpect to *the ancients;* but its abſurdity is ſo manifeſt, that we may regard it only as the lively ſally of a young author who was fond of ſaying ſmart things, without being ſolicitous about their truth. A judicious poet may deſignedly *under-write* ſome parts of a long work, or, rather, he will find it impoſſible to be every where equally brilliant, but he will never with deſign write what is childiſh and inſipid, if he thinks it to be ſuch.

Hail Bards triumphant, born in happier days!

This noble eulogy on the poets of antiqnity is not to be admitted without many exceptions and limitations; eſpecially if it is meant to extend to all that unequal and motley aſſemblage of writers known by the title of *the claſſics.* Of theſe, many are valued and read merely becauſe they are ancients; and even the moſt excellent afford ſufficient ſcope for manly criticiſm, which can never arrive at ſolidity of principles, if it is obliged to regard the negligencies and defects of great writers with ſilent reverence.

True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.

The poet in cenſuring the narrow and partial taſtes of ſome critics, begins with that for *conceit,* or a glitter of dazzling thoughts riſing one after another without meaning and connexion. This is *falſe wit;* as a contraſt to which, he gives a definition of the *true,* in the preceding lines. But he has evidently, by this pnrpoſe of contraſting the two kinds, been led to a deſcription which exhibits none of the peculiar features of wit, as other writers have repreſented it, or as he himſelf uſually underſtands it. By this definition, any juſt moral ſentiment, any exact picture of a natural object, if clothed in good expreſſion, would be wit. Its teſt being an agreement with images previouſly exiſting in our own minds, no other quality is requiſite to it but truth. Even uncommonneſs is not taken into the character; for we muſt *often* have thought it, and be able to recognize it *at ſight.* Nor has he given any diſtinct idea of that *advantageous dreſs* which makes a natural thought witty. No dreſs can ſuit ſome thoughts ſo well as the moſt ſimple. Exalted ſentiments of the heart, and ſublime objects in nature, generally ſtrike moſt when preſented in language the leaſt ſtudied. Indeed, he uſes, within a few lines, the very ſame metaphor of dreſs, in expoſing the finical taſte of thoſe who value a work for the ſtyle rather than the ſenſe; and the fact certainly is, that the moſt confeſſedly witty writers have often been little ſolicitous as to the *manner* of expreſſing their notions.

Pope evidently entertains a different conception of wit from that of the definition above quoted, in the lines immediately following.

> As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
> So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit,
> For works may have more wit than does them good,
> As bodies periſh through exceſs of blood.

Now, "modeſt plainneſs" is no foil or contraſt to wit as characterized in the definition, becauſe it may be the moſt "advantageous dreſs" for a thought. Again, that wit which may ſuperabound in a work, muſt be a different thing from "natural imagery joined to good expreſſion," for in thoſe, what danger can there be of exceſs? He was certainly now recurring in his mind to thoſe brilliant flaſhes, which, though often introduced with falſe judgment, are not however, falſe wit.

The two characters of *bad critic* and *bad poet* are groſsly confounded in the paſſage relating to poetical numbers; for though it be true, that vulgar readers of poetry are chiefly attentive to the melody of the verſe, yet it is not *they* who *admire*, but the *paltry verſifier*, who *employs* monotonous ſyllables, feeble expletives, and a dull routine of of unvaried rhymes. Again, an ordinary ear is capable of perceiving the beauty ariſing from the ſound being made an echo to the ſenſe—indeed it is one of the moſt obvious beauties in poetry—but it is no eaſy taſk for the poet to ſucceed in his attempts to render it ſo, as Pope has ſufficiently proved by the miſerable failure of ſome of his examples in illuſtration of the precept.

> The pow'r of muſic all our hearts allow,
> And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Muſic, properly ſo called, and the melody reſulting from verſification, are things radically different in their nature and principles, though perpetually confounded in the figurative language of poets and writers on polite literature. Nor, indeed, do we poſſeſs terms by which theſe two kinds of pleaſing ſound can well be ſeparately deſcribed. The names and characters, however, of poet and muſician, are ſufficiently diſcriminated; and Pope has committed a groſs error in confounding them in the preſent inſtance. There is no reſemblance between the manner in which Alexander was affected by the *muſic* of Timotheus, and that in which we are affected by the *poetry* of Dryden deſcriptive of that event. The firſt was, as ſtory relates, an inſtance of the powers of pure ſound, ſkilfully modulated and changed. The latter is a moſt animated picture of ſucceſſive diſplays of paſſion; and much more reſembles the effect of a hiſtory-painting, than of a piece of muſic. The mere verſification is a very inferior point in Dryden's Ode, though it is a principal one in Pope's rival Ode on St. Cecelia's day. Alexander's Feaſt ſet to Handel's muſic may, indeed, be paralleled to the performance of the Grecian; but then Handel, and not Dryden, is the modern Timotheus. It is ludicrous enough, that Pope's compariſon of

Dryden to a harper, ſhould come ſo near to the idea formed of Pope himſelf by a crowned head, who is reported, on hearing the poet greatly extolled in his preſence, with a view of attracting his notice, to have aſked, if Mr. Pope were a fiddler.

Fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve.

This prudiſh ſentence has probably made as many formal coxcombs in literature, as Lord Cheſterfield's opinion on the vulgarity of laughter, has among men of high breeding. As a general maxim, it has no foundation whatever in truth. Proneneſs to admiration is a quality rather of temper than of underſtanding; and if it often attends light minds, it is alſo inſeparable from that warmth of imagination which is requiſite for the ſtrong perception of what is excellent in art and nature. Innumerable inſtances might be produced of the rapturous admiration with which men of genius have been ſtruck at the view of great performances. It is enough here to mention the poet's favourite critic, Longinus, who is far from being contented with cool approbation, but gives free ſcope to the moſt enraptured praiſe. Few things indicate a mind more unfavourably conſtituted for the fine arts, than a ſlowneſs in being moved to the admiration of excellence; and it is certainly better that this paſſion ſhould at firſt be excited by objects rather inadequate, than that it ſhould not be excited at all.

After properly exhorting his critic to candour and good nature, the poet is, however, indulgent enough to point out ſome topics on which he may be as ſour and ſevere as he pleaſes. The firſt fault given up to his rage is *Obſcenity;* and doubtleſs, if the critic think it worth his while to direct his formidable artillery againſt ſuch an obvious violation of propriety, no friend of virtue and decorum will reſtrain him. It was not, however, perfectly decent in Pope to expreſs ſuch a rigid zeal on this ſubject, when ſeveral of his own juvenile pieces, ſtill preſerved in all editions of his work, are by no means free from the blemiſh he ſtigmatizes.

The next devoted crime is *Impiety*. Now, a perſon may be very converſant with the rules of poetical criticiſm, without being able exactly to determine on the validity of a charge of impiety; and there is reaſon to ſuſpect that our young lawgiver was himſelf in this caſe. He ſays,

The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving Prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation.

Socinian is a very potent term of abuſe, and has, at various periods, been applied with ſingular advantage by thoſe who wiſhed to render their antagoniſts odious; yet the religion Socinus profeſſed will bear compariſon, in point of fervency and purity, with that of the moſt ſaintly names upon record. As to the "more pleaſant methods of ſalvation," we are told by the right reverend annotator (a much

better authority on this ſubject than the poet) that they were the duties of Chriſtian morality, which ſucceeded the doctrines of grace and ſatisfaction held in the preceding age. Now, that theſe new divines offered ſalvation upon eaſier terms than their predeceſſors, by ſubſtituting practice for belief, and a man's own efforts to vicarious ſatisfaction, is not a very obvious fact; nor is it a neceſſary conſequence of ſuch tenets, that "vice ſhould find a flatterer in the pulpit." "Such Monſters," whatever the poet might think, are not to be ſubdued by the thunders of belle-lettres critics, but by the adamantine weapons of ſound argument.

Here I cloſe my remarks on this performance. It would be no difficult taſk to adduce from it many more inſtances of ſhallow judgment on books and things, either incidentally mentioned, or deſigned as exemplifications of his rules; but my purpoſe was to ſhew you how little it deſerves the high eſtimation in which it has been held as a didactic work. This, I truſt, has ſufficiently appeared, from the vague and inconſequent manner of thinking on fundnmental points, diſplayed in the cited paſſages. The character of a conſummate critic at twenty is what Pope may well reſign, and ſtill retain enough of juſt reputation to place him in the moſt conſpicuous rank of Engliſh literature. Farewel!

CRITICISM ON VIRGIL.

VIRGIL, though born to ſhine by his own intrinſic powers, certainly owed much of his excellence to the wonderful merits of Homer. His ſuſceptible imagination, vivid and correct, was impregnated by the Odyſſey, and warmed with the fire of the Iliad. Rivalling, or rather on ſome occaſions ſurpaſſing his glorious predeceſſor in the characters of Heroes and of Gods, he ſuſtains their dignity with ſo uniform a luſtre, that they ſeem indeed more than mortal.

Whether the Iliad or the Æneid be the more perfect compoſition, is a queſtion which has often been agitated, but perhaps will never be determined to general ſatisfaction. In comparing the genius of the two poets, however, allowance ought to be made for the difference of circumſtances in which they compoſed their reſpective works. Homer wrote in an age when mankind had not as yet made any great progreſs in the exertions either of intellect or imagination, and he was therefore indebted for his reſources to the vaſt capacity of his own mind. To this we muſt add, that he executed both his poems in a ſituation of life extremely unfavourable to the cultivation of poetry. Virgil, on the contrary, lived in a period when literature had attained to a high ſtate of improvement. He had likewiſe not only the advantage of finding a model in the works of Homer, but of peruſing the laws of epic poetry, which had been digeſted by

Ariſtotle, and the various obſervations made on the writings of the Greek bard by critics of acuteneſs and taſte; amongſt the chief of whom was his friend Horace, who remarks that

———*quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*

DE ARTE POET.

Virgil, beſides, compoſed his poem in a ſtate remote from indigence; where he was rouſed to exertion by the example of ſeveral contemporary poets; and, what muſt have animated him beyond every other conſideration, he wrote both at the deſire, and under the patronage, of the emperor and his miniſter Mecænas. In what time Homer compoſed either of his poems, we know not; but the *Æneid*, we are informed, was the employment of Virgil during eleven years. For ſome years, the repeated entreaties of Auguſtus could not extort from him the ſmalleſt ſpecimen of the work; but at length, when conſiderably advanced in it, he condeſcended to recite three books, the ſecond, the fourth, and the ſixth, in the preſence of the emperor and his ſiſter Octavia; to gratify the latter of whom in particular, the recital of the laſt book now mentioned was intended. When the poet came to theſe words, *Tu Marcellus eris*, alluding to Octavia's ſon, a youth of great hopes, who had lately died, the mother fainted. After ſhe had recovered from this fit by the aſſiduity of the attendants, ſhe ordered ten ſeſtertia to be given to Virgil for every line relating to that ſubject; a gratuity which amounted to about two thouſand pounds ſterling.

In the compoſition of the *Æneid*, Virgil ſcrupled not to introduce whole lines of Homer, and of the Latin poet Ennius, many of whoſe ſentences he admired. In a few inſtances he has borrowed from Lucretius. He is ſaid to have been at extraordinary pains in poliſhing his numbers; and when he was doubtful of any paſſage, he would read it to ſome of his friends that he might have their opinion. On ſuch occaſions, it was uſual with him to conſult in particular his freedman and librarian Erotes, an old domeſtic, who, it is related, ſupplied extempore a deficiency in two lines, and was deſired by his maſter to write them in the manuſcript.

When this immortal work was completed, Virgil reſolved on retiring into Greece and Aſia for three years, that he might devote himſelf entirely to the poliſhing of it, and have leiſure afterwards to paſs the remainder of his life in the cultivation of philoſophy. But meeting at Athens with Auguſtus, who was on his return from the Eaſt, he determined on accompanying the emperor back to Rome. Upon a viſit to Megara, a town in the neighbourhood of Athens, he was ſeized with a languor, which encreaſed during the enſuing voyage; and in a few days after landing at Brundiſium he expired, on the 22d of September, in the fifty-ſecond year of his age. He deſired that his body might be carried to Naples, where he had paſſed many happy years; and that the following diſtich, written in his laſt ſickneſs, ſhould be inſcribed upon his tomb;

Mantua me genuit : Calabri rapuere : tenet nunc
Parthenope : cecini paſcua, rura duces.

He was accordingly interred, by the order of Auguſtus, with great funeral pomp, within two miles of Naples, near the road to Puteoli, where his tomb ſtill exiſts. Of his eſtate, which was very conſiderable by the liberality of his friends, he left the greater part to Valerius Proculus and his brother, a fourth to Auguſtus, a twelfth to Mecænas, beſides legacies to L. Varius, and Plotius Tucca, who, in conſequence of his own requeſt, and the command of Auguſtus, reviſed and corrected the Æneid after his death. Their inſtructions from the emperor were, to expunge whatever they thought improper, but upon no account to make any addition. This reſtriction is ſuppoſed to be the cauſe that ſo many lines in the Æneid are imperfect.

Virgil was of large ſtature, had a dark complexion, and his features are ſaid to have been ſuch as expreſſed no uncommon abilities. He was ſubject to complaints of the ſtomach and throat, as well as a head-ach, and had frequent diſcharges of blood upwards; but from what part, we are not informed. He was very temperate both in food and wine. His modeſty was ſo great, that at Naples they commonly gave him the name of Parthenias, "the modeſt man." In reſpect of his modeſty, the following anecdote is related.

Having written a diſtich, in which he compared Auguſtus to Jupiter, he placed it in the night-time over the gate of the emperor's palace. It was in theſe words :

Nocte pluit totâ, redeunt ſpectacula mane ;
Diviſum imperium cum Jove Cæſar habet.

By the order of Auguſtus, an enquiry was made after the author; and Virgil not declaring himſelf, the verſes were claimed by Bathyllus, a contemptible poet, but who was liberally rewarded on this occaſion. Virgil, provoked at the falſehood of the impoſtor, again wrote the verſes on ſome conſpicuous part of the palace, and under them the following line :

Hos ego verſiculos feci, tulit alter honores ;

with the beginning of another line in theſe words :

Sic vos non vobis,

repeated four times. Auguſtus expreſſing a deſire that the lines ſhould be finiſhed, and Bathyllus proving unequal to the taſk, Virgil at laſt filled up the blanks in this manner :

Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves.
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves.
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes.
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra, boves.

The expedient immediately evinced him to be the author of the diſtich, and Bathyllus became the theme of public ridicule.

When at any time Virgil came to Rome, if the people, as was commonly the caſe, crowded to gaze upon him, or pointed at him with the finger, in admiration, he bluſhed, and ſtole away from them; frequently taking refuge in ſome ſhop. When he went to the theatre, the audience univerſally roſe up at his entrance, as they did to Auguſtus, and received him with the loudeſt plaudits; a compliment which however highly honorable, he would gladly have declined. When ſuch was the juſt reſpect which they paid to the author of the Bucolics and Georgics, how would they have expreſſed their eſteem, had they beheld him in the effulgence of epic renown! In the beautiful epiſode of the Elyſian fields, in the Æneid, where he dextrouſly introduced a glorions diſplay of their country, he had touched the moſt elaſtic ſprings of Roman enthuſiaſm. The paſſion would have rebounded upon himſelf, and they would, in the heat of admiration, have idolized him.

Extracted from Thompſons Suetonius.

HORACE.

From the ſame Work.

HORACE was born at Venuſia, on the 10th of December, in the Conſulſhip of L. Cotta, and L. Torquatus. According to his acknowledgement, his father was a freedman; by ſome it is ſaid, a collector of the revenue, and by others, that he was a fiſhmonger, or dealt in ſalted meat. Whatever he was, he paid particular attention to the education of his ſon, whom, after receiving inſtruction from the beſt maſters in Rome, he ſent to Athens to ſtudy philoſophy. From this place, Horace followed Brutus, in the quality of a military Tribune, to the battle of Philippi, where, by his own confeſſion, being ſeized with timidity, he abandoned the profeſſion of a ſoldier, and returning to Rome, applied himſelf to the cultivation of poetry. In a ſhort time he procured the friendſhip of Virgil and Varius, whom he mentions in his Satires, in terms of the moſt tender affection.

Poſtera lux oritur multo gratiſſima; namque
Plotius & Varius Sinueſſæ, Virgiliuſque,
Occurrunt; animæ, quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit, neque queis me ſit devinctior alter:
O qui complexus, & gaudia quanta fuerunt!
Nil ego contulerim jucundo ſanus amico. SAT. I. 5.

By the two friends abovementioned, he was recommended to the patronage not only of Mecænas, but Auguſtus, with whom he, as well as Virgil, lived on a footing of the greateſt intimacy. Satisfied with the luxury which he enjoyed at the firſt tables in Rome, he was ſo unambitious of any public employment, that when the emperor offered him the place of his ſecretary, he declined it. But as he lived in an elegant manner, having, beſides his houſe in town,

a cottage on his Sabine farm, and a villa at Tibur, near the cataract of the Anio, he enjoyed, beyond all doubt, a handſome eſtabliſhment, from the liberality of Auguſtus. He indulged himſelf in indolence and ſocial pleaſure, but was at the ſame time much devoted to reading. He enjoyed a tolerable good ſtate of health, but was often incommoded with a fluxion of rheum upon the eyes.

Horace, in the ardor of youth, and when his boſom beat high with the raptures of fancy, had, in the purſuit of Grecian literature, drunk largely, at the ſource, of the delicious ſprings of Caſtalia; and it ſeems to have been ever after his chief ambition, to tranſplant into the plains of Latinum the palm of lyric poetry. Nor did he fail of ſucceſs:

Exegi monumentum ære perennius. CARM. III. 30.

In Greece, and other countries, the Ode appears to have been the moſt ancient, as well as the moſt popular ſpecies of literary production. Warm in expreſſion, and ſhort in extent, it concentrates in narrow bounds the fire of poetical tranſport: on which account, it has been generally employed to celebrate the fervors of piety, the raptures of love, the enthuſiaſm of praiſe; and to animate warriors to glorious exertions of valor:

Muſa dedit fidibus Divos, pueroſque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.

HOR. DE ARTE POET.

Miſenum Æoliden, quo non præſtantior alter
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu *.

VIRGIL ÆNEID. VI.

* * * * * * * *

Sed tum forte cavâ dum perſonat æquora conchâ
Demens, & cantu vocat in certamina Divos. *Ibid.*

There aroſe in this department, amongſt the Greeks, nine eminent poets, viz. Alcæus, Alcman, Anacreon, Bacchylides, Ibicus, Sappho, Steſichorus, Simonides, and Pindar. The greater part of this diſtinguiſhed claſs are now known only by name. They ſeem all to have differed from one another, no leſs in the kind of meaſure which they chiefly or ſolely employed, than in the ſtrength or ſoftneſs, the beauty or grandeur, the animated rapidity or the graceful eaſe of their various compoſitions. Of the amorous effuſions of the lyre, we yet have examples in the odes of Anacreon, and the incomparable ode of Sappho: the lyric ſtrains which animated to battle, have ſunk into oblivion; but the victors in the public games of Greece have their fame perpetuated in the admirable productions of Pindar.

Horace, by adopting, in the multiplicity of his ſubjects, almoſt all

---

* The laſt members of theſe two lines, from the commas to the end, are what are ſaid to have been ſupplied by Erotes, Virgil's librarian.

the various meaſures of the different Greek poets, and frequently combining different meaſures in the ſame compoſition, has compenſated the dialects of that tongue, ſo happily ſuited to poetry, and given to a language leſs diſtinguiſhed for ſoft inflexions, all the tender and delicate modulations of the Eaſtern ſong. While he moves in the meaſures of the Greeks with an eaſe and gracefulneſs that rivals their own acknowledged excellence, he has enriched the fund of lyric harmony with a ſtanza peculiar to himſelf. In the artificial conſtruction of the Ode, he may juſtly be regarded as the firſt of lyric poets. In beautiful imagery, he is inferior to none: in variety of ſentiment and felicity of expreſſion, ſuperior to every exiſting competitor in Greek or Roman poetry. He is elegant without affectation; and, what is more than all remarkable, in the midſt of gaiety he is moral. We ſeldom meet in his Odes with the abrupt apoſtrophes of paſſionate excurſion; but his tranſitions are conducted with eaſe, and every ſubject introduced with propriety.

The *Carmen Seculare* was written at the expreſs deſire of Auguſtus, for the celebration of the Secular Games, performed once in a hundred years, and which continued during three days and three nights, whilſt all Rome reſounded with the mingled effuſions of choral addreſſes to gods and goddeſſes, and of feſtive joy. An occaſion which ſo much intereſted the ambition of the poet, called into exertion the moſt vigorous efforts of his genius. More conciſe in mythological attributes than the hymns aſcribed to Homer, this beautiful production, in variety and grandeur of invocation, and in pomp of numbers, ſurpaſſes all that Greece, melodious but ſimple in the ſervice of the altar, ever poured forth from her vocal groves in ſolemn adoration. By the force of native genius, the ancients elevated their heroes to a pitch of ſublimity that excites admiration, but to ſoar beyond which they could derive no aid from mythology; and it was reſerved for a bard, inſpired with noble ſentiments than the muſes could ſupply, to ſing the praiſes of that Being whoſe ineffable perfections tranſcend all human imagination. Of the praiſes of gods and heroes, there is not now extant a more beautiful compoſition, than the 12th Ode of the firſt book of Horace:

Quem virum ant heroa lyrâ vel acri
Tibiâ ſumes celebrare, Clio?
Quem Deum? cujus recinet jocoſa
Nomen imago,
Aut in umbroſis Heliconis oris, &c.

The Satires of Horace are far from being remarkable for poetical harmony, as he himſelf acknowledges. Indeed, according to the plan upon which ſeveral of them are written, it could ſcarcely be otherwiſe. They are frequently colloquial, ſometimes interrogatory, the tranſitions quick, and the apoſtrophes abrupt. It was not his object in thoſe compoſitions, to ſooth the ear with the melody of poliſhed numbers, but to rally the frailties of the heart, to convince

the underſtanding by argument, and thence to put to ſhame both the vices and follies of mankind. Satire is a ſpecies of compoſition, of which the Greeks furniſhed no model, and the preceding Roman writers of this claſs, though they had much improved it from its original rudeneſs and licentiouſneſs, had ſtill not brought it to that degree of perfection which might anſwer the purpoſe of moral reform in a poliſhed ſtate of ſociety. It received the moſt eſſential improvement from Horace, who has dextrouſly combined wit and argument, raillery and ſarcaſm, on the ſide of morality and virtue, of happineſs and truth.

The Epiſtles of this author may be reckoned amongſt the moſt valuable productions of antiquity. Except thoſe of the ſecond book, and one or two in the firſt, they are in general of the familiar kind; abounding in moral ſentiments, and judicious obſervations on life and manners.

The poem *De Arte Poëticâ* compriſes a ſyſtem of criticiſm, in juſtneſs of principle and extent of application, correſpondent to the various exertions of genius on ſubjects of invention and taſte. That in compoſing this excellent production, he availed himſelf of the moſt approved works of Grecian original, we may conclude from the advice which he there recommends:

———— *Vos exemplaria Græca*
Nocturnâ verſate manû verſate diurnâ.

In the writings of Horace there appears a fund of good ſenſe, enlivened with pleaſantry, and refined by philoſophical reflection. He had cultivated his judgment with great application, and his taſte was guided by an intuitive perception of moral beauty, aptitude, and propriety. The few inſtances of indelicacy which occur in his compoſitions, we may aſcribe rather to the manners of the times, than to any blameable propenſity in the author. Horace died in the fifty-ſeventh year of his age, ſurviving his beloved Mecænas only three weeks; a circumſtance, which, added to the declaration in an ode* to that perſonage, ſuppoſed to have been written in Mecænas's laſt illneſs, has given riſe to a conjecture, that Horace ended his days by a violent death, to accompany his friend. But it is more natural to conclude that he died of exceſſive grief, as, had he literally adhered to the affirmation contained in the ode, he would have followed his patron more cloſely. This ſeems to be confirmed by a fact immediately preceding his death: for though he declared Auguſtus heir to his whole eſtate, he was not able, on account of weakneſs, to put his ſignature to the will; a failure, which it is probable that he would have taken care to obviate, had his death been premeditated. He was interred, at his own deſire, near the tomb of Mecænas.

* Carm. I. 17.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF POPE.

From an Engliſh Periodical Publication.

WHATEVER might be the imperfections of our great poet's perſon or temper, yet the vigour, force, and activity of his mind were almoſt unparalleled. His whole life, and every hour of it, in ſickneſs and in health, was devoted ſolely and with unremitting diligence, to cultivate that one art in which he had determined to excel. Many other poets have been unavoidably immerſed in buſineſs, in wars, in politics, and diverted from their favourite bias and purſuits. Of Pope it might truly and ſolely be ſaid, *Verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum.* His whole thoughts, time, and talents were ſpent on his works alone: which works, if we diſpaſſionately and carefully review, we ſhall find, that the largeſt portion of them, for he attempted nothing of the epic or dramatic, is of the didactic, moral, and ſatiric kind; and, conſequently, not of the moſt poetic ſpecies of poetry. There is nothing in ſo ſublime a ſtyle as the bard of Gray. This is a matter of *fact*, not of *reaſoning*; and means to point out, what Pope *has actually done*, not what, if he had put out his full ſtrength, he was *capable* of *doing*. No man can poſſibly think, or can hint, that the author of the *Rape of the Lock*, and the *Eloiſa*, wanted *imagination*, or *ſenſibility*, or *pathetic*; but he certainly did not ſo often indulge and exert thoſe talents, nor give ſo many proofs of them, as he did of ſtrong ſenſe and judgement. This turn of mind led him to admire French models; he ſtudied *Boileau* attentively; formed himſelf upon *him*, as Milton formed himſelf upon the Grecian and Italian Sons of *Fancy*. He ſtuck to deſcribing *modern manners*; but theſe *manners*, becauſe they are *familiar*, *uniform*, *artificial*, and *poliſhed*, are, for theſe *four* reaſons in their very nature *unfit* for any lofty effort of the muſe. He gradually became one of the moſt correct, even, and exact poets that ever wrote; but yet with force and ſpirit, finiſhing his pieces with a patience, a care, and aſſiduity, that no buſineſs nor avocation ever interrupted; ſo that if he does not frequently raviſh and tranſport his reader, like his maſter *Dryden*, yet he does not ſo often diſguſt him, like Dryden, with unexpected inequalities and abſurd improprieties. He is never above or below his ſubject. Whatever poetical enthuſiaſm he actually poſſeſſed, he withheld and ſuppreſſed. The peruſal of him, in moſt of his pieces, affects not our minds with ſuch ſtrong emotions as we feel from *Homer* and *Milton*; ſo that no man, of a true poetical ſpirit, is maſter of himſelf while he reads them. Hence he is a writer fit for univerſal peruſal, and of general utility; adapted to all ages and all ſtations; for the old and for the young; the man of buſineſs and the ſcholar. He who would think, and there are many ſuch, the *Fairy Queen*, *Palamon and Arcite*, the *Tempeſt*, or *Comus*, childiſh and romantic, may reliſh Pope. Surely it is no narrow, nor invidious, nor niggardly encomium to ſay, he is the great Poet of Reaſon; the *firſt* of *ethical* authors in verſe; which he was by

choice, not neceſſity. And this ſpecies of writing is, after all, the ſureſt road to an extenſive and immediate reputation. It lies more level to the general capacities of men, than the higher flights of more exalted and genuine poetry. *Waller* was more applauded than the *Paradiſe loſt*; and we all remember when *Churchill* was more in vogue than *Gray*.

'We live in a reaſoning and proſaic age. The foreſts of Fairy-land have been rooted up and deſtroyed; the caſtles and the palaces of fancy are in ruins; the magic wand of Proſpero is broken and buried many fathoms in the earth. *Telemachus* was ſo univerſally read and admired in France, not ſo much on account of the poetical images and the fine imitations of Homer which it contained, but for the many artful and ſatirical alluſions to the profligate court of Louis XIV. ſcattered up and down. He that treats of faſhionable follies, and the topics of the day, that deſcribes preſent perſons and recent events, as Dryden did in his Abſalom and Achitophel, finds many readers, whoſe underſtandings and whoſe paſſions he gratifies, and who love politics far more than poetry.

'The name of *Cheſterfield* on one hand, and of *Walpole* on the other, failed not to make a poem bought up, and talked of. And it cannot be doubted, that the Odes of Horace which celebrated, and Satires which ridiculed, well-known and real characters at Rome, were more eagerly read, and more frequently cited, than the Æneid and the Georgic of Virgil. Malignant and inſenſible muſt be the critic, who ſhould impotently dare to aſſert, that *Pope* wanted *genius* and *imagination*; but perhaps it may ſafely be affirmed, that his *peculiar* and *characteriſtical* excellencies were good ſenſe and judgment. And this was the opinion of Atterbury and Bolingbroke; and it was alſo his own opinion.

CRITICISM ON GRAY.

THE few compoſitions of Gray appear to be the productions of induſtry and taſte, in their operation on the materials of learning; and we were impreſſed with more reſpect for his powers by the peruſal of his letters, than by that of his poems. In theſe we can diſtinguiſh no ſtrong caſt of original thought, or any of thoſe flaſhes of fancy, which ſtrike in the pages Dryden, and cover their faults with ſplendour. In Gray all is order and elegance, harmony and beauty; but all, at the ſame time, is, too obviouſly, ſelection and labour. The whole is richly ſweet; but it is drawn, under our very eyes, from a thouſand flowers, and we are witneſſes of the long and painful proceſs, with which it is ſtrained and wrought into the taſteful and golden maſs. "The Bard," which Dr. Warton ſeems diſpoſed to place above the firſt lyric effuſions of Dryden, is undoubtedly a noble compoſition: but it is rather ſtiff and heavy in its march;

and betrays too manifeſtly, in our opinion, the effort, which was neceſſary for its production. In ſome ſingle ſtanzas of Dryden we can diſtinguiſh more of the "mens divinor," a brighter eruption of the fiery ſoul of genuine inſpiration, than in all the Odes of Gray.

Before we leave this ſubject, we are tempted to obſerve, that an admired paſſage in "The Bard,"

> "Looſe his beard and hoary hair
> Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air,"

has always appeared to us as an attempt, which, having overſhot the ſublime, had fallen into the burleſque. When Milton talks of

> "The imperial enſign, which full high advanc'd,
> Shone, like a meteor, ſtreaming to the wind;"

he paints to our eyes the floating banner of the prince of hell, with as much juſtice as magnificence; and we admire the imagination, which could at once illuſtrate and enlarge ſo grand an object: but when the ſame image is transferred to the "looſe beard and hoary hair" of an old bard, we are ſtruck with the diſproportion between the ſubject, and its intended illuſtration, and we are urged to ſmile rather than admire. In Milton alſo, it may be remarked, that not only the ſtreaming, but the luſtre of the imperial enſign, which "*ſhone*," and, like the other banners, no doubt, "*with orient colours waved*," forms its reſemblance to a meteor: whilſt, in Gray, the ſimilitude conſiſts merely in the motion of the things which are compared; and the image, already too bulky for the poet's purpoſe, is further moſt injudiciouſly heightened by the interpoſition of the epithet "*troubled*." Dryden has introduced a ſimilar alluſion with great ſublimity into a ſpeech of Antony's in the "All for Love."

> "Why was I raiſed the meteor of the world,
> Hung in the ſkies, and blazing as I travell'd,
> 'Till all my fires were ſpent; and then caſt downward,
> To be trod out by Cæſar?"——

Among the odes of Gray, "The Bard" inconteſtibly aſſerts the firſt place: of the reſt, that "on the Death of a favourite Cat," "the Triumps of Owen," and the "Fatal Siſters," cannot be allowed any pre-eminent or impreſſive merit. The "Elegy" is an unique; a gem of rare beauty, which it is not eaſy to praiſe beyond its worth.

CRITICISM ON Mr. SOUTEY's JOAN OF ARC.

From Drake's Literary Hours.

MR. SOUTHEY's *Joan of Arc*, though incorrect and written with inexcuſable rapidity, reflects great credit on his genius and abilities; the ſentiments are noble and generous, and burn with

an enthuſiaſtic ardour for liberty ; the characters, eſpecially that of his Heroine, are well ſupported, and his viſionary ſcenes are rich with bold and energetic imagery. His fable, however, I cannot but conſider peculiarly unfortunate, as directly militating againſt national pride and opinion ; moſt epic writers have been ſolicitous to acquire popularity by aggrandizing the heroic deeds and bold empriſe of their reſpective nations, but in *Joan of Arc* the tide of cenſure falls upon one of our moſt gallant Kings, and who has ever been a favourite with the multitude. It is true that the votaries of ambition ſcatter deſolation in their train, and merit the indignant reprobation of every friend to humanity, but had Mr. Southey conſulted his own fame and popularity he had choſen a different ſubject as the vehicle of his ſentiments. The verſification of this poem is in many parts very beautiful, and would have been altogether ſo, had the author condeſcended to beſtow more time on its elaboration.* In his promiſed epic on the Diſcovery of America by Madoc, the ingenious poet it is hoped, will apply more care and aſſiduity to the neceſſary work of perfecting and poliſhing.

THE DRAMA OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

From the ſame.

THE Drama in the ſixteenth, and during a great part of the ſeventeenth century was written with little attention to the rules of compoſition, and, except in the hands of Shakeſpeare, was for the moſt part either monſtrous or abortive. The Plays of Maſſinger, Beaumont and Fletcher abound with the wildeſt incongruities both in matter and form, and though Johnſon was infinitely more regular yet he wanted the eſſential of genius. Succeeding poets have however made nearer approaches to the perfectability of art, and few tragedies have been produced within the preſent century without due regard to mechaniſm of fable, to decorum of ſcene, and propriety of ſtyle. But as attention to the dictates of criticiſm will not alone conſtitute a good play, it is neceſſary to ſhew that the poets within our preſcribed period want not what is otherwiſe vital and requiſite to their art. In tragedy, as was obſerved before, we muſt avoid entering the liſt with Shakeſpeare, but with his contemporary bards we can court compariſon in triumph. With this exception who can produce a tragedy from the boſom of the ſixteenth, or prior half of the ſeventeenth century, that, in genuine dramatic

* Since theſe obſervation were made Mr. Southey has publiſhed a ſecond edition of the *Joan of Arc*, in which many and great alterations, and, for the moſt part, highly to the advantage of the work, have taken place.

excellence, ſhall rank with the *Grecian Daughter* or *Gameſter* of Moore, the *Douglas* of Home, the *Elfrida* and *Caractacas* of Maſon, or the *Myſterious Mother* of Walpole. Though the ſubject of this laſt piece be ſingularly horrid and almoſt diſguſting, yet the fable is conducted with ſuch inimitable ſkill, that it may in this reſpect be conſidered as approximating nearer to perfection than any other drama extant, the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles even not excepted. Some of the ſcenes in Douglas are of admirable pathos and beauty, and its diction has been juſtly and generally approved. The claſſical productions of Maſon would have done honour to Athens in her moſt refined period, and the tragedies of Moore have been bathed with the tears of thouſands. If we turn to comedy, the ſuperiority of modern genius is deciſive; for, I imagine, it will readily be conceded that the *Suſpicious Huſband*, the *Jealous Wife*, the *Clandeſtine Marriage*, and the *School for Scandal*, are perfectly unrivalled. The comedies of Mr. Cumberland likewiſe poſſeſs very conſiderable merit, eſpecially his *Weſt Indian* and *Wheel of Fortune*. Comedy has in every nation been ſlow in attaining perfection. Ariſtophanes, more remarkable for ſcurrility than for wit and humour, was contemporary with Euripides, and though Shakeſpeare has many characters of the moſt genuine humour, he has not furniſhed us with an inſtance of legitimate comedy, unleſs indeed the *Merry Wives of Windſor* may be termed ſuch. In fact before the time of Congreve and Cibber, pure and unmixed comedy was nearly unknown, and only acquired its more poliſhed and perfect ſtate when the drama of Colman and Sheridan appeared.

Dr. DARWIN's BOTANIC GARDEN.

From the ſame.

DR. DARWIN has lately favoured the world with a poem perfectly original in its deſign, and whoſe verſification is the moſt correct and brilliant in our language. Nothing can exceed the exquiſite taſte with which the diction of the *Botanic Garden* is ſelected, and the facility which the author enjoys of deſcribing, without the ſmalleſt injury to the poliſh and melody of his lines, the moſt intricate objects of nature and of art, is truly aſtoniſhing. A playfulneſs of fancy, an unbounded variety of fiction, an imagination wild and terrific as that of Dante or Shakeſpeare, and an intimate knowledge of every branch of ſcience and natural hiſtory, conſpire to render this poem perfectly unique. Scripture narrative, ancient mythology, gothic ſuperſtition and the miracles of philoſophy are drawn in to decorate or elucidate the hiſtory or metamorphoſes of his plants, and the bold and beautiful perſonifications which every where ſtart forward, and with a projection which indicates the hand of genius, infuſe life and vigour through the work. The deſtruction of the armies of Cambyſes and of Senacherib, the proſopopœia

of the Ague and of the Nightmare, the ſcene of Meda and her Children, and the group of wild animals drinking, are, I verily think, for ſtrength of imagination, and vivacity and richneſs of colouring unequalled. Impartial criticiſm, however, compels us to obſerve that the Botanic Garden is not without defects; two leading ones may be mentioned; a monotony in the verſification ariſing from its uniform and exceſſive ſplendour, and a want of due connection between the different parts of the poem; the deſcriptions are nearly inſulated, that is, they are deficient in that kind of combination which is neceſſary to form a concording and intereſting whole.

CRITICISM ON GODWIN's POLITICAL JUSTICE.

From a Modern Publication.

I HAVE given ſome attention to Mr. Godwin's Work, on Political Juſtice, as conceiving it to be the code of improved modern ethics, morality, and legiſlation. I confeſs I looked not for the republic of Plato, or even for the Oceana of Harrington, but for ſomething different from them all. I looked indeed for a ſuperſtructure raiſed on the revolutionary ground of equality, watered with blood from the guillotine; and ſuch I found it. I cannot diſcuſs a work in two large volumes in a note, though ſome would diſpatch it with a ſingle word, but in general I can ſpeak as much of it, as it deſerves, in a ſhort compaſs; I mean as it appears to me. The firſt trait of the work is a certain cold-blooded indifference to all the mild, pious, and honourable feelings of our common nature, like all the Philoſophers of the new Sect. The next thing obſervable, is a moſt affectionate regard and concern for the welfare of mankind who are to exiſt ſome centuries hence, when the endleſs perfectability of the human ſpecies (for ſuch is their jargon) ſhall receive its completion upon earth; when the diſciples of Dr. Darwin have learned to manage the winds and direct their currents at pleaſure, and the deſcendants of Abbe Sieyes have calmed the waves of a ſtormy people with the eſſential oil of democracy. Another trait is that all Political Juſtice is eſſentially founded upon injuſtice; if plunder, robbery, and ſpoliation of all property in the outſet may be termed injuſtice; though to be ſure the latter end of his commonwealth rather forgets the beginning. But I muſt ſay, he is not without ſome kind of apprehenſion, that the population of ſtates may be too great under the bleſſings of an equal diffuſion of property in the propoſed government for which he provides a remedy. Though for my own part, I think ſuch a government, like Saturn of old, will be reduced to the neceſſity of eating up its children. Again, another diſcovery ſeems to be, that as hitherto we have had recourſe to the Deity, and his unalterable laws, to account even for the fall of a ſtone to the ground, the germination of a blade of

graſs, or the propagation of the meaneſt inſect; we are now to diſcard the ſuperintendance of God in human and terreſtrial affairs, and to believe in no providence but our own, and remake ourſelves and our faculties. He ſeems to realize a modern fiction I once read, which ſuppoſes an aſſembly of modern philoſophers before the Deity when ſome of them are ſaid to whiſper in his ear, "Between friends, we do not believe that you exiſt at all!" Further, as to ſuppoſe a divine ſanction without a divinity would be abſurd, therefore, every inſtitution, ſuch as marriage, which in all civilized nations has been hallowed for the great end for which it was ordained, is to be vilified, ridiculed, argued away and aboliſhed. The tender ſex deprived of the ſupport, comfort, and protection of their natural guardian, is to be delivered over to fancied freedom and wild independence, but in reality to miſery and deſtitution beyond all calculation. Then by way of corollary a few vulgar virtues and once honourable affections, as piety to parents and love to children as ſuch, are to be eraſed from the breaſt. Gratitude for kindneſs and tears for the unfortunate are but weakneſs; there is nothing ſoothing in compaſſion, and friendſhip has no conſolation. It would ſeem that a well of water, an apple-tree, or any thing productive, is more valuable than man to man abſtracted from the mere uſe which one man can derive from another. "Theſe are thy gods, O Iſrael, and this is the worſhip to which you are called!"

Nevertheleſs I ſhall ſtill venture to mention, with reverence and humility, The Great Moral Code intended for all mankind, once delivered and ratified by Him, who knew what was in man. In that code all is practicable, all virtue is founded in mercy, kindneſs, benevolence, and comfort, alike to him that gives and him that takes.

There man plants, and God, not man, gives the increaſe. There we find no wild ſuppoſition of an intereſt which cannot be deſcribed, as it does not exiſt; no courſe of actions is propoſed, without a motive direct and reflected. I ſpeak here of perhaps the leaſt part of the Goſpel Code, even of that revelation which was given unto men in a manner at once clear and perſpicuous, pure and unmixed, uniform and conſiſtent, perſuaſive and convincing, powerful and authoritive, in the name and in the majeſty of Him who is from everlaſting to everlaſting, the ALMIGHTY.

But if we regard mere human inſtitutions, if a man wiſhes to ſee a practicable ſyſtem of policy and government, founded and confirmed in the experience of ages, let him, if he has been awhile led aſtray by the meteors of Godwin, walk for a ſeaſon in the ſteady light which Blackſtone has diffuſed. Let him ſtudy the commentaries on the Engliſh laws, as they exiſt and uphold all that is valuable or perhaps attinable in a rational and civilized nation; and then let him conſider the theories of Godwin on political juſtice, and contemplate the government which would be raiſed on his principles. To me there ſeems to be no more compariſon than between light and darkneſs. What the great Burnet affirms of the deiſt and atheiſt conſidered

merely as two ſects in philoſophy, is, I am convinced, not wholly inapplicable to the political ſects in queſtion. The hypotheſis of the deiſt reaches from the top to the bottom, both through the intellectual and material world, with a clear and diſtinct light every where; is genuine, comprehenſive, ſatisfactory; has nothing forced, nothing confuſed, nothing precarious. Whereas the hypotheſis of the Atheiſt is ſtrained and broken; dark and uneaſy to the mind, commonly precarious, often incongruous and irrational, and ſometimes plainly ridiculous.

I can allow Mr. Godwin and other ſpeculative writers on government to be ingenious. They muſt in the courſe of their inveſtigation now and then throw out a new idea, but in general the greateſt part of their works conſiſts of very old ideas, which have been diſcuſſed again and again. They aſtoniſh by paradoxes, and allure the imagination by proſpects without a limit; and when they have alternately heated and confounded the minds of men, they call them to the great work, namely, the ſubverſion of what they call prejudices, and the overthrow of government, which, In NOSTROS FABRICATA EST MACHINA MUROS. I can laugh at their metaphyſicks, and even be amuſed with their pantomine fancies as ſuch. But when I know that their theories are deſigned to be brought into action, and when they tell us that they hate violence, bloodſhed, revolution and miſery, and that truth and happineſs are their objects, I open my eyes to ſee, and my ears to hear; and having honeſtly exerted both faculties, I declare from private conviction and from public experience, that I oppoſe the admiſſion of their doctrines, whether recommended by Thomas Paine or William Godwin.

Yet a moment, take Mr. Godwin as a natural philoſopher, and from his doctrines let the reader conſider the ſtate of his underſtanding. Let him alſo conſider how ſuch a man is qualified not merely to reform, but firſt to overthrow and then to rebuild, the whole ſyſtem of government, morality and religion in ſuch a kingdom as Great Britain. What opinion can we entertain of a man who ſeriouſly thinks that at ſome future period the neceſſity of ſleep in an animal body may be ſuperſeeded; that men die merely by their own fault and miſmanagement, but that the immortality of the organized human body, as it is now formed, might me attained by proper care; or who thinks, "that hereafter it is by no means clear that the moſt extenſive operations may not be within the reach of one man, or to make uſe of a familiar inſtance, that a plough may not be turned into a field, and perform its office without the need of ſuperintendence!! and then adds, It was in that ſenſe that the celebrated Franklin conjectured that mind would one day become omnipotent over matter!!!

I have referred to the laſt edition of Mr. Godwin's work, as he has corrected or omitted many paſſages which were in the 4to edition. If he will but go on with more laſt thoughts, I think he will ſhortly reduce his book to a very little pamphlet. I could make ſuch a

collection of Beauties (or what Rabelais might call "Antidoted Conundrums") from this work, as would dazzle even a modern philoſopher, whoſe mind is omnipotent over matter, in Mr. Godwin's and Dr. Franklin's ſenſe. I think theſe beauties would form an aſſemblage of the moſt curious and incongruous ideas ever exhibited, fully ſufficient (as Mr. Godwin expreſſes it) to rouſe (any man) from the LETHARGIC OBLIVIOUS POOL, out of which every finite intellect originally roſe! vol. 2, p. 88, 8vo. edi. Good Heaven! what can Mr. Godwin mean by ſuch ideas, and ſuch words! except he ſeriouſly believes that human ſouls are dipped in the river of oblivion, or drink of that ſtream as deſcribed by Virgil. Yet even this will not help, or explain, Mr. Godwin's words, for he ſays that they ORIGINALLY roſe from the oblivious pool. Into what whirlpools of deſolating nonſenſe are we to be hurried, as the ſport, the ſcorn, the ludibria, the puppets of theſe new creators of the moral world? Alas for man! wherever they lead us and themſelves, methinks it is deeper and deeper, confuſion worſe confounded!

The further I proceed the more I learn to diſtruſt ſwelling men and ſwelling words, and ſwelling ideas, but above all in political ſubjects, from which moſt is to be dreaded. Political writers of this claſs are not to be conſidered as the ſpeculators of former times. The lucubrations of Monteſquieu and Locke were given as the reſult of long experience and continued meditation; and were not deſigned to produce ſubverſion, but ſlow and gradual reformation, as the various ſtates of Europe would admit. The writers of theſe days on the contrary throw out their ideas at a heat, and intend they ſhould be brought into action. They are not friends "to the world, or the world's law." For I would inculcate it again and again, that whatever may be held forth to us, or diſguiſed by theſe philoſophers, neither their plans, nor their forms, nor their ſyſtems, can ever be erected or eſtabliſhed in the kingdom of Great Britain, but upon the overthrow of the Chriſtian religion, and upon the annihilation or diſturbance of all orders and ranks in ſociety as they now exiſt. And this cannot be effected, but through the neceſſary and unavoidable medium of plunder, confiſcation, revolutionary diurnal murders, and the inſurrection of the enterpriſing talents of gifted, bold, and bad men, upon all property public and private, upon which all modern revolutioniſts reſt, as their corner-ſtone, and their final hope.

ON GOLDSMITH's EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

THE *Quiz*, a collection of eſſays by a ſociety of gentlemen in England, accuſes Goldſmith of taking without acknowledgement the pretty ballad of Edwin and Angelina, beginning thus—

"Turn gentle hermit of the dale," &c.

We inſert the whole of the pretended original, as we conceive that it will give great pleaſure to our readers: but, in tranſcribing the

poem, which is ſaid to be taken from an old and ſcarce French novel, the title of which is "*Les deux Habitants de Lozanne,*" we feel ſome apprehenſion of miſtakes, from the general inaccuracy which we have obſerved to prevail in the printing of the volume before us, as the orthography is in an uncommon degree perverted:—

"RAIMOND ET ANGELINE.

1.

Entens ma voix gémiſſante,
Habitant de ces vallons!
Guide me marche tremblante,
Qui ſe pred dans les buiſſons:
N'eſt il pas quelque chaumiere,
Dans le fond de ce reduit;
Ou je vois une lumiere,
Perce l'ombre de la nuit.

2.

Mons fils, dit le ſolitaire,
Crains ce feu qui te ſeduit;
C'eſt une vapeur legére,
Elle egare qui le ſuit;
Viens dans ma cellule obſcure,
Je l'offrirai de bon cœur;
Mon pain noir, ma couche dure,
Mon repos & mon bonheur.

3.

Ces accens faiſant ſourire,
Le voyageur attendri;
Un ſecret penchant l'attire,
Vers le bienfaiſant abri:
Un tort de chaume le couvre,
Et l'hermite hoſpitiliere;
Pauſe un loquet qui les ouvre,
L'humble porte du fozer.

4.

Devant lui ſon chien folatre,
Et partage ſa gaité;
Le guillon chante dans l'atre,
Etincelant de clarté:
Mais helas! rien n'a de charmes,
Pour ſon hote malheureux;
Rien ne peut tarir les larmes,
Qui s'echappent de ſes yeux.

5.

L'hermite voit ſa triſteſſe,
Et voudroit la ſoulager;
D'où vient l'ennui qui te preſſe?
Dit il au jeune etranger:
Eſt-ce une amitié trahie?
Eſt-ce un amour dedaigné?

Ou la miſere ennemie ?
Qui te rende infortune ?

8.

Helas ! tous les biens du monde,
Sont peu dignes de nos voeux ;
Et l'inſenſé qui s'en confonde
Eſt plus mepriſable qu'eux ;
L'amitié s'il en eſt une,
N'eſt qu'un fantôme impoſteur :
Un voit qui ſuit la fortune,
Et s'eloigne du malheur.

7.

L'amour eſt plus vain encore,
C'eſt un eclât emprunté :
Un nom faux dont ſe decore
L'ambitieuſe beauté :
On ne voit l'amour fidelle
S'il daigne quitter les cieux :
Qu'en aide de la tourterelle,
Qu'il echauffe de ſes foeux.

8.

Va, crois moi, deviens plus ſage,
Mepriſe une ſexe trompeur.—
L'hote ému de ce langage
S'embellit par ſa rougeur ;
Son front où la candeur brilla,
Les yeux, ſa bouche, et ſon ſein,
Font reconnoitre une belle
Dans la charmant Pelerin.

9.

Voyez, dit-elle, une amante,
Qui cherche en vain le repos ;
Voyez une fille errante,
Dont l'amour cauſe les maux :
Long tems ſuperbe, inhumaine,
Ignorant la prix d'un cœur,
A fuir une tendre chaine,
J'avois mit tout mon bonheur.

10.

Dans cette faute volage
Qui renoit groſſir ma cœur ;
Raimond m'offroit ſon hommage
Sans m'oſer parler d'amour :
Le ciel etoit dans ſon ame,
Le lys qui s'ouvre au matin
N'eſt plus pur que la flame,
Que j'allumois dans ſon ſein.

11.

Sa naiſſance etoit communo ;
Raimond, ſans bien, ſans emploi,

N'avoit qu'un cœur pour fortune,
Mais ce cœur fut tout à moi :
Las de mon ingratitude
Il me quitte pour toujours ;
Et dans une ſolitude,
Il alla finer ſes jours.

12.

Maintenant deſeſpérée,
Victime d'un fol orgueil,
Je m'en vais dans la contrée
Qui renferme ſon cercueil :
Là je n'ai plus d'autre envie,
Que de mourir à ſes pieds ;
Payant des jours de ma vie
Ceux qu'il m'a ſacrifiés.

13.

Non, non, dit Raimond lui-même,
En la ſerrant dans ſes bras :
Non, celui qui ton cœur aime
N'a point ſubite trépas ;
Regarde, O mon Angeline,
Chere objet de mes regrets ;
Regarde, O fille divine,
Cet amant que tu pleurais.

14.

Angeline eſt dans l'ivreſſe,
Sa tranſport coupe ſa voix :
Ah, dit-elle avec tendreſſe,
Eſt ce toi que je revois ?
Vivons, mourons, l'un pour l'autre,
Il ne faut plus nous quitter :
Qu'un ſeul trépas ſoit le notre,
Qu'aurons nous à regretter !

We have endeavoured to correct many of the errors of the printed copy, and to give the reader this charming and ſimple ballad as correctly as the various faults to which we have alluded would permit us, by inſerting ſome conjectural emendations.

After all, it is poſſible (we mean barely poſſible) that Goldſmith was innocent of the theft with which he is here charged. We recollect a report, at the time when the Vicar of Wakefield was firſt publiſhed, that the favourite ballad in queſtion was *not* the compoſition of Goldſmith ; and that it was given to him by an ingenious friend, whoſe name was then freely mentioned, but which we now ſpare to repeat, from reſpect to a character which is deſervedly held in high eſtimation in the republic of letters.

With reſpect to the French compoſition, ſome have even queſtioned its originality ; alleging that it is not *the French* of the age in which it is ſaid to have been written ; but we have not leiſure to undertake, on this occaſion, the office of detection.

BOSTON REVIEW.

ARTICLE I. *Atala, or the Love and Conſtancy of two Savages in the Deſert. Tranſlated from the French of F. A. Chateaubriand, by Caleb Bingham*, A. M. Boſton. Bingham. 1802.

TALES of ſimplicity exhibiting examples of moral conduct and containing correct deſcription of rural ſcenery, always pleaſe the mind and unite utility with amuſement. The heart ſeems to partake of the ſerenity of the ſcenes which the imagination views, and inſenſibly becomes diſpoſed to applaud and imitate thoſe virtuous actions which the artleſs narration records. This ſpecies of writing, therefore, is admirably calculated to create in the minds of youth a love of virtue, and inſtruct them in the ſimple leſſons of morality. The French writers appear to have been more perſuaded of the truth of this obſervation than the Engliſh, and have frequently preſented the world with uſeful little volumes of moral narative. The illuſtrious Fenelon ſet the example by giving mankind his excellent hiſtory of the Adventures of Telemachus; and he has been followed with great ſucceſs by Marmontel, Berquin, Madame de Genlis, and many others; among whom we may place Chauteaubriand, the author of the little tale, the tranſlation of which is now under conſideration.

It has afforded us pleaſure to reflect that this volume did not come to us through the medium of an Engliſh preſs; we are pleaſed to ſee our country advancing in literature as well as in national wealth and power. We hope we are but little longer to be dependent upon Great Britain for *all* our knowledge. Americans already begin to encourage their own writers; and, without doubt, literary ſucceſs will increaſe with literary patronage.

The plan of the volume before us reſembles that of St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia, with this difference, that in the narrative of the Author of the Studies of Nature, an old man recites the tale of the Lovers; here the Lover himſelf, with feeling and paſſion, is his own hiſtorian.

Chactaw, the hero of the ſtory, relates his hiſtory to René, a Frenchman, whom he had adopted, and who had become one of the warriors of the Natchez.

In early life this Indian hero marched with his father againſt the Muſcogules, a hoſtile tribe. His father is ſlain in battle, he himſelf wounded, and led captive to St. Auguſtine, a Spaniſh ſettlement. He was taken into protection by an old Caſtilian, named Lopez: He was inſtructed in religion, and the various branches of ſcience. He becomes uneaſy in his ſituation; his habits render a wandering life eſſential to his happineſs. He leaves his friend, Lopez, and returns to the wilderneſs; is again taken by a party of the Muſcogules. They recognize him, and lead him to the great village to be burned. Simaghan is the chief of the tribe: Atala his reputed

daughter. Love invades the hearts of Chactaw and Atala. She ſoothes the priſoner on the journey to the great village. She concerts his eſcape, and flies with him into the deſert. They are retaken. Atala is not permitted to ſee Chactaw. They arrive at the great village: the day of the *Feaſt of the Dead* is appointed for his execution. The Indians aſſemble from all quarters. They torment him the firſt day; he is reſerved for further ſufferings till the morrow. Notwithſtanding his cords and guards, Atala looſes him in the night, and they again eſcape and are not overtaken. In the deſert Atala grows melancholy: love and religion maintain a ſevere conteſt in her breaſt. Her mother was married to Simaghan after ſhe had conceived. The father of Atala was Lopez, the friend of Chactaw. Her mother had embraced the Chriſtian religion; ſhe was a Roman Catholic. Upon her death bed ſhe enjoined Atala to take the veil; ſhe had vowed to the mother of angels Atala's virginity. Atala was a Chriſtian, and ſhe promiſed her dying mother never to marry. Her promiſe, and her affection for Chactaw, cauſe frequent ſtruggles in her mind; her health becomes impaired. Chactaw, with great concern, perceives her diſtreſs; its cauſe is a ſecret to him. They travel fifteen days through the deſert in the happineſs of mutual love; at midnight they hear a *bell!* They meet father Aubry, a miſſionary, who taught a flock of Chriſtianized Indians. Atala intends to conſult him ſecretly for relief of her diſtreſs; ſhe loſes her opportunity; her miſery increaſes; ſhe POISONS herſelf. Upon her death bed ſhe relates her hiſtory, and the cauſe of her malady: Chactaw is enraged againſt a religion which requires ſuch ſacrifices; it is with the greateſt difficulty father Aubry appeaſes him. In her laſt moments Atala beſeeches Chactaw to become a Chriſtian. After much objection he promiſes. Atala dies. Chactaw mourns, and buries her with all the indications of the moſt tender affection.

Such is the hiſtory of the lovers. It appears that afterwards Chactaw is taken by the French, carried to Europe, confined to the gallies at Marſeilles, is releaſed, introduced to the court of Lewis XIV. is a gueſt of Fenelon, attends the exhibitions of the tragedies of Racine, hears the funeral orations of Boſſuet, and afterwards returns to his own country, becomes blind, but is revered on account of his wiſdom and virtues, and elected ſachem of the tribe of the Natches. He is in this ſituation, when, on a moonlight night, aſcending the Miſſiſippi on a grand beaver hunt with his nation, while the Indians are ſleeping in their canoes, he relates his ſtory to René, the European, whom he had adopted.

Some years poſterior, the Natchez were attacked by the French, and Chactaw, who had received baptiſm, and René, were maſſacred. Thus ends the tale.

The moral obſervations, which this little book contains, and of which there are not a few, ariſe very naturally from the incidents, and are impreſſive by reaſon of their juſtice. The effects which the paſſion of love produces in ſimple and innocent minds, are well deſcribed, and the conſequences of a conteſt between affection and

miſguided religion, operating in a virtuous boſom, feelingly pictured.

The ſtile of this ſimple tale is eaſy, and the deſcriptions of the ſcenery of the country pictureſque and correct. The author diſcovers much knowledge of the manners and habits of the Indians, and appears to be well acquainted with their manner of living.

The tranſlation in general appears to be faithful. In ſome inſtances, however, the Tranſlator ſeems to have too ſtrictly adhered to the letter of his author, not ſufficiently regarding the different idioms of the two languages.

On the whole, we think this a pleaſing performance, and recommend it to the peruſal of all, who are fond of ſimple narrative, moral tales, and pictureſque deſcription.

ART. II. *Letters of Shahcoolen, a Hindu Philoſopher, reſiding in Philadelphia, to his Friend, El Haſſan, an Inhabitant of Delhi. Boſton. Ruſſell and Cutler.* 1802.

THESE Letters are written in imitation of the Perſian Letters of Monteſquieu, and the Citizen of the World, of Goldſmith, They were originally publiſhed in the Commercial Advertiſer at New York, and never intended, if we may believe the Author, "to aſſume the more durable form of a volume."

The ſtile is eaſy and adapted to the oriental mode of writing. The author ſeems to be well acquainted with the manners and literature of Hinduſtan, and competent to deſcribe with accuracy the ſtate of ſociety and knowledge of this country. Though he is inferior to Goldſmith and Monteſquieu, he is certainly above mediocrity.

The principal ſubjects of the Letters are, the New Philoſophy—Mary Wooliſtoncraft—State of the Female Sex, in the United States—State of American Poetry—Scenes of Nature in America—Selections from Hindu Poetry—Poetry of the Sacred Scriptures—Solomon's Song—Selections from the Gitagovinda of Jayadeva—and two Dialogues with a modern Philoſopher.

In the three firſt letters the abſurdities of Mary Woolſtoncraft's opinions are pointed out, and the cauſe of her zeal to ſpread them accurately ſtated. "It requires no great accuteneſs," ſays the Hindu, "to diſcern the reaſon why Mary laboured to eſtabliſh this doctrine. She was herſelf a *lewd woman;* and unleſs lewd women could be made reſpectable, ſhe was conſcious that ſhe muſt alſo yield to that infamy, which well regulated ſocieties univerſally throw upon female impurity."

In the fourth Letter he juſtly aſcribes the preſent modes of female dreſs to the influence of the New Philoſophy: "often," ſays he, "when reclining on a ſofa, by the ſide of *a fair American*, I have thought, that her white boſom, ſcarcely veiled at all from my ſight, and her finely proportioned limbs, which the extreme thinneſs and narrowneſs of her apparel rendered quite evident to the eye, would have excited impure emotions in any heart, leſs ſubject to reaſon than that of a *Hindu philoſopher*.

"When I have ſtopped in my walks, as I often do, at ſome public corner, the confined motion of the limbs in robes ſcarcely eighteen inches in breadth, has enabled me to compare with great accuracy, the delicate proportions and graceful movements of the ſprightly fair ones, who wander forth into the ſtreets of this metropolis.

"At firſt, I ſuppoſed theſe females to be of the ſame claſs with the *dancing girls* of Hinduſtan, and, of courſe, concluded, that the ſtate of ſociety in America, where ſo many females appeared in the dreſs of courtezans, muſt be extremely depraved. But I have ſince diſcovered, that this dreſs is aſſumed by ladies of pure reputation, and unqueſtionable virtue.

"This, my dear El Haſſan, may be called the *heroiſm* of female chaſtity: For what lady of reputation, who is not a heroine in virtue, would dare to hang out to public view, the inſignia of meretricious indulgence? No concluſion muſt be drawn from theſe facts, that there are in this country, no ladies of *eaſy virtue*. Many ſuch there are; but they cannot be diſtinguiſhed in the great cities, *by their dreſs*, from ladies of character."

In the fifth Letter, we meet with an accurate deſcription of the Female Sex in the United Sates; we regret that we cannot tranſcribe it, on account of its length, that our readers might judge of its correctneſs.

The Letter on American Poetry is elegant and conciſe, indeed much too ſhort for its ſubject. Merited praiſe is diſtributed among our *few* bards, Dwight, Barlow, Trumbull, Freneau, Humphreys, Hopkinſon, Livingſton, and others, and the peculiar traits of their reſpective poetical characters marked. We believe, with the author, that America is not deficient in genius, but in its application to literature. After obſerving that only a ſmall ſhare of attention has as yet in America been paid to the muſes, the Hindu remarks, that "This does not ariſe from a deficiency of poetical talents, but from the ſtate of ſociety. For I have converſed with many Americans, whoſe ſouls were elevated by the pureſt poetical fire; whoſe minds were familiar with every dreadful, every pleaſing ſcene; who had been accuſtomed to contemplate every thing which is "awfully vaſt, or elegantly little;" and to whom nature had opened her moſt copious ſtores of language.

"I am told, alſo, that their ſchools and colleges frequently exhibit very handſome proofs of poetical talents, which cultivation and leiſure would probably ripen into the regular poetical character. But every man is here a man of buſineſs. So univerſally is this true, that no American poet, *by profeſſion*, can be found in the liſt of their literary men. All thoſe, who made any figure in poetry, have been men of buſineſs, who amuſed their leiſure hours with the charms of verſe.

"Nor does the public taſte encourage the cultivation of poetry. Party-ſpirit, and the luſt of gain, rule the American nation with ſuch undivided ſway, as to engroſs every paſſion, and inliſt every propenſity. The meaneſt man is a politician equally with the greateſt, and feels as if "the weight of mightieſt monarchies" were to be ſuſtained upon his ſhoulders."

The Letter on American Scenery is picturesque, and well written. The specimens of Hindu Poetry exhibit much spirit and sublimity. Deserved praise is bestowed upon Solomon's Song and our sacred poetry, and many beautiful passages extracted from the poem of the Hindu bard. Our limits will not permit us to gratify our readers with a specimen of the latter. We must refer them to the little volume itself, in which they will find much agreeable entertainment.

The Dialogue between the Hindu Sage and a modern philosopher, in the two last Letters, contains a concise refutation of the leading absurd and disorganizing principles of the newfangled philosophy.

We hope this writer will continue his correspondence with his Eastern Friend. The field is wide and fertile; he may find ample materials for many letters. The mode of writing is easy and pleasant, and much delicate satire and ingenious criticism may be introduced.

On the whole, we think this an entertaining little volume, and wish, for the honour of American literature, that it may meet with a general sale and extensive circulation. We fear, however, that its *extravagant* price will prevent it from meeting with that diffusion which its contents deserve.

This Volume is dedicated to the Honorable JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, Esq.

ART. III. *A Sermon delivered before the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in Trinity Church, on the occasion of the Meeting of said Convention, and of the Ordination of the Rev. James Bowers, Rector of St. Michael's Church, Marblehead.* By John Sylvester John Gardiner, *Assistant Minister of Trinity Church.* Boston. Sprague. 1802.

THE author of this Discourse has for some time been known as an elegant writer, and, we understand, has occasionally presented the world with several anonymous pieces of correct criticism and chaste composition.

The Sermon before us will not dishonor his reputation. His style is polished, and his remarks are pertinent and sensible.

"The qualifications and conduct necessary to be possest and observed by a Christian clergyman" are described in a perspicuous manner. "He must shew himself a pattern of good works," "his doctrines must be uncorrupt," "he must be firm and disinterested in his public instructions;" "Whatever may be his regard for his hearers, he is not to ingratiate himself with them by flattering their prejudices. He is to *speak boldly the truth, in Christ Jesus.*" "He is the embassadour of God, and is amenable to God only for the faithful discharge of his duty. He must neither be allured by smiles, nor deterred by frowns from the straight line of his sacred office." "The people can neither make, nor unmake a clergyman. He has his authority from a higher source, and though his usefulness, even his subsistence may depend on their approbation, yet stripped of both, he is still a clergyman; a character in our church, considered indelible." "He should possess a considerable portion of human

learning;" "a competent ſhare of the *Latin* tongue, and ſufficient *Greek* to read the book of life in the original;" "ſome knowledge of eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, and perfect acquaintance with the principles and doctrines of the *Epiſcopal* church. If with theſe he unites uncorruptneſs, gravity, ſincerity, ſound ſpeech that cannot be condemned, he will be a workman that need not be aſhamed, however reſpectable may be the audience he addreſſes. He will not be deterred by the prevalence of the faſhionable and fleeting doctrines of the day, from preaching the true doctrines of the Goſpel as ſet forth in the articles of our church," "doctrines held and enforced by the great luminaries of our church, and of the *Chriſtian* world, the *Barrows*, the *Tillotſons*, the *Sherlocks*, the *Sharpes*, and the *Hornes*, and are maintained, at the preſent day, with ability and eloquence by the Horſeleys, the Prettyman's, and the Porteuſes; under the adamantine ſhield of theſe great authorities, he will be invulnerable to the attacks of *Arminianiſm* and *Socinianiſm*, and though he may live in peace and friendſhip with many of their virtuous diſciples, he will hold faſt his integrity, and remain untinctured with their theological tenets."

Though Mr. G. confines his obſervations principally to the qualifications of a clergyman of his own denomination, yet he is poſſeſt of much candour. We were much pleaſed with the following paſſage, particularly becauſe it affords a very excellent contraſt to a violent, intemperate, and, we may ſay, intolerant philippic againſt the Epiſcopalians, delivered at the Dudleian Lecture in the univerſity at Cambridge, about *twenty days* before this Sermon was pronounced.

"Nothing," ſays Mr. Gardiner, "can be more abhorrent from the genius of Chriſtianity in general, and the mild ſpirit of the *Epiſcopal* Church, in particular, than to feel alienated from a fellow Chriſtian becauſe his tenets do not exactly correſpond with our own. There are numberleſs points, and ſome too of no ſmall importance, in which the Chriſtian world have long been, and will probably continue to be, divided; and in learning, in genius, in virtue, great names can be produced on both ſides. Does it not ſhew, then, an illiberal, contracted (not to ſay unchriſtian) ſpirit, to refuſe to aſſociate with perſons, who, points of faith out the queſtion, are in many reſpects our equals, in ſome, perhaps our ſuperiors. And do we not act inconſiſtently, if in our worldly intercourſe we ſometimes aſſociate with perſons, whoſe very Chriſtianity is doubtful, and at the ſame time ſhun the company of profeſt Chriſtians, becauſe their creed does not exactly concur with ours?

"This bigotry prevails generally in proportion to the prevalence of ignorance; but happy are we, my brethren, in this part of the Union, where ſuperior information has diſperſed theſe prejudices. Let then the Epiſcopal clergyman aſſociate with good men, wherever he can find them; love virtue even in a heretic; and feel juſt indignation againſt vice, though covered with the ſacred cloak of orthodoxy.

"Archbiſhop Secker and many dignified Epiſcopalians lived on terms of friendſhip and intimacy with the excellent Dr. Doddridge, and other eminent diſſenters: and where abilities and virtue unite, the great leaders of Chriſtianity, on both ſides, ought to be too mag-

nanimous to quarrel about ſpeculative points of doctrine, and leave the petty ſquabbles of eccleſiaſtical faction to narrow minded bigots, who have little but what they call their orthodoxy to recommend them. The greateſt minds ſometimes ſee the ſame objects in different points of view, and in proportion to their knowledge, are more deeply impreſt with the incapacity of the ſtrongeſt intellect to decide with certainty, on ſubjects of conſiderable moment. This conviction leads them to reſpect and love wiſdom and virtue in others, however widely they may differ from them in their creed. Let the Epiſcopal clergyman enforce with zeal the eſſential doctrines of Chriſtianity; let him repel with vigor the attacks of Arianiſm and Socinianiſm. But let his zeal be tempered with diſcretiou, and his vigor with humanity; and whilſt he points out the doctrinal errors of his antagoniſts, let him do juſtice to their virtues and talents."

This Sermon was well adapted to the occaſion on which it was delivered, and exhibits an elegant *miniature* picture of what a Chriſtian clergyman ought to be.

ART. IV. *Self Preſervation; a Sermon preached before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, in Boſton, June 7th, the Anniverſary of their Election of Officers*, By Abiel Abbot, *Paſtor of the Firſt Church in Haverhill.* Boſton. Ruſſell and Cutler. 1802.

THE Military Company, before whom this Diſcourſe was delivered, enjoys from the Government of the State peculiar honours. It has exiſted upwards of a century and an half, and celebrated at this time its 163d anniverſary. On the firſt Monday of June annually the members elect their officers, and the Governor of the ſtate uſually attends them on the parade ground, receives the old commiſſions, and confers the new. On this annual day of election a Sermon is generally preached before them; which circumſtance occaſioned this Diſcourſe.

Mr. Abbot has ſelected a ſubject appropriate to the occaſion. Self preſervation is conſidered in a perſonal and ſocial view. Conſidering it in a perſonal view, Mr. A. points out the criminality of ſuicide, and the folly and wickedneſs of duelling. His remarks upon the laſt mentioned ſubject we extract, as a ſpecimen of his ſtyle and manner.

"Duelling has more advocates, than murder, or ſuicide: but it is difficult to ſee with what argument. The evils reſulting from it are of wider extent and often of deeper malignity. It is the whim of the duelliſt to ſtab his friend; to ſelect for his ſacrifice the filial prop of declining years; to ſnatch the huſband and father from a dependent and unoffending family, and thus to plunge them in diſtraction and laſting wretchedneſs. And for what? The anſwer gives another feature of duelling. For a miſplaced word; for a word too much or too little; for any thing, and for nothing. Such are the occaſions of moſt duels, of which we hear. The verieſt trifles have been thought ſerious enough, to put life in conteſt; and offences the moſt incidental ſtains upon *honor* deep enough, to be waſhed away with blood.—*Honor!* What is that honor, which muſt be ſup-

ported by duelling? Which demands, like Molock, its human victims? Is it a thing eſtimable? What virtues does it aſſemble and exerciſe?—What benefits does it achieve? If theſe queſtions muſt have their anſwer, may it not be ſaid that it implies cowardice oftener than true courage, and meanneſs of ſpirit more than magnanimity? It certainly implies a heart, inexorable to the calls of friendſhip and the cries of humanity.

"But character is dearer than life." What is that character worth, which requires the defence of the ſword? If this be all that can ſave it, there is room for ſuſpicion that it is not of the beſt kind. It is time to drop this antiquated plea for duelling, a relic of the age of chivalry. In that day of darkneſs, the accuſed threw the gauntlet to the accuſer, and the event of combat was thought a certain deciſion of guilt and of innocence. Cotemporary with this ſavage judiciary was the trial by ordeal; by which the accuſed appealed to Heaven to atteſt his innocence by walking blindfold over hot bars of iron. By what fatality has duelling ſurvived the trial by ordeal? They are equally abſurd; had their origin in the ſame dark age; and ſhould have been buried together among the ſame foul rubbiſh. It is a noble ſentiment, "character is dearer than life;" but *to die, as a fool dieth*, cannot ſave it."

In conſidering ſelf preſervation in a ſocial view, Mr. A. deſcribes the duties due from the individual to the community, and from the community to the individual.

State ſuicide and ſtate duelling are as much his abhorrence as thoſe crimes in an individual. War never ſhould be waged from a trifling cauſe, "to ſecure precedence to an ambaſſadour; to avenge an incidental indecorum offered to its flag; or even to ſecure an advantage by ſea or land, to which perhaps its right is doubtful, and which, if attained, is not worth the coſt; or eſpecially if it be to make a common cauſe with a favourite belligerent nation, while both policy and obligation demand neutrality; what is this but for legiſlators, in the long robes of peace, to enter the liſts, like private madmen, and to whelm in their own indecent quarrels the millions of their countrymen, whom it was their duty to have ſecured from the calamity. *This is ſtate duelling.*"

Government ſhould not "level the bulwarks of the country on every ſide; prepare an eaſy ingreſs and egreſs for every plunderer, who might be tempted by the defenceleſs ſtate of the country to ravage it; demoliſh its forts on the land, and ſink, or ſell, or give to the worms its wooden walls by ſea; diſband its neceſſary troops; empty its treaſury; and choke the grand channel of reſource, its commerce; which ſhould even ſeem to invite the citizens *to bite and devour one another* with impunity by barring the ſacred doors of public juſtice, or by delivering the keys of them to dependent judges. This ſome might call *State ſuicide.*"

This Diſcourſe appears to be the offspring of a ſenſible and vigorous mind. The ſtyle is clear and nervous; and the Author has performed the taſk aſſigned him with ability and honour.

This department of our volume will be greatly enlarged in ſucceeding Numbers.

TRAVELS, AND MANNERS OF NATIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LADIES OF PARIS.

From H. M. Williams' Letters.

THE fetes of the court, it is aſſerted by the few perſons remaining in France, by whom they were frequented, were but tawdry ſplendour compared with the claſſical elegance which prevails at the fetes of our republican contracters. As a ſpecimen of theſe private balls, I ſhall trace a ſhort ſketch of a dance lately given by one of the furniſhers of ſtores for fleets and armies, in his ſpacious hotel, where all the furniture, in compliance with the preſent faſhion at Paris, is antique; where all that is not Greek is Roman; where ſtately ſilken beds, maſſy ſophas, worked tapeſtry, and gilt ornaments, are thrown aſide as rude gothic magnificence, and every couch reſembles that of Pericles, every chair thoſe of Cicero; where every wall is finiſhed in arabeſque, like the baths of Titus, and every table, upheld by Caſtors and Polluxes, is covered with Athenian buſts and Etruſcan vaſes; where that modern piece of furniture a clock is concealed beneath the claſſic bar of Phœbus, and the dancing hours; and every chimney-iron is ſupported by a ſphinx, or a griffin. The dreſs of his female viſitors was in perfect harmony with the furniture of his hotel; for although the Pariſian ladies are not ſuſpected of any obſtinate attachment to Grecian modes of government, they are moſt rigid partizans of Grecian modes of dreſs, adorned like the contemporaries of Aſpaſia—thè looſe light drapery, the naked arm, the bare boſom, the ſcandaled feet, the circling zone, the golden chains, the twiſting treſſes, all diſplay the moſt inflexible conformity to the laws of republican coſtume. The moſt faſhionable hair-dreſſer of Paris, in order to accommodate himſelf to the claſſical taſte of his fair cuſtomers, is provided with a variety of antique buſts as models; and when he waits on a lady, enquires if ſhe chuſes to be dreſt that day *à la Cleopatre, la Diana,* or *la Pſyche?* Sometimes the changeful nymph is a veſtal, ſometimes a Venus; but the laſt rage has been the *Niobé*, of late fat and lean, gay and grave, old and young, have been all *à la Niobé*; and the many-curled periwig, thrown aſide by the faſhionable claſs, now decorates the heads of pretty ſhop-keepers.

The fair Grecians being determined not to injure the contour of fine forms by ſuperfluous incumbrances, no faſhionable lady at Paris wears any pockets, and the inconvenience of being without is obviated by ſticking her fan in her belt, ſliding in a flat purſe of morocco leather, only large enough to contain a few louis, at the ſide of her neck, and giving her ſnuff-box and her pocket-handkerchief to the care of the gentleman who attends her, and to whom ſhe applies for them whenever ſhe has occaſion.

For a ſhort time during the winter, in defiance of froſt and ſnow, the coſtume of a few reigning belles was not *à la gree*, but *à la ſauvage*. To be dreſſed *à la ſauvage*, was to have all that part of the frame which was not left uncovered clad in a light drapery of fleſh colour. The boddice, under which no linen was worn, (ſhifts being an article of dreſs long ſince rejected at Paris, both by the Greeks and the ſavages) the boddice was made of knitted ſilk, clinging exactly to the ſhape, which it perfectly diſplayed; the petticoat was on one ſide twiſted up by a light feſtoon; and the feet, which were either bare or covered with a ſilk ſtocking of fleſh colour, ſo woven as to draw upon the toes like a glove upon the fingers, were decorated with diamonds. Theſe gentle ſavages, however, found themſelves ſo rudely treated whenever they appeored, by the ſovereign multitude, that at length the faſhions of Otaheite were thrown aſide, and Greece remains the ſtanding order of the day.

But to return to the contractor, and his ball—after ſeveral hours had paſſed in dancing cotilions, which the young women of Paris perform with a degree of perfection—a light nymphiſh grace unſeen elſewhere—and after the walſe, which is now never forgotten at a Paris ball, had proved that the ſtedy heads of Niobés were not to be made giddy, the company were led to a ſupper furniſhed with eaſtern magnificence, and decorated with attic taſte. After ſupper the folding doors of the ſaloon were thrown open to a garden of conſiderable extent, beautifully illuminated with coloured lamps, and its trees bending with laviſh cluſters of fruits of every ſeaſon, and every climate, formed of ice, while fountains poured forth ſtreams of orgeat, lemonade, and liqueurs.

But while theſe imitators, of Greece and Rome are revelling in Aſiatic luxury, you hear them lamenting moſt pathetically the ſubverſion of the ancient regime; that regime which would at leaſt have had thus much of juſtice, that it would have retained theſe perſonages in the anti-chambers of the ſaloons they now occupy; to which anti-chambers they would with a counter-revolution moſt probably return. One is obliged to offer up an invocation to patience, when condemned to liſten to their declamations againſt that new order of things to which ſolely they owe their elevation.'

Thoſe who have been too rapidly enriched by the revolution have endeavored to hide the obſcurity of their origin, by mimicking the tones of thoſe who have titles and honors to regret, till ariſtocracy has deſcended ſo low, that it will ſoon perhaps be exploded, like any other faſhion, when taken up by the vulgar. Many of the fair wives of titled emigrants, or blooming widows of murdered nobles, who have made ſuch ſecond marriages, that we might well apoſtrophize them in the language of Hamlet:

"Such an act
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Calls virtue hypocrite,
Makes marriage vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths."

Theſe very ladies, who have taught their new-made liege-lords to ape their counter-revolutionary follies, will at length be aſhamed of their ariſtocracy, when they find how ſucceſsfully they are rivalled in thoſe ſentiments by their milliners and mantua-makers. A writer of a late political pamphlet has given an admirable reaſon why our Pariſian belles will ſoon lay aſide the tone of eternal lamentations for the overthrow of deſpotiſm. "Seven years," ſays he, "have already elapſed ſince the epocha of the revolution: ſeven years is a period of ſome length in the hiſtory of a youthful beauty, and a lady will ſoon not be able to regret the monarchy, under the penalty of paſſing for old." I believe every perſon who has ſtudied the female heart, will agree with this writer, that the republic has a tolerable chance upon this principle of obtaining ere long many fair proſelytes.

The fans, ſparkling with ſpangled *fleurs de lys*, will then be broken; the rings, bearing the inſignia of royalty, will be melted down; and the *porte feuilles*, and *bon-bonnieres*, with their ſliding-lids, diſplaying the forbidden images of regal greatneſs, will no longer be borne about in a ſort of triumphal manner, not from a ſentiment of ſorrow, by thoſe who, attendant on their perſons, and baſking in their ſmiles, are privileged to diſplay more than that general regret for their unhappy deſtiny which humanity feels; but from a ſenſation of vanity by thoſe, who perhaps never breathed the ſame atmoſphere; never, even at awful diſtance, gazed upon the originals of thoſe pictures which they now affect to cheriſh as the tender memorials of peculiar favour. Theſe relicks, we may venture to predict, will be offered up in one mighty ſacrifice at the ſhrine of the republic, the moment it is well underſtood that to be a republican is to be young.

Public balls, as well as concerts, were held laſt winter at the *Theatre Français*, which, after having been long ſhut up, was repaired, embelliſhed, and baptized by the Greek name of the *Odeon;* and that no jealouſy might exiſt between the balls and concerts, on account of this claſſical nomenclature, the balls immediately received the appellation of *thiaſes*.

But the moſt ſingular ſpecies of amuſement which the laſt winter produced were ſubſcription-balls, entitled *des bals á la victime*. Such, and ſo powerful was the rage for pleaſure, that a certain number of its votaries, who, during the tyranny of Robeſpierre, had loſt their neareſt relations on the ſcaffold, inſtituted, not days of ſuch ſolemn, ſad commemoration, as is dear to the ſuperſtition of tenderneſs, when, in melancholy proceſſion, clad in ſable, and wreathed with cypreſs, they might have knelt, a mourning multitude, around the ſpot where the mutilated bodies of their murdered parents had been thrown by the executioner; and bathed the ſod with thoſe bitter tears which filial affection, or agonized love, ſhed over the broken ties of nature, or of paſſion—no!—the commemorative rites which theſe mourners offered to the manes of their maſſacred relations, were

feſtive balls! To theſe ſtrange, unhallowed orgies, no one could be admitted who had not loſt a father, a mother, a huſband, a wife, a brother, or a ſiſter, on the guillotine; but any perſon with a certificate of their execution in his pocket-book, not only obtained admiſſion, but might dance as long, and as merrily as heart could wiſh. Had Holben been preſent at ſuch a ſpectacle, no doubt he would have enriched his death-dance with new images, and led forward each gay nymph by an attendant headleſs ſpectre. The indignant cry of public opinion, however, was at length heard above the muſic of the walſe and the cotillon; and the *bal à la victime* exiſts no longer to bear its powerful teſtimony to a depravation, not merely of manners, but of the heart.

ON PORTUGUESE SCULPTURE.

From Murphy's Travels in Portugal.

THE new *ſquare*, or *Praça do Comercio*, in Liſbon, is ſix hundred and fifteen feet long, by five hundred and fifty feet broad, bounded on three ſides by buildings, and on one ſide by the Tagus. The north wing is occupied by the royal exchange and cuſtom-houſe. A continued arcade extends the whole length of the wing, which affords communication with the ſeveral offices and ſtores. In the diſtribution of theſe apartments, both externally and internally, convenience and ſtrength are all the architect appears to have had in view, and indeed very little more is neceſſary for any cuſtom-houſe. Here are no palaces for commiſſioners to dwell in, nor dark cells for clerks to write in, nor cellars floating with water to hold dry goods; whoever wiſhes for theſe *improvements*, will find them, and a great deal more, in the new cuſtom-houſe of Dublin.

Equeſtrian Statue of Joſeph I.

In the centre of the above ſquare is an equeſtrian ſtatue, of bronze, of Joſeph the firſt; a work of no inconſiderable merit, and the only one of the kind that was ever erected to any of the ſovereigns of Portugal. The marquis de Pombal was the promoter of this work; intending thereby to honour his royal maſter, and at the ſame time to add a ſprig of laurel to his own brow. The portrait of his miniſter, executed in bronze, was placed on the ſide of the pedeſtal, but it continued there no longer than he maintained his power; it was torn down immediately when he loſt his maſter and his place, by thoſe who a few days before paid homage to the original. We cannot but admire the indifference he evinced when informed of this circumſtance: *I am glad of it*, ſaid he, *for it was not like me.*

When we conſider the humble ſtate of the arts in Portugal, and the difficulty of executing ſuch a magnificent ſtatue, we muſt allow that great praiſe is due to thoſe who had the conducting of it. The model was made by a ſculptor named Joaquim Machado de

Caſtro, who alſo deſigned and executed the emblematic groups at the ſides of the pedeſtal. It is from the latter every artiſt and amateur will judge of the merits of this ſculptor, particularly the group at the north ſide, which muſt be allowed to poſſeſs great taſte, delicacy, and ſpirit.

The figure and the horſe are alſo very noble productions; but in caſts of this kind we muſt not look for excellence in the detail, as the delicate touches of the chiſel are always loſt in the foundry; if the general form and the maſſes will bear the teſt of criticiſm, we can expect no more, and in this reſpect De Caſtro has acquitted himſelf in a maſterly manner.

Nor has *Bartholomew de Coſta*, the founder of this ſtatue, been deficient of abilities, as far as related to his part; he caſt the whole in one piece, without failing even in a ſingle member; a circumſtance which, one excepted, has not, perhaps, occurred in any other work of the kind of equal magnitude, ſince the reſtoration of the art of caſting equeſtrian ſtatues in bronze. And yet I am not certain if this be not larger than the exception we allude to; namely, the equeſtrian ſtatue of Louis the fourteenth, in the *Place de Vendome* at Paris; which, if it ſtill exiſt, is twenty-one French feet in height, and was caſt in one piece by Balthazar Keller, a native of Zurich. But De Coſta not only caſt the above ſtatue, but alſo conveyed it from the foundry, and raiſed it on the lofty pedeſtal on which it ſtands.

The ſculptor and founder are both natives of Portugal; the latter has been honoured and rewarded for his ingenuity, by being promoted to the rank and pay of brigadier in the ſervice; and it is allowed by all who know him, that his talents do honour to that high rank. But Mechado de Caſtro, the ſculptor, who has an undoubted claim to the principal merit of the work, as the deſigner and modeller of it, is neglected and forgotten: indeed, there is not one Portugueſe in a thouſand who knows that he was the author of it; and though his talents entitle him to be ranked with the firſt artiſts of the age, he is ſcarcely known in his native country. It is true, that his majeſty created him a knight on that occaſion; but ſince then he has been left to pine in obſcurity in an attic cell. A ſhort time before I left Liſbon I was aſſured, from reſpectable authority, that he petioned a gentleman high in office to have the floor of his wretched apartment repaired.

Portugal, like Ireland, is become celebrated for the manner in which at all times ſhe has treated her native ſons of diſtinguiſhed merit. We find in the annals of both nations men, whoſe works have enlightened ſucceeding generations, perſecuted, deſpiſed, and the rays of ſcience given to illumine mankind, expiring in a priſon or an hoſpital, like an exhauſted lamp. The great prince Henry was reviled and ſcorned by thoſe who conſidered themſelves as the great men of his country, as Galileo was by the Italians, and looked upon as an aquatic knight errant, whilſt (to ſpeak in the language of allegory)

he was enlarging the boundaries of the univerſe. Admiral Pacheo, who aſtoniſhed the eaſtern world with the greatneſs of his actions, and at his return to Liſbon received honours adequate to a triumph, was ſoon after caſt into priſon, loaded with chains; and though he was found innocent of the alleged miſdemeanors, he was left to ſubſiſt the remainder of his days upon charity. The fate of Magellen, Vernei, and Vieira are well known, and alſo that of Camoens, the Virgil of Portugal who ended, his days in an almshouſe; and whilſt he was giving the laſt hand to his immortal numbers, lived on the pittance begged for him by his black ſervant in the ſtreets of Liſbon. We wiſh, for the honour of Portugal, that Machado de Caſtro may cloſe its catalogue of neglected talents.

CHARACTER OF THE WELCH.

Extracted from Skrine's Tours through Wales.

REFINEMENT has not yet attained to ſo high a pitch in Wales, that the ſocial virtues ſhould be extinguiſhed, or even much obſcured by apathy; among theſe virtues may juſtly be reckoned that ſingular attachment of its inhabitants to each other, which prevails moſt eminently in private families, and univerſally in the whole community. Thus is the general band of union ſtrengthened by reciprocal good offices between all orders of people, the rich aſſiſting the poor with a kind of parential ſolicitude for their welfare, and the peaſant's exhibiting that veneration towards their great land-owners, which they have been accuſtomed to ſhew from age to age to their anceſtors. So harmleſs a relique of the feudal dominions is productive here of much benefit to ſociety, for inſtances of oppreſſion and tyranny are very rare in modern times, nor perhaps are thoſe in power more diſpoſed to miſuſe it, than thoſe under them to ſubmit to an undue exerciſe of it. Yet is even this happy trait of character in danger of being loſt as refinement increaſes, if the gentlemen of Wales, following the example of thoſe of England, deſert their proper ſtations, and looſe once that high eſtimation which the impoſing preſence of an active and upright landlord has tranſmitted to poſterity.—A more uſeful or dignified being indeed can hardly exiſt than a native man of landed property in Wales, living with credit in the manſion houſe of his anceſtors, and exerciſing his talents for the general good as an upright magiſtrate, a friendly neighbour, and a liberal benefactor.

High ſpirit, energetic animation, and courage, may be accounted ſtrong points of the Welch character; and theſe, when properly exhibited, cannot fail to create reſpect and admiration. That zeal which attaches the numerous branches of families to each other, and the tenants to their landlords, often call theſe propenſities of the mind into action, nor are there wanting examples, in which they

have been diſplayed with a force and ſentiment almoſt bordering upon romance. A ſtriking inſtance of natural, as well as national intrepidity, was ſhewn in the ſpring of 1797, when crowds thronged together on the firſt rumour of the French invaſion; peaſants unuſed to military diſcipline, ranged themſelves under the ſtandard of lord Cawdor, and even the women of Pembrokeſhire contributed to diſmay the enemy.

Short account of the Russian Expedition for making Discoveries in the North-East Sea. *By Profeſſor Blumenbach.*

As very little is yet publicly known of the great ſix years expedition, undertaken by the Ruſſians for making diſcoveries in the Northern Archipelago or Eaſtern Ocean, the following ſhort account of it, taken from the moſt authentic ſources, and particularly from the correſpondence of Dr. C. H. Merck, who was employed in the expedition as naturaliſt and phyſician, with the Royal Academy of Sciences at Gottingen may afford ſatisfaction to thoſe fond of geographical reſearches.

This expedition was propoſed by Catherine II. ſo early as the month of November 1784. A plan was alſo drawn up for it; and the command conferred upon Captain Billings an Engliſhman, then in the naval ſervice of Ruſſia, who had accompanied Mr. Bayly the aſtronomer in Cook's laſt voyage round the world in 1776—80. Three capſains of the ſecond rank were appointed under him, viz. Hall, Sariſchef and Bering, not the ſon, as Leſſeps ſays, but the grandſon of the celebrated Capt. Vitus Bering, who, on the 14 of December 1741, was interred on an iſland in the ſea of Kamtſchatka, named after himſelf, and where he had been ſhipwrecked.

The principal objects of this great and very expenſive expedition were, to ſupply all the deficiencies in regard to the important diſcoveries with which the geography of Aſiatic Ruſſia had been enriched, ſince the time of Peter the Great, by exploring that ſo little known north-eaſt corner of Aſia, the land of Tſchukt; to purſue farther if poſſible the north-eaſt paſſage, attempted by Cook; and, laſtly, to ſearch out more convenient poſts for the Ruſſian fur-trade on the north-weſt coaſt of America.

Captain Billings ſet out with his inſtruſtions from Peterſburgh in the end of the year 1785, and in July 1786 arrived at Ochotz. Having paſſed the winter at Werchne Oſtrog, in the beginning of the ſummer 1787 he left the mouth of the Kolyma or Kovyma with two veſſels, the larger of which, called the Pallas, was commanded by himſelf; and the other, the Jeſaſchna, named after an arm of the river Kovyma, in which it was built, was commanded by Captain Sariſchef. This was only a preparatory expedition, the object of which, however, was nothing leſs than to double Cape

Tſchelazka, (Cook's Cape north) and to proceed by this unheard-of route from the Frozen Ocean through Bering's Straits to Anadyr. I call the route unheard-of, as the romantic voyage of the Starſchina Coſſac Semon Deſchnew, in the year 1648, not withſtanding the account of it which the Ruſſian hiſtoriographer Muller is ſaid to have diſcovered in 1736, among the archives at Jakutzk, is ſtill doubted by many ſceptics, who conſider a connection of the northern parts of both continents as poſſible.

Theſe adventurous navigators, however, could not proceed farther than to a certain point between Baranikamen and the mouth of the river Tſchaun; becauſe the impenetrable fields of ice which they found there, rendered it impoſſible for them to continue their voyage to the north-eaſt, and obliged them to return from Seredun-Kerymſky Oſtrog to Jakutzk, in order to paſs the winter.

In the mean time, Captains Hall and Bering were employed in preparations for the grand expedition. The former ſuperintended at Ochotzk the building of the two veſſels deſtined for that purpoſe, and the latter had the care of tranſporting from Jakutzk the materials and ſtores neceſſary for fitting them out.

In the ſummer of 1789, the two ſhips were ready at Ochotzk for putting to ſea; when, unfortunately, the ſecond of them, the Dobrowa Namerine, (the Good Intent) which was to be commanded by Capt. Hall, got on ſhore juſt at the mouth of the Ochochta; and as her keel was broken, it was neceſſary to ſet her on fire. On account of this misfortune, Capt. Billings, with his own veſſel the Slawa Roſſie (Ruſſian Glory) was not able to leave Ochotzk till towards the middle of September; at which time he proceeded to Awatſcha Bay, where he anchored in the month of October, having made in this paſſage a diſcovery of very great importance to nautical geography, as about 300 werſts from Ochotzk towards the Kurile iſlands, he fell in with a rock, an hundred fathoms high and a werſt in circumference, ſurrounded by leſſer rocks which were named Jonas Iſland, and on which many of the ſhips already loſt have, in all probability, been wrecked. Prodigious flocks of ſea-fowl come every morning from theſe rocks to the coaſt of Ochotzk, and return thither again in the evening to paſs the night.

After wintering at Kamtſchatka theſe navigators explored, in the ſummer of the year 1790, the whole chain of the Aleutian iſlands, which ſeem to be of volcanic origin, and afterwards the large eaſtern iſlands explored by Cook; Onalaſchka and Kadjak the bay of Cape St. Elias, &c. and returned to winter at Kamtſchatka. In the ſummer of 1791 they proceeded on their grand expedition, to ſearch for a northern paſſage through the Frozen Ocean; and having landed on Gore's and Clarke's Iſland, purſued their route from thence to the continent of America.

As the fields of ice, which extend from the Eaſtern Cape of America, rendered it impoſſible for them to penetrate any farther, Capt. Billings, in conjunction with Dr. Merck, accompanied by one of the

pilots, the draftſman, two interpreters, and four ſeamen, undertook an expedition of diſcovery through the country of Tſchukt from the Bay of St. Lawrence to the river Kolyma, which they had left four years before. This wonderful journey, which they performed in ſledges drawn by rein-deer and attended by ſome of the intrepid natives, continued from the middle of Auguſt till the end of February 1792, when they arrived at the river Angarka, which falls into the great river of Anuy, after having travelled through, and examined in regard to geography, natural hiſtory and ſtatiſtics, an extenſive tract of country very little known, the Bay of St. Lawrence and the iſlands between Bering's Straits and the mouth of the Anadyr, inhabited by about four thouſand Tſchukteſe, who are ichthyophagi or feeders on fiſh, and the whole almoſt level land, deſtitute of wood, of the rein-deer Tſchukteſe from the above mentioned ſtraits as far as the Kolyma.

In the beginning of May theſe enterpriſing travellers returned on horſeback to Jakutzk. Their veſſel, which they had left in the Bay of St. Lawrence, had in the mean time proceeded to Onalaſchka, under the command of Capt. Sariſchef, and had wintered there, together with a ſmall cutter called the Tſchorne Orel (the Black Eagle) which had been built ſoon after their firſt arrival at Kamtſchatka, to ſupply the loſs of the veſſel ſtranded at Ochotzk, and on board which were Captains Hall and Bering

Next ſpring both veſſels returned to Kamtſchatka. The Slawa Roſſie was left there in the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul; but Captains Hall and Sariſchef, in the courſe of the ſummer, paid a viſit in the Black Eagle to the chain of the volcanic Kurile iſlands. They then proceeded to Ochotzk, from which they were followed, in the ſummer of 1793, by the reſt of the crew of the Slawa Roſſie in a tranſport commanded by Capt. Billings; and in the winter of 1794 the whole of the perſons employed in the expedition returned to Peterſburgh.

A full account of this remarkable and intereſting expedition is now preparing for publication, under the inſpection of the Academy of Sciences at Peterſburgh. In the mean time, the Academical Muſeum at this place,* through the liberality of its worthy benefactor Baron von Aſch, counſellor of ſtate, has received a preſent highly intereſting to natural hiſtory and geography, conſiſting of works of art and natural curioſities from theſe remote regions of the northern part of Aſia, as well as of the north-weſt coaſt of America and the chain of iſlands lying between the two continents.

The ſpecimens of art of theſe polar inhabitants, and above all the needle-work of the women, (who, however, for the moſt part are troglodytes, and in their ſubterranean dwellings (*jurten*) muſt conſequently ſtrain their eyes by working at lamps filled with train oil) exceed in elegance every thing I ever ſaw of ſuch kind of manufac-

* Gottingen.

ture, not only among ſavages, but even among the civilized Europeans. As a proof of this aſſertion, I ſhall here remark, that they ſtood examination by a magnifying glaſs, under which the fineſt embroidery of Europe loſt much by being compared with them.

The aſſertion that, except food and drink, there is no object which engages more the attention of mankind than that of ornament, and that a turn for coquettry is one of the moſt general as well as moſt beneficent principles in human nature—an aſſertion ſtrengthened by this ſtriking obſervation, that though there are numerous tribes on the earth who go perfectly naked, even without ſo much as the covering of a fig-leaf, there are none, as far as we yet know from the information of travellers, who, notwithſtanding their nudity, do not ornament themſelves in ſome manner or other, I have found fully confirmed by various articles, the fruits of this voyage of diſcovery, which form part of the preſent tranſmitted to our muſeum by Baron von Aſch.

The variety and ſingularity of the appendages of the toilette of theſe polar inhabitants, condemned as it were to the coldeſt climate in the world, and who have to ſtruggle inceſſantly with froſt and hunger, exceed all deſcription. By way of example, I ſhall mention only one article, a firſt-rate ornament of the ladies of the Alieutian Iſlands, conſiſting of a pair of long tuſks of a wild boar, cut down to a ſmaller ſize, which are ſtuck into two holes, one on each ſide of the under lip, from which they project, and give the wearer an appearance ſimilar to that of the wallrus, which is conſidered as a beauty almoſt irreſiſtible.

LETTERS FROM SOME OF THE MEN OF SCIENCE ENGAGED IN THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO EGYPT.

Letter I.

Cairo, Thermidor 25th, An. VI.

THE Commiſſion of the Sciences remained a month at Roſetta until Egypt was entirely ſubdued. I am buſily employed at preſent in the department to which I belong. I have had the good fortune to be encouraged and protected by General Menou, who commanded in the province of Roſetta. He gave me an eſcort, to enable me to penetrate the Delta, and to hunt for animals. I have found a number of very intereſting birds. To obſerve them alive, deſcribe them zoologically and anatomically; to prepare ſtuffed ſkins and ſkeletons, have been my occupation in the moſt agreeable country of Egypt. I have made many new obſervations, which I intend to write down for the Inſtitute of Cairo.

The botaniſts are very unfortunate in regard to their Science. Egypt has ſcarcely furniſhed them with twenty different ſpecies; and, beſides, they have loſt all the paper which they brought with

them. The caſe has been the ſame with my ſpirit of wine and powder for ſtuffing birds. Theſe articles were on board the *Patriote*, which was loſt in the harbour of Alexandria. This veſſel had on board alſo the effects of the aëronauts.

The moſt aſtoniſhing tree here is the ſycamore-fig. One of theſe trees is ſufficient to ſhade ſeveral of the peaſants' huts, with the oxen that raiſe water to water the meadows by means of wheels.

Letter II.

Alexandria, Thermidor 25th.

THE naturaliſts are all employed each in his own department. The mineralogiſts have not found any thing of importance. They have been occupied only in examining the changes occaſioned in the land by the winds of Lybia. The ruins have furniſhed them a much more abundant harveſt. The thouſands of columns which every where occur have preſented them with granites, *breches*,* and Egyptian marble of the greateſt beauty. The monuments, aſtoniſhing on account of their bulk, which are ſeen here, have already given us a ſpecimen of the wonders we ſhall behold in Upper Egypt. Pompey's pillar, and the column called Cleopatra's needle, do not, however, make ſo much impreſſion as an Egyptian vaſe covered with hieroglyphics, and in perfect preſervation. This vaſe ſtands in the great moſque of the Arab town; and I hope that you will ſee it in Paris, notwithſtanding its enormous weight.

I have examined with C. Champhi the ſtones of which the walls of the Arab town are built. They are corroded to the very center in ſuch a manner as might induce people to believe that ſaltpetre here is very abundant; but we were ſurpriſed to find ſcarcely any thing except ſea-ſalt and a very ſmall quantity of a nitrat, the nature of which we have not been able to determine, as we had not the neceſſary means, but which, in all probability, is nitrat of lime. I am employed in getting repaired the boxes which contain our chemical apparatus, and which have ſuffered conſiderably. More than half of the ſulphuric acid has been loſt, and has injured the boxes.

The aſtronomers are employed with the eſtabliſhment of a ſolid baſe, that is to ſay, with the conſtruction of two pillars of maſonwork. They will depart ſoon, in order to form the triangles neceſſary for making a map of the country. The military, civil, and geographical engineers are now conſtructing a plan of Alexandria and the environs.

Conté is employed in collecting ſpecimens of all the arts of the country. He has formed a plan alſo of a very ſimple telegraph, to be eſtabliſhed on the coaſts and in the road to Cairo.

Alexandria ſtands in the middle of a deſert. The Turkiſh town is built at the expenſe of that of the Arabs, where nothing has been preſerved untouched but the ciſterns, none of which have been form-

* The French give this appellation to a very ſhining kind of marble found in the Pyrenees.

ed under the new town. The objects of culture here conſiſt of beautiful palms, which have a ſomewhat diſmal appearance, fig-trees, the *cactus opuntia*, and wretched vegetables, to which the inhabitants do much honour by giving them the names of cabbages, ſorrel, parſley, &c. The onions however, deſerve particular attention. They are much harder, a little more pointed in their form, and have a ſomewhat ſtronger taſte than thoſe of Europe. The grapes which we have ate here for a fortnight paſt are brought by water from Roſetta and Cyprus: water-melons, which are abundant, come alſo from Roſetta: they are cultivated here, but in ſmall quantities.

The Bedouin Arabs who inhabit the deſert, and who feed there their flocks, which they afterwards bring for ſale to Alexandria, wear a white dreſs that appeared to me to have a great reſemblance to the ancient Roman habit, and which produces a very fine effect. The painters, when I aſked what they thought of it, entertained the ſame opinion. The men here are ſtrong, of large ſize, and well proportioned. This, no doubt, is owing to the dreſs worn by the children and the lower claſſes, which is merely a blue ſhirt. They take a great deal of exerciſe, and their ſtrength is expanded at a very early age.

We have been all indiſpoſed: this is a tribute we muſt pay to a climate ſo different from our own, and above all to the difference of nouriſhment. Though the heat here is only 22 or 23 (81 or 84 Fahr.) on account of the ſea-breeze which cools the atmoſphere, the hygrometric diſpoſition of the air has a powerful effect on the animal economy. It never rains at this ſeaſon, but in the evening there is an abundant fall of dew, to which are aſcribed thoſe diſeaſes of the eyes that afflict the inhabitants.

The plague, ſo much dreaded in Europe, creates no uneaſineſs here, though it ſtill exiſts in ſome houſes of the city. People walk in the ſtreets with as much confidence as if they were not expoſed to the danger of touching an infected perſon, and catching that cruel malady. Dubois, the ſurgeon, has had a great deal of converſation with a phyſician who has long practiſed in this country. He aſſured him that the plague is not ſo dangerous as it is generally repreſented, and that many perſons, attacked by epidemic diſeaſes, die for want of aſſiſtance, becauſe the terror inſpired by the plague is ſtronger than all the ties of affection. A lazaretto was eſtabliſhed here almoſt as ſoon as we arrived. It is ſituated in the ancient iſle of Pharos, at the entrance of the old harbour. *(to be continued.)*

ENGLISH INNS.

From Mr. Pratt's Gleanings in England.

ALTHOUGH I have repeatedly renounced all methodical movements, and ſet out with a deſign furniſhing you with a *general idea* of my country, derived from a deſcription of particular places and people, I am deſirous that no material objects ſhould be

left unnoticed, which, in a particular manner, *diſtinguiſhes* the Iſland, in its preſent ſtate, and may aſſiſt you in forming a right notion of us.

Hence, I ſhould, methinks, have incorporated with my laſt Letter, reſpecting the ROADS and CARRIAGES, ſome information as to the good things to which thoſe Roads will lead you.

And here again, my dear Baron, I am conſtrained, by the truth which you venerate, to aſſign the Palm to Old England—by an unqualified preference of the INNS of this Country to thoſe either of Germany, France, or any other nation in the world; and to do away all appearance of partiality herein, I will boldly appeal for atteſtation of this judgement to every inhabitant, in that world, who has had opportunity of proving its unbiaſſed equity, by living amongſt us; and of making fair compariſons. Ere you have gone over as much of our ground as from London to this place, I will confidently make the appeal to you, my Friend. The *reality* of a comfort, of which other countries have ſcarcely an *idea*, will be viſible to you at the firſt Engliſh Inn, where you may ſtop, and accompany you to the end of your journey.—The warmth, the neatneſs, the attention, the attendance; the *propretè* of the apartments, the cleanlineſs of the food, the poliſh of the furniture, of the plate, and of the glaſſes,—theſe will *always* ſtrike you, and not unfrequently, the *elegance* of the rooms, and *ſplendour* of the accommodation. Every foreigner, who has either taſte or feeling, muſt candidly give the precedency to us in all theſe articles.—Indeed, the compariſons which a *travelled* viſitant, from your own ſhores *muſt* make, would be more victorious for us than any eulogy of our own. Engliſhmen are ſo much in the habit of ſeeing theſe things in all parts of this country, —with very few exceptions indeed,—that they are ſcarcely ſeen at all; or noticed only by the indignant manner in which we mark the exceptions—a dirty, diſguſting Inn, fitted up for *les gens comme il faut*, being as rare to be met on Engliſh ground as it is common on the Continent. There, indeed, we occaſionally ſee a diſmantled caſtle, or dilapidated *chateau*, degraded to a chearleſs road-ſide public-houſe, where men, horſes, hogs and other cattle, houſe, ſtable, ſtall and ſtye, on the ſame floor; and to ſay truth, the beaſt has often the beſt birth. Huge rooms, beds ſhabbily ſumptuous, a kind of majeſty in tatters, long chill paſſages, damp floors, high dingy cielings, and unwieldy figures in tapeſtry, where the ſpider, as in mockery drawing kings and warriors into his web, ſits brooding his venom in the ruined face of a Princeſs, or makes his den on the boſom of a Queen in decay! But where ſhall we find the triumphant enjoyments which the Writer, with whoſe acute remark, rich diction and, unrivalled morality, you will in due time, I truſt, be better acquainted, where, I ſay, ſhall we find thoſe home-felt public luxuries which our Samuel Johnſon ſo often conſidered as one of the grand domeſtic *perfections* of his country, an Engliſh Inn or Tavern?—the preſidential chair of which, upon account of the unreſtrained eaſe and freedom it beſtows, he gaily called, "*the throne of human felicity.*" "As ſoon," ſaid he, "as I

enter the door of a tavern I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from ſolicitude; when I am ſeated, I find the maſter courteous, and the ſervants obſequious to my call; anxious to know, and ready to ſupply my wants. Wine then exhilarates my ſpirits, and prompts me to free converſation, and an interchange of diſcourſe with thoſe whom I moſt love. There is no private houſe in which people can enjoy themſelves ſo well as a capital tavern." But he muſt be underſtood, my dear Baron, to mean an ENGLISH tavern, becauſe the circumſtances that conſtitute that enjoyment, can, in their perfection, be found no where elſe; and not only in our capital taverns, but in almoſt every well regulated inn upon the road, in every poſſible direction of the country, and he might have added, there only am I regaled by decency, as a handmaid, waiting on appetite—there only are the eyes, taſte, and touch at once banquetted! And this is true, not only of our *capital* inns, but of other houſes of accommodation on a more circumſcribed ſcale. Moſt of our villages, and almoſt every ſtage, have to boaſt their full ſhare of the like attracting properties, and it is very ſeldom, indeed, that our "Golden Fleece," "Fair Lamb," "White Lion," "Black Bull," or even "Blue Boar," hold out a ſign that, when we accept their invitation, we ſhall find ourſelves diſappointed. And all this awaits you at a moment's warning. Your carriage no ſooner ſtops than it is ſurrounded by alert attendants, who *meaſure* you, even as they hold the obſequious arm to aſſiſt your deſcent, and almoſt by an intuitive glance, know, by the ſtep and voice of a traveller, be the diſguiſe of dreſs what it may, (for we have many men of property who affect to be ſlovens) what are his pretenſions, with as much accuracy as if he had ſettled them at the Herald's Office, or St. James's. From the inſtant you are *aſcertained*, the motion of your eye is arbitrary, your temper is veſted with ſupreme authority, and your very nod has the *fiat* of Jove's. The ſigns of wealth, no doubt, will, in *all* countries, make certain diſtinctions in the courteſy of people who live by it, and it is very difficult for thoſe ſigns to be concealed, either by affected humility on the one hand, or by aſſumed poverty on the other. PROPERTY in every country where it is an object of importance, and where is it not ſuch? diſcovers itſelf in deſpite of every counterfeiting, and one of our adroit Engliſh waiters, who, as I before obſerved, takes the dimenſions of your quality, while, with a kind of unobſerved obſervation, he is conducting you from your chaiſe into a room, could no more miſtake a man of property for a needy perſon, becauſe he might travel in a ruſty wig, ſloucht hat, or threadbare coat, than he could conceive an adventurer to be a man of property, from ſeeing him ruſh from the carriage in tawdry habiliments. Plenty and indigence, from a certain habitual conſciouſneſs, which they can neither of them put on or off with their cloaths, betray themſelves in a very ſhort time, and literally, in the caſe we are now ſtating, *he who runs* may read them. Not that you are to infer from hence that the landlords of our inns and taverns, or the

people in their train, are attentive only to rank and riches—though theſe will, in all ſocieties, be allowed their privileges, even were they not inſiſted on—a ready hand, a ſmiling countenance, a briſk ſtep, and a cheerful room, are offered to all degrees of paſſengers, with as few ſurly exceptions, as in a rule ſo broad and general, can be imagined; and every foreigner would feel in a ſingle half hour, let him have come from what part of the world he might, that he was in England, and that he could be only in an Engliſh tavern.

Doctor Johnſon, indeed, gave ſome reaſons, beſides thoſe above quoted, for his preference of a tavern life, not ſo immediately in ſupport of my arguments in our favour; and yet related with ſo much glee and ſincerity, when his mind and fancy were in tune, that I will here tranſcribe them in a note* for your amuſement, either at the moment you have read this paſſage, or any other that may better ſuit you.

ON THE CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH.

From Pratt's Gleanings in England.

IT has been well obſerved, that the minds of the Engliſh, like their climate, are chequered with an extraordinary variety; which ſeems, indeed, to have been infuſed into the whole ſyſtem of nature, and which is moſt agreeable where the ſcene is often changing. In moſt other countries, my friend, there is more of uniformity, both of climate and of character. In thoſe, allowing for now and then a ſolitary Manneriſt, or—if you will grant me the word—Whimmiſt, there are not more diſtinctions of characters than of claſſes. The two degrees of high and low, with a ſort of undefined intermediate body, form the whole nation, from the moſt ſtately order of the

* "Let there be ever ſo great plenty of good things, ever ſo much grandeur, ever ſo much elegance, ever ſo much deſire," ſays our Doctor, "that every one ſhould be eaſy in a private houſe, in the nature of things it cannot be: there muſt always be ſome degree of care and anxiety. The maſter of the houſe is *anxious* to entertain his gueſts; the gueſts are *anxious* to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's houſe, as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are ſure you are welcome; and the more noiſe you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No ſervants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the proſpect of an immediate reward in proportion as they pleaſe. No, Sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which ſo much happineſs is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

premier Nobleſſe, to the *petite Baron*, the diſtance of whoſe veins from the rich and *ichorous* blood which the former derives from the unfathomable ocean of anceſtry, is regarded but as a common puddle, dribbling through the ſyſtem, impoveriſhing the very ſpirit, and unfitting him to mix a rivulet ſo ſullied and ſcanty, with the crimſon torrent that enobles every artery of the *firſt order*.

Nor do the ſubordinate arrangements upon the Continent—and more eſpecially, you know, in Germany,—the claſs of merchants, ſhop-people, and *le plus bas*, differ, eſſentially, from each other. A traveller, for inſtance, in a journey of a hundred miles, upon your land, will not only meet with duplicates and triplicates, but theſe again four times quadrupled, as like to each other, as tree to tree; yea, as leaf to leaf, even of the ſame *kind* of leaves. It is either the auguſt Duke, the ſuperb Marquis, the ſtately Margrave, the lofty Landgrave, the courtly Count, or the legitimate Baron: it is either theſe of the firſt claſs, their imitators of the ſecond, or *their* imitators of the third. And ſo in the deſcending ſeries; but all, in their line, very much alike, and on your approach to them as little diſtinguiſhable in the interior of character, as ſoldiers, at a diſtance, in their ranks and uniform.

But a ſocial traveller cannot go an hundred yards on English ground without meeting ſomething in one perſon, if he meets any body, that ſeparates him from another, either in the *manner or the matter of his character*; and it is fifty to one but the next perſon he encounters will ſhew himſelf off as differently, as if he were of a different country; even ſhould the diſcourſe with the firſt man be continued with the ſecond.

A Dutch paſſage-boat, for inſtance, and an Engliſh ſtage-coach, will bring this into apt illuſtration. In the former, you will find a pipe in every mouth, and a long pauſe, broken only by the neceſſity of changing the barge, or by ſome ſolemn obſervation, for the moſt part, as ponderous as the vehicle in which you are drawn, and ſtagnant as the canal whereon you ſoporifically move. If the *great ſubject*, as they call it, (Trade) forces their thick and melancholy ſpirits through the fumes that envelope them—I ſpeak chiefly of commercial people, for I have ſhewn, and you will admit, faithfully, there are very merry and light Dutchmen—yea, and Dutch women too; they ſeem to labour through their clouds, and you hear but one ſound upon the one theme. *Gelt, gelt, gelt—Money, money, money—That is my demand, what is your offer?* Half an hour after the queſtion, the breath is drawn in, to negative by a nod, or ſent off with a puff into a fuliginous affirmative: yes, or no, often beginning and ending the compact. And one trade is the echo of another trade, as ſimilar to each other as their pipes.

An Engliſh ſtage-coach, on the contrary, is uſually filled with as many unimitating beings, as there are places to receive them. There is ſomething peculiar and *appropriate* in every paſſenger, whether male or female; and they are not only ſtrongly marked

from each other in the caſual journey that aſſociates them for the moment, but very frequently each is diſtinct from every other of his family. The thoughts, and the mode of expreſſing them, belong, excluſively, to him or to herſelf: and though the principles of the heart, whether bad or good, are the ſame all over the world, it is here, chiefly, that thoſe principles are diſplayed in an unnumbered variety of forms, I had almoſt ſaid of fancy dreſſes, even like characters at a maſque, according to the particular humour, or diſpoſition of the wearer.

This diverſity amongſt us may be attributed, partly to the freedom of our government, which, without ſtilting ſome men into giants, and dwarfing others, preſerves the due line of gradation, inveſting every individual with a juſt ſenſe of himſelf, and of his happy ſituation. Of this we have inſtances which could ſcarce be credited in the leſs liberal arrangements of many other nations: particularly where prevails the ſpirit, that brings the whole human race, ſoul as well as body, to a ſize, cutting off the heads of the high, to level them with the low, and then, ludicrouſly, inſiſting we are one and all of the ſame ſtature.

But I conceive that the Britiſh conſtitution allows to every being that contributes to form it, whatever be his ſtate or ſtation, an opportunity to *reverence himſelf;* and though this, ſometimes, encourages an over-rated eſtimate, it preſerves, upon the whole, the due meaſure and weight, civil, political and religious.

From whatever cauſe, however, our variegation from each other, in opinion and in action, ariſes, its effect is always pleaſant, and often uſeful, to a traveller. It offers him, in every direction of his route, intereſting, amuſive, or ſingular companions by the way: and notwithſtanding the deep national reſerve, and coldneſs, imputed to my countrymen and women, and in which, it muſt be owned, they too often entrench themſelves, they may be all brought into converſation if a traveller is reſolved upon it; and, however thick may be the ice at firſt ſetting out, the chilling influence will yield by degrees; a few good-natured remarks will cheer the ſurface like morning ſunſhine on the frozen current; the firſt ſubject that calls out a human affection, will begin the thaw, and an ingenuous exchange of thoſe ſtill, ſmall, civilities that make up the great comforts of life, will, like the noon-tide ray, looſen yet more the ſtream from its impediments, the warm beams of the imagination, or the yet more ardent ones of the heart, will break out upon it; and there, joining each other, will melt away every remaining coldneſs and obſtruction, ſo as to produce a flow of good humour, or good ſenſe, during the reſt of the voyage or journey, whether it be of a day, a month, or a year: perhaps, for the reſidue of the mortal travel of the parties. The ice, which, as it were, ſhuts up the lips, and cloſes the heart of an Engliſhman to ſtrangers, whether of his own or other countries, being once thus unlocked, and the free current of his eſtimable heart diſencumbered, the blood that animates it flows co-

piouſly towards the being who has in this manner ſubdued the froſt, and ever after it exchanges with that being the permanent glow of friendſhip, or of love.

Much, therefore, depends on our taking out with us, a ſufficient ſtock of that with which you, I know, are always amply provided—COURTESY—without a ſupply of which no man ſhould attempt to go beyond the limit of his own garden walls, and ſcarcely indeed to their extent; for a gilded fly, an obſtructing flower, an obtruſive ſunbeam, or a few heat-drops falling in his path, might annoy and put him out of temper with heaven and earth. The courteſy I write of, is, in truth, as neceſſary to a traveller as his paſſport, or his letters of credit, and it will be current where all other recommendations and introductions fail. It will *create* urbanity in the boſom where it was unknown before. It is ſolid as ſterling gold, lighter of carriage than an Engliſh bank-bill, and though all Europe confeſſes the intrinſic value and utility of both theſe, at home and abroad, unnumbered inſtances have met my eye in this jarring world, where an ounce of *courteſy* would have outweighed, in the purchaſe of human happineſs or human content, more than our banks or treaſuries could buy. "A ſweet word not only turneth away wrath," but it leads to knowledge, to wiſdom, to conciliation, to honour, pleaſure and repoſe. It conducts to the beſt felicities of life, and attains the moſt gracious ends by the eaſieſt means.

Yet what is it but that engaging demeanour, proceeding from a diſpoſition to give and to receive what ought to be acceptable to the loftieſt mind and proudeſt ſpirit? What is it but to gild our home with the ſmile of peace, and in our excurſions abroad, to make the beſt of what we ſee and hear by the way? Where, either in a literal or ſocial ſenſe, the road is rugged, it ſoftens its aſperities by temper or forbearance: and where the ſurface is too ſmooth, not to be in overhaſte to ſuppoſe there is no medium betwixt inſult and adulation, but to remember there are a thouſand ſmooth ſurfaces which have not the ſlippery alluſions of the ice, though they diſplay the poliſh of the mirror, and often repreſent the true form and figure of the ſoul, in its beauty, as that mirror doth the ſhape and faſhion of the body. And even when they *have* the treachery of the ice, our ſliding lightly and boundingly over them, when we begin to feel them breaking their fair promiſe, may enſure our ſafety.

In ſhort, my dear and faithful friend, wherever we are conſtrained to travel a land barren in itſelf, amidſt the ſullen ſilence of the brooding tempeſt, or its ſtuning clamours, when its vext ſpirit is let looſe, whether it be a ſtorm of the elements over our heads, or thoſe more furious and deſtructive hurricanes in men's boſoms, both of which every traveller on this earth *muſt* ſometimes encounter, it is even *wonderful* of what conſequence is this courteous amenity. It ſteals a ſun-beam over the moſt gloomy parts of nature and ſociety, and adds a ray to their brighteſt ſplendours.

In my former remarks, I confeſſed that this *magic power* was more generally poſſeſſed abroad than at home. It is every where however, of ineſtimable price. Like the divine quality of mercy, ſo finely deſcribed by THE POET of our Iſle, it is "twice bleſſed."

"It bleſſes him that gives and him that takes." I am guilty of tautology in ſaying how much it is an innate of your boſom; and it is, I thank GOD, amongſt the few poſſeſſions no harſh events have yet had the power to eſtrange from mine.

SKETCH OF THE FEMALE ECONOMY OF THE SERAGLIO, AND OF THE REAL CONDITION OF THE FEMALE SEX AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

From Dallaway's Conſtantinople, Ancient and Modern.

THE inhabitants of the ſeraglio exceed ſix thouſand, of which about five hundred are women. Many who are employed there during the day, have their houſes and families in the city.

When the ſultan comes to the throne the grandees preſent him with virgin ſlaves, who, they hope, may become their patroneſſes.—From theſe principally, ſix are then choſen, who are ſtyled Kadinns, but the late ſultan Abdud-hamid added a ſeventh. The firſt of them who gives an heir to the empire becomes the favourite, and has the title of Heſſeky-Sultan. There are many others in the harem, but they ſeldom are ſuffered to infringe the excluſive privilege of producing heirs to the empire, which the kadinns claim; for with the others the moſt infamous means of prevention are forcibly adopted. If the child of the firſt haſſeky-ſultan ſhould die, her precedence is loſt. The old ſtory of the ladies ſtanding in a row, and the ſultan's throwing his handkerchief to his choice, is not true. His preference is always officially communicated by the kiſlàr-agha.

So dependent is opinion upon education and the early habits of life, that the ſtate of female ſociety in the ſeraglio, is to themſelves that of the moſt perfect happineſs. It was ordained by Mahommed that women ſhould not be treated as intellectual beings, leſt they ſhould aſpire to equality with men. This ſyſtem he found already prevalent in the eaſt, and received by his converts, and therefore cannot be charged with having curtailed their liberty and ſocial intercourſe.—Throughout Turkey, in every rank of life, the women are literally children of the larger growth, as trifling in their amuſements, as unbounded in their deſires, and as abſolutely at the diſpoſal of others, being conſidered by the men merely as created for the purpoſes of nature, or ſexual luxury. None of our miſtakes concerning the opinions of the Turks, is more unjuſt than that which reſpects the notion attributed to them, that women have no ſouls; on the other hand, they are promiſed in that Koràn to be reſtored with all the charms of eternal youth and unblemiſhed virginity, and

what in many inſtances, may heighten the idea of perfect paradiſe to themſelves, not again to be united with their former earthly huſbands, but to be allotted to other true muſulmans by the benevolence of the prophet.

The females of the ſeraglio are chiefly Georgian and Circaſian ſlaves, ſelected from all that are either privately bought or expoſed to ſale in the Avrèt Bazar,* and for many reaſons, are admitted at an early age. We may readily conclude that an aſſemblage of native beauty ſo exquiſite, does not exiſt in any other place.

The education of theſe girls is very ſcrupulouſly attended to; they are taught to dance with more luxuriance than grace, to ſing and to play on the tamborin, a ſpecies of guitar; and ſome of them excel in embroidery. This arrangement is conducted ſolely by the elder women, though from the taſte for European faſhions, which ſultan Selim openly avows, ſome Greek women have been lately introduced to teach them the harp and piano-forte, which they had learned for that purpoſe. Amongſt the five hundred already mentioned the kiſlàr-agha preciſely ſettles all precedence. Some are diſqualified by age from the notice of the ſultan, and of thoſe who are conſidered as wives there are four; he is reſtricted to ſeven, but as to concubines there is no legal limitation, and their number depends on the inclination of their ſublime maſter. The ſuperiors ſpend their time in a ſeries of ſedentary amuſements. Dreſs, the moſt ſumptuous that can be imagined, changed frequently in the courſe of the day, the moſt magnificent apartments and furniture, viſits of ceremony with each other, and the inceſſant homage of their ſubordinate companions, fill their minds with a ſort of ſupine happineſs, which

---

* The Avrèt Bazar (women market) conſiſts of an incloſed court, with a cloiſter and ſmall apartments ſurrounding it. It is ſupplied by female ſlaves brought from Egypt, Abyſſinia, Georgia, and Circaſſia, who are expoſed to public ſale every Friday morning. Thoſe from the firſt mentioned countries are generally purchaſed for domeſtic ſervices, which, in a menial capacity, no Turkiſh woman will condeſcend to perform; their perſons or countenances are rarely beautiful, and their price ſeldom exceeds forty pounds Engliſh. The exquiſite beauty of the others is enhanced by every art of dreſs and oriental accompliſhments, and they are uſually ſold for ſeveral thouſand piaſtres. Many are reſerved for the ſeraglio, where, though they are conſidered as moſt fortunate, they are moſt frequently ſacrificed. Intrigues are concealed by the application of poiſonous drugs, which often occaſion death, and upon detection of pregnancy they are inſtantly drowned. One ſhudders to relate how many of theſe victims are taken out into the ſea at the dead of the night, and committed to the deep. Formerly, the Avrèt Bazar was open to Franks, who were ſuppoſed to purchaſe ſlaves in order to redeem them; but they are now excluded, by order of the preſent ſultan's father.

indeed is all that moſt Turkiſh women aſpire to, or are qualified to experience.

Sometimes, as an indulgence, they are permitted to go to the kioſques near the ſea, of which circumſtance the officers of police are informed, that no veſſel ſhould approach too near the ſeraglio point. Every ſummer the ſultan viſits his palaces in rotation for a ſhort time with his harem, when every paſs and avenue, within three or five miles diſtance, is guarded by fierce boſtandjis,* leſt the approach of any male being ſhould contaminate them.

They depend entirely upon their female ſlaves for amuſements which have any thing like gaiety for their object, and recline on their ſofas for hours, whilſt dancing, comedy, and buffoonery, as indelicate as our vulgar puppet ſhow, are exhibited before them. Greek and Frank ladies occaſionally viſit them, whoſe huſbands are connected with the Porte as merchants or interpreters, under pretence of ſhewing them curioſities from Europe.—From ſuch opportunity, all the accurate information concerning the interior palace muſt be collected, and to ſuch I am, at preſent, indebted.

The articles of female habiliment are infinite, both as to coſt and number ; but change of faſhion is adopted only for the head attire, which happens with ſcarcely leſs frequency than in the courts of Europe. They are imitated by the Greek ladies, whoſe dreſs differs little from theirs ; but the original Greek dreſs, rather than of the Turkiſh harem, is that deſcribed by lady M. Wortley Montague. Both the ſtyle of beauty, and the idea of improving its effect by ornament amongſt the Ottoman women, have much ſingularity. Of the few I have ſeen with an open veil, or without one, the faces were remarkable for their ſymmetry and brilliant complexion, with the noſe ſtraight and ſmall, the eyes vivacious, either black or dark blue, having the eye-brows partly from nature, and as much from art, very full and joining over the noſe. They have a cuſtom too of drawing a black line with a mixture of powder of antimony and oil, called Surmèh, above and under the eye-laſhes, in order to give the eye more fire. Of the ſhape and air little can be ſaid from our idea of lovelineſs. All the Levantine women, from their mode of ſitting on their ſofa, ſtoop extremely, and walk very awkardly. Warm baths uſed without moderation, and unrelieved idleneſs, ſpoil in moſt inſtances, by a complete relaxation of the ſolids, forms that nature intended ſhould rival the elegance of their countenances. The nails both of the fingers and feet are always ſtained of a roſe colour. Such is the taſte of Aſiatics. The diſcriminative trait of beauty between the Circaſſian and Greek women, is the more majeſtic air and ſtature of the former, while the latter excel upon a ſmaller ſcale, no leſs in brilliancy of complexion, than in ſymmetry and delicacy of form. The ſtatues of Juno, Minerva, or the Amazons are contraſted by that of the Medicean Venus. Both very generally anſwer to Homer's deſcription of ' the full eyed,' and ' the deep boſomed.'

* The ſultan's body gurds.

In the ſtreets of Conſtantinople no female appears without her feredjè and mahramàh; the former reſembles a looſe riding coat with a large ſquare cape, covered with quilted ſilk, and hanging down low behind, made univerſally amongſt the Turks of green cloth, and amongſt the Greeks and Armenians of brown, or ſome grave colour. The mahramàh is formed by two pieces of muſlin, one of which is tied under the chin, enveloping the head, and the other acroſs the mouth and half the noſe, admitting ſpace enough for ſight. Yellow boots are drawn over the feet; and thus equiped a woman may meet the public eye without ſcandal. This dreſs is of very ancient invention, calculated for concealment of the perſon, nor can there be a more complete diſguiſe.

In every civilized country the middle ranks in ſociety enjoy the trueſt comfort. Whilſt the ladies of the harèms of great or opulent Turks, are conſoling themſelves with faſtidious indulgence in luxury unknown to the vulgar, the wives and concubines of ſober citizens are allowed almoſt a free intercourſe with each other. The men, merchants or mechanics, are engaged in their various occupations, leaving the whole day at the diſpoſal of the women who walk the ſtreets and bazars in groupes of muffled figures, or go to the cemeteries, where, upon ſtated days, under pretence of ſaying prayers at the graves of deceaſed friends, they enjoy the ſhade of cypreſſes, whilſt loitering away many hours; and ſhow unreſtrained happineſs, by the moſt vehement loquacity. Several times a year they are drawn in arabàhs, or painted waggons with a covering of red cloth, by buffaloes gaudily harneſſed, to ſome favourite retreat in the country, but never attended by the men of their family.

That love of ſplendid dreſs which diſtinguiſhes the nations of the eaſt, pervades every rank of females. Thoſe connected with the meaneſt labourer occaſionally wear brocade, rich furs, and embroidery of gold or ſilver, which are willingly ſupplied by his daily toil. In large harèms the number of children is proportionably ſmall, where few women produce more than three. Much has been ſaid concerning the infidelity of the Turkiſh women belonging to harèms of quality; whoever has paſſed a few years in this country, muſt know that any ſcheme of gallantry would be utterly impracticable, however they may have been prompted, by perſonal vanity, to impoſe a falſe opinion on the world. In complete eſtabliſhments they are guarded by thoſe unfortunate men

"Who youth ne'er loved, and beauty ne'er enjoyed."

and in thoſe of leſs expenſe, by old women, whoſe ceaſeleſs vigilance is equally ſecure.

If ſuch things ever happen, it may be ſuppoſed of thoſe who are permitted to gad abroad; but this privilege is conditional, and never without a certain number of relatives or neighbours.

During my reſidence at Pera, I heard of but one circumſtance only. A young Venetian ſerved in the ſhop of an apothecary at

Conſtantinople, whom a Turkiſh lady, attended only by her ſlave, came to conſult, and was ſhewn into another room, leaving the apprentice and the fair Circaſſian alone. It is ſaid, that nothing then paſſed between them. In a few days, returning with her miſtreſs, and the ſame opportunity recurring, ſhe opened her heart, propoſed elopement, and promiſed much treaſure. She kept her word, and they diſappeared without ſubſequent detection. Upon diſcovery the puniſhment of theſe lovers would have been horrible; he would have been impaled alive, and ſhe drowned in a ſack. Such a penal code as that of the Turks, has in no period of corruption been adopted by any nation of Chriſtians.

Infidelity or licentiouſneſs in women, is a ſubject of the ſevereſt crimination amongſt the Turks, and their puniſhment of it borders upon groſs barbarity. That branch of police is under the juriſdiction of the boſtandji baſhi, or captain of the guard, with many inferior officers. When any of theſe miſerable girls are apprehended, for the firſt time they are put to hard labour, and ſtrictly confined; but for the ſecond they are re-committed, and many at a time tied up in ſacks, and taken in a boat to the Seraglio-point, where they are thrown into the tide. The Turks excuſe this cruelty by pleading the law, and adding that every woman has it in her power to be attached to one man, by kebinn, or contract for a certain term before the kady, which ceremony would exempt them from the cognizance of the police.

The real ſtate of female ſlaves in Turkey has been much miſrepreſented. I do not allude to it previouſly to their eſtabliſhment in ſome harèm, when expoſed to ſale with practices of their owners equally repugnant to humanity and decency; but when they become private property, they are well clothed, and treated with kindneſs by their miſtreſſes. If the huſband preſents his wife with a female ſlave, ſhe becomes her ſole property, and he cannot cohabit with her without legal complaint of the wife, excepting with her conſent, which prudence generally inclines her to give. No woman of Turkiſh birth can be an odalik, or domeſtic ſlave. Illegitimacy is unknown, for every child, born of the wife or concubine, has nearly equal rights. The ſuperior privilege of the wife conſiſts only in the partition of the huſband's property on his deceaſe, and the difficulty of procuring a divorce without her acquieſcence. Odaliks are diſmiſſed and reſold at pleaſure, if they have born no child. But it frequently happens that they become confidential with their miſtreſſes, are emancipated, and married to huſbands whom they provide for them. Few young men have more than one wife, but the elder, if opulent, indulge themſelves to the extent of the prophet's licence. My fair countrywomen, from ſo ſlight a ſketch of female economy in this eccentric nation, may form favourable concluſions reſpecting that of our own. They may reſt aſſured, that in no other country are the moral duties and rational liberty ſo juſtly appreciated, or ſo generally rewarded with happineſs."

PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE PRESENT POPE, THE ROMAN NOBILITY, AND THE MANNERS OF MODERN ROME.

From the firſt volume of Travels through Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Sicily, tranſlated from the German of FREDERICK LEOPOLD, COUNT STOLBERG, *by* THOMAS HOLCROFT.

TO-day and yeſterday, I have been in company with modern Romans. This morning I was preſented to the pope. This old man, who exerciſes his office with ſo much ſolemn dignity, is exceedingly pleaſant and familiar in perſonal intercourſe. I found him ſitting at his writing deſk: he deſired me to ſit by him, and converſed with me, with animation and intelligence, on different ſubjects.

Pius the ſixth occupies himſelf in the cabinet, gets up in the winter before day-light, and performs the weighty duties of the papal chair with a knowledge of preſent circumſtances, and with a firm mind.

The diſputes between himſelf and the king of Naples, have been adjuſted by him with great prudence; he having preſerved, inſtead of renouncing the leaſt of, his rights. He has conducted himſelf in the affairs of France with equal wiſdom and dignity; and has eſcaped all the ſnares that have been laid for him, openly and in ſecret, by the national aſſembly, which might have led him to take ſteps that would have given an appearance of juſtice to their rapacious views.

The ſecretary of ſtate, cardinal Zelada, is properly the prime miniſter. He is a man of much underſtanding, and uncommon aſſiduity. He riſes, at this ſeaſon of the year, at four in the morning; and he ſeldom leaves the walls of the Vatican.

Cardinal Borgia is a man of great ardour, intelligence and knowledge. He loves the learned; and is glad to ſee them aſſemble round him, at his table.

A tranſlation of the poem of the Argonauts, by Apollonius Rhodius, is now preparing by cardinal Frangini. His knowledge of the modern Greek, which he ſpeaks with facility, was ſerviceable to him, by rendering the ancient Greek more familiar.

The ſenator, prince Rezonico, and a count of the ſame family, underſtand and love German literature. I have made an acquaintance with the Marcheſe Rangone, formerly the firſt miniſter of the duke of Modena. He likewiſe reads the German authors with delight; and, to a noble character, adds extenſive learning and real genius.

You perceive that intereſting men are ſtill to be found among the great. I grant, indeed, they are *rari nantes in gurgite vaſto.* Moſt of the *Principi Marcheſi*, and titled nobility, here, are ignorant; and have that arrogance which ſleeps in barren ignorance, like earth unbroken by the plough. But are there no ſuch men among us?

I am well aware that, in Germany, there is a certain degree of information greater than in Italy; but would it not be increaſed, were we, who perhaps are more inclined to do juſtice to foreigners than any other nation, to overcome our prejudices againſt the Italians?—Prejudices, of which many are only grounded on our folly. There are ſubjects enough to blame; ſerious ſubjects, demanding ſerious conſideration: and ſuch the love of truth will not ſuffer me to overlook.

The education of the daughters of the nobility is wretched. Hence domeſtic happineſs is rare. Domeſtic happineſs is a ſource of tranquility, of joy, and a preſervative againſt vice; and I think it probable that this kind of happineſs is better underſtood in Germany, than in any other country on earth. With reſpect to myſelf, I can with inward peace and delight affirm, with the good old poet, Walter,

Und das iſt meiner reiſen frucht,
*Daſs mir gefällt die deutſche zucht!**

From the bad education of the women, domeſtic virtues, and with them the domeſtic happineſs of the higher ranks, are injured; and the poiſon of their vices ſheds itſelf among their inferiors; whoſe paſſions, without this concomitant, are violent to exceſs. The people of Rome are rather led aſtray and bewildered, than, as ſome would perſuade us, addicted to vice by nature. Where the climate inflames the paſſions, which are neither reſtrained by education nor curbed by law, they muſt riſe higher, and burn with greater exceſs, than in other countries. It is dreadful to hear that, in Rome, the population of which is eſtimated at a hundred and ſixty-eight thouſand perſons, there are annually about five hundred people murdered. I do not believe that, in all Germany, fifty men periſh, by murder, within the ſame period. But could this have been ſaid of the middle ages? And yet our nation has always maintained the beſt reputation among nations.

The people of Rome cannot be juſtly accuſed of robbery. A ſtranger is no where ſafer; but is more frequently plundered in moſt of the great cities of Europe. The Roman ſtabs his enemy, but does not rob. Anger is his ſtimulous; and this anger frequently lingers for months, and ſometimes for years, till it finds an opportunity of revenge. This paſſion, which is inconceivable to thoſe who do not feel it, this moſt hateful of all the paſſions, the ancients frequently ſuppoſed to be a virtue; and it ſtill rages among many of the nations of the ſouth. The paſſions of the people of Rome are frequently rouſed, by playing at *mora*; though the law has ſeverely prohibited this game; and, if they are diſappointed at the moment of their revenge, they wait for a future occaſion. Jealouſy is another frequent cauſe of murder; it being with them an imaginary duty

* By travel taught, I can atteſt,
I love my native land the beſt.

to revenge the ſeduction of their wife, their daughter, or their ſiſter, on the ſeducer. The catholic religion, ill underſtood, encourages the practice: the people being perſuaded that, by the preformance of trifling ceremonies, and the inflicting of penance, they can waſh away the guilt of blood.

All the aſſiduity of the preſent pope is not ſufficient to reform the police; the faults of which originate in the conſtitution of Rome. Many churches afford a ſanctuary to the purſued culprit. Foreign ambaſſadors, likewiſe, yield protection; which extends not only to their palaces but to whole quarters of the city, into which the officers of juſtice dare not purſue offenders. The ambaſſadors, it is true, are obliged to maintain a guard: but who is ignorant of the miſchief ariſing from complicated juriſdiction? Many cardinals ſeek to derive honour, by affording protection to purſued criminals. Could we find all theſe abuſes collected in any other great city, many men would be murdered, though not ſo many as in Rome; but robbery would be dreadfully increaſed, which here is unknown.

Were I to live in a foreign country, and condemned to ſpend my life in a great city, it is probable there is no place I ſhould prefer to Rome. In no place is the faſhionable world ſo free from reſtraint. You may daily be preſent at the *converſazioni;* and go from one to another. Numerous ſocieties, in ſpacious apartments, are continually to be found; and the viſitor is always received with the moſt prepoſſeſſing politeneſs. The intercourſe of ſociety is no where ſo free as here: you may neglect your viſits for weeks or months, and undiſturbed indulge your own humour. You may return again, after an abſence of weeks or months, without being once queſtioned, concerning the manner in which you have diſpoſed of your time.

Do not from this accuſe the Roman nobility, more than any other people of faſhion, of a want of perſonal affection: the apathy of the great world is every where the ſame. The abſence or the death of any man is in no country felt in faſhionable ſociety: but every where, except in Italy, it arrogates to itſelf an inſupportable tyranny, over each of its aſſociates.

In the great cities of Germany, we talk of being ſocial: but what can be more unſocial than a company of men, who ſit down to a ſilent card party? The animation of the Italians obviates the degrading neceſſity of ſuch parties. In company, they play very little; but they converſe with fire: and, notwithſtanding their rapidity, many Italians expreſs themſelves excellently.

A ſenſe of the ancient grandeur of Rome is not yet quite loſt to the people. When the queen of Naples was laſt here, and at the theatre, ſhe was received with great applauſe. Self-forbearance induced her to make ſigns to the people to ceaſe their loud clapping, and their ſhouts of welcome. The people took this very ill; and, the next day, a perſon of my acquaintance heard one orange woman ſay to another, "Did you hear how the foreign queen deſpiſed our people laſt night? She muſt ſurely have forgotton that many queens, before now, have been brought in chains to Rome."

LITERARY HISTORY.

REVIEW OF ENGLISH POETRY FOR THE LAST CENTURY.

From an Engliſh Publication.

IF we take a retroſpect of the progreſs of the muſe of poetry from what has been called the auguſtan age of queen Anne, we ſhall find that her efforts have been frequent, and vigorous, but not in very many inſtances happy and ſucceſsful.

Pope, who was conſidered as the great practical luminary, was rather a ſmooth and elegant verſifier, than a poetic genius. His philoſophy was borrowed from Shafteſbury and Bolingbroke; and, even in point of morals, his grand forte, his Eloiſa and Abelard has done more miſcheif, than all his moral writings have done good. His tranſlation of Homer, for which he was greatly indebted to the labours of others, is his beſt, and, indeed, an admirable work. His reputation as a poet, and this is a proof of the true critical ſpirit of the preſent age, is in a rapid decline. He is ſtill held in high and juſt eſtimation, for eſchewing foreign phraſes and idioms, and maintaining the purity of the Engliſh language. Addiſon, who was an elegant ſcholar, and juſt critic wrote decent verſe. Parnel, ſuperiour to Addiſon as a poet, was claſſical and elegant; but did not poſſeſs much of the native fire of poetry. Rowe, in his plays and tranſlations, was ſometimes energetic, frequently pathetic, with an eaſy flow of verſification; but deficient in variety, and too florid. The prettineſſes of the poetic art too often ſeduced him from attention to the dignity. A number of verſe-makers, following authors who had attained the public mind to poetry, appeared at the ſame time, as candidates for the laurel: to whom Dr. Johnſon, by preſerving them in his biography, has paid too high a compliment. The Doctor, writing, in general, more for the ready penny, than for fame, found it an eaſy matter to diſpatch the unimportant characters he took in hand; as it required very ſmall powers of criticiſm to diſcuſs their merits. Young, whoſe mind was of a highly poetical order, but, from a falſe taſte, hunting after ſubtleties (allowable, perhaps, in metaphyſics, and logic, to which his genius was naturally turned, but by no means in poetry) and, through an undiſciplined impetuoſity, bounding ſometimes into the obſcure, ſtill, with all his faults, ſuſtained the honour of the Britiſh muſe. His Night Thoughts exhibit a very uncommon depth of comprehenſion, united to great vigour of language. Too riotous in figurative expreſſion, he becomes to common conceptions, difficult; and conſequently could not expect many readers. Nevertheleſs, few authors have been ſo univerſally peruſed and admired. Thomſon ſucceeded Young in publication, and will

do honour to the Britiſh Parnaſſus, whilſt ſublime views, and picturesque deſcription poſſeſs a charm. At the time of his education, or the formation of his mind, the Baconian method of inveſtigation, and the Newtonian philoſophy, founded on that ſyſtem, univerſally prevailed; detached the minds of the ingenious youth from the mere mines of antiquity, and the mere imitation of the ancients, and fixed attention on the book of nature. The true muſe that animated the poet was philoſophy. The ſeaſons of Thomſon are a philoſophical picture of nature, phyſical and moral. His tragedies breathe the pureſt morals, the tendereſt ſentiments, and nobleſt principles of liberty; on which ſubject he wrote a poem, in the ſpirit of Greece and Rome, under that title. Collins, of equal poetic powers, though leſs comprehenſive in his knowledge and views, was found as worthy, as well diſpoſed, to lament his early death, and celebrate his unſpotted fame. Akenſide, Armſtrong, and others, bred in the ſchool of Thomſon, though unequal in poetic powers, imitated him, not unhappily, in philoſophical deſcription. But the nobleſt diſciple of this ſchool, of philoſophy, deſcribed in the charms of poetry, is Dr. Darwin, author of the Botanic Garden. Though it be evident, that Dr. Darwin has peruſed with admiration, which always commands a degree of imitation, the Seaſons of Thomſon, we do not affirm that he is ſole model. It appears to us, that the doctor is alſo intimately acquainted with Lucretius, and the Georgics of Virgil. Soon after Thomſon, came Maſon, Gray, Churchill, and Shenſtone. The firſt, by his Caractacus and Elfrida, ſoon obtained a claſſical reputation; they are works of ſplended declamation. As for pathos, ſo neceſſary a quality of the tragic muſe the author knew nothing about it. Maſon was a poet made by education; nor can we except Gray from the ſame claſſification notwithſtanding his pretty and popular elegy. Churchill was poſſeſſed of the ſpirit of Juvenal; very little poetry pervades his labours: a good deal of ſtrength, and much malignity. Shenſtone was a ſhrub on the mountain: bating the School miſtreſs, which is a maſterpiece in it's kind, and a few lines, to be picked from a few ballads, he has no other merit to recommend him. Nor muſt we omit Glover, whoſe Leonidas, though pompous, dry and unintereſting was lucky enough to gain admirers. By a natural tranſition, we paſs from Glover to Wilkie, author of the Epigoniad, and of ſome fables. His fables, in ſimplicity at leaſt, if not always in aptitude and beauty, reſemble, as they are evidently intended to reſemble thoſe of Gay. In his Epigoniad, he equals, at leaſt, the harmony of Pope's verſification, and excels him in variety of cadence; while he enters with a wonderful verſatility of mind and knowledge of the circumſtances and character of the heroic ages of Greece, into the very ſpirit and ſoul of Homer: yet Wilkie ſcarcely deſerves to be ranked among the poets. He was an ingenious philoſopher, natural and moral, and is reported to have betaken himſelf to the ſtudy and practice of poetry, according to his own confeſſion, only in compliance with the taſte that prevail-

ed in his early years, and as the moſt probable means of gaining patronage. We have not noticed in his proper place, the Scottiſh poet Allan Ramſay, whoſe genius, though bred only to the lowly profeſſion of a barber, and though he wrote in the Scottiſh dialect, rendered, by the union of the crown and kingdom of Scotland with thoſe of England, uncouth and unfaſhionable, and not eaſily intelligible to the greater part of Engliſh readers, has yet burſt through the cloud of all theſe diſadvantages; ſuch is the magic power and infection of genuine nature; and obtained a name, until the Scottiſh dialect ſhall become totally extinct, never to die. The fame, and even ſuperiour praiſe, we heſitate not to beſtow on the Scottiſh bard, a ploughman of Airſhire, but initiated into the rudiments of literature, as is common even among the lower ranks of Scotland, the celebrated Robert Burn. It was believed for ſome time at Edinburgh, that the Gentle Sheperd, and other poems, were the productions of Mr. Hamilton of Bangour; but time has confirmed, beyond all doubt, the title of the real author, Allan Ramſay.

We have not in this ſketch ſaid any thing of Swift, and Arbuthnot, who were not ſo much to be conſidered as poets as men of wit, burleſquing poetry, and expreſſing wit and humour in meaſure and rhyme. On the whole, the preſent century has been far leſs diſtinguiſhed than the laſt, by the genuine and original ſtrains of poetry. All poetry is, indeed, original; but we uſe this term for the purpoſe of recalling the diſtinction between the poet and the man of rhymes. We now come to our own times.

Cowper, the moral Cowper, though at times uncommonly proſaic and tedious, abounds with original thoughts and a fervour of expreſſion; his reputation is conſiderable, and he deſerves it. When a man writes in blank verſe, there is a dignity that ſhould not be deſerted. To be proſaic and tame is little leſs than burleſque. There are other writers too, the *minora ſidera* of the preſent hour, ſuch as Mr. Jerningham, Mr. Merry, Mr. Gifford, &c. with a number of ladies, who have gained attention.—Among theſe Mrs. Greville author of the fine and delicately tender Ode to Indifference, and Mrs. Barbauld are particularly diſtinguiſhed; and may probably, indeed, ſurvive the preſent day, and be tranſmitted to future ages. Nor would the fine feelings, the rich fancy, and the glowing colours of Mrs. Robinſon be vulgar or ineffectual claims to praiſe, if her native muſe were not tainted with the affected airs and diſguſting conceits of Della Cruſca. Her firſt novel, written in that falſe taſte, is greatly inferior to her laſt two, in which it is abandoned. Let this be a hint to her muſe. We muſt alſo diſtinguiſh from the herd of rhymers, the unknown author of the Heroic Epiſtle to Sir William Chambers: A Poſtſcript to the Heroic Epiſtle: and an Epiſtle to Dr. Shebbeare. Theſe three poems are full of ſpirit, and of as elegant ſatire as ever has been produced in the Engliſh language. But he, who in the preſent time beſt deſerves the name of poet, and leaves all his contemporaries far behind him, is Dr. Walcott, who under the name of

Peter Pindar, has delighted and charmed us in ſuch a variety of pieces on various ſubjects, but chiefly ſuch as preſent themſelves from time to time to the puplic attention; equally powerful in the ludicrous and pathetic; not more acute to diſcern the incongruity of folly, and the deformity of vice, than penetrating to diſcern the more delicate features, and prompt to praiſe every diſtinguiſhed exertion of virtue. The humour and the whole manner of this writer are *ſui generis*, and perfectly his own. He draws from life and nature; but theſe he ſurveys ſometimes with an arch, ſometimes with a melting eye.* He chaſtens the luxuriant and extravagant mirth of Rabelais, by the reaſoned wit of Swift, and ſeaſons it with the faſcinating humor of Arbuthnot; while at other times he is more tender than Hammond, and at others equals Juvenal himſelf in nervous indignation. Though it has not been ſaid that ever he writes ill, it has been inſinuated, that he makes his muſe too cheap, by employing her too often on the public ſtage.

HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY.

Extracted from Dr. Smith's Eſſays on Philoſophical Subjects.

WAVING the hiſtory of ſcience among the Indians, the Chaldeans, and the Egyptians, (of which our accounts were at beſt imperfect) Dr. Smith directs his attention to the Greek colonies planted in the iſlands in Italy, and in Leſſer Aſia; which, enjoying many advantages both phyſical and political, early attained a flouriſhing condition and lettered elegance. The Ionian ſchool, founded by Thales, made ſmall advances in the ſtudy of nature:—but the Italic ſchool of Pythagoras was a nurſery of brilliant diſcoveries; it produced the divine Socrates, who reformed and humanized thoſe abſtruſe ſpeculations in which his predeceſſors indulged; and the purſuit of natural knowledge was continued with ardour by the two rival ſects inſtituted by his diſciples, Plato and Ariſtotle.

The moſt obvious opinion, derived immediately from the information of the ſenſes, pictured the habitable world as a vaſt irregular plane, vaulted by the ſolid canopy of the ſky, and encircled by an

* Peter Pindar has drawn great admiration on the continent, even among many who contemplate his beauties under the veil of a tranſlation; and is a proof of how much importance a man of uncommon genius and celebrity is to his country. Koſciuſko, the celebrated Poliſh hero, who acquired ſome knowledge of the Engliſh tongue in America, is a great admirer of Peter Pindar, whoſe works were his conſtant companions when in confinement in Ruſſia, and afterwards on his voyage from St. Peterſburgh to London. When he was here a few months ago, being unable from indiſpoſition to wait on the poet, he ſent for him, and converſed with him. He ſent him a preſent of ſome Falernian wine.

ocean of fathomleſs depth and unbounded expanſe, out of which the luminaries of heaven aſcended, climbed the empyreal arch, and then ſunk to their repoſe. It was a very conſiderable ſtep in the progreſs of the mind to diſcover the globular form of our earth. The tranſitions hence was eaſy to the theory of celeſtial ſpheres. The ſtars were ſuppoſed to be fixed like gems to the concave ſurface of a cryſtalline ſhell, which rolled on its axis with perfect uniformity. A diſtinct ſphere was appropriated to the ſun and to the moon, and the former had a gentle oblique motion. Other ſpheres were aſſigned to carry the planets.—This hypotheſis, however rude, was not devoid of beauty, was ſimple, and was calculated to ſooth and to charm the imagination :—but, as obſervations grew more preciſe, the inſufficiency of the ſyſtem was felt. It was then improved at the expenſe of its ſimplicity. Eudoxus beſtowed four ſpheres on each of the planets, and to one of thoſe he aſcribed an oſcillatory motion. As new anomalies were perceived, the number of celeſtial ſpheres was continually augmented ; till, by the ſucceſſive additions of Callippus, Ariſtotle, and others, it amounted in the hands of Fracaſtorio, its laſt adherent in the ſixteenth century, to ſeventy-four. The hypotheſis had become as intricate as the appearances themſelves, and no longer afforded relief to the embarraſſed imagination. Another ſyſtem was, for that reaſon, invented by Apollonious, was afterward improved by Hipparchus, and was tranſmitted to us with the authority of Ptolemy—it was the more artificial ſyſtem of Epicycles and Eccentric Circles. The idea of circular and equable motion was not abandoned : but, while each of the heavenly bodies revolved in its own orb, the centre of that orb was ſuppoſed to be carried at the ſame time round the circumference of another circle. The more obvious inequalities were thus explained with a geometrical preciſion. With all its nice combination of circles, however, it was ſoon found to have defects ; to remove which, the fine contrivance of the Equant or Equalizing Circle was introduced. Though the angular motion of a planet viewed from the earth was confeſſed to be unequal, a point could be aſſigned from which it would be ſeen to move with perfect uniformity. That point was made the centre of the Equant, and lay at the ſame diſtance from the centre of Eccentricity on the one ſide as the earth was removed on the other. "Nothing (ſays Dr. Smith) can more evidently ſhew, how much the repoſe and tranquillity of the imagination is the ultimate end of philoſophy, than the invention of this Equalizing Circle."

Beſides theſe two ſyſtems of Concentric and Eccentric, none ever acquired any durable nor extenſive reputation. The Stoics, indeed, appear to have adopted an hypotheſis diſtinct from either : but, though juſtly renowned for their ſkill in dialectic, and for the purity and ſublimity of their moral doctrines, thoſe ſages made feeble efforts in the cultivation of natural ſcience. The ſyſtem of Eccentric correſponded moſt exactly with the phenomena, and was therefore very

generally received by aſtronomers and mathematicians; and, from the accumulated obſervations of centuries, it gained ſtability and perfection. It ſeems not, however, to have obtained much credit with the philoſophers; who, from the height of their towering ſpeculations, were too apt to regard the geometers with ignorant and ſupercilious contempt. It is worthy of remark, that the name of Hipparchus, the great founder of aſtronomical ſcience, and one of the brighteſt geniuſes of all antiquity, is only caſually mentioned by Cicero, without any note of approbation, and is wholly omitted by Seneca and Plutarch. It was the deſtiny of Rome never to excel in the abſtruſer ſtudies. Pliny, indeed, a man of univerſal learning, frequently bears teſtimony to the merit of Hipparchus, in terms of the higheſt admiration.

On the extinction of the Weſtern Empire, the ſun of ſcience again roſe in thoſe regions of the Eaſt, which, under Mohammed, had felt the glow of revolutionary impulſe. The reign of his ſucceſſors the Califfs was mild, equitable, liberal, and beneficent. Unfortunately, that period on which humanity dwells without a ſigh was of ſhort duration. The Arabians were occupied in ſtudying the writings of their Grecian maſters; and though they enriched the ſtock of aſtronomical obſervations, they made few original improvements on the theory.

When learning again began to dawn in Europe, the Ptolemaic ſyſtem was adopted. Alphonſo, king of Caſtile, employed ſome Jewiſh aſtronomers in the thirteenth century to rectify and enlarge the tables of the celeſtial motions. Its perplexed complication of Epicycles and Eccentric Circles, which their corrections required, now fatigued the imagination; and they drew from that philoſophic prince the famous exclamation which the bigotry of the age repreſented as impious. The revival of aſtronomical ſcience, however, is chiefly due to the ardour of Purbach, and his continuator Muller of Koningſburg, who both lived in the fifteenth century. Their career of genius was lamentably terminated by premature death. To them ſucceeded Copernicus, a name familiar to every perſon who is in any degree imbued with literature.

The noble theory of this illuſtrious philoſopher, now correctly known, however, being repugnant to the prejudices of habit and education, was at firſt coldly received, or utterly rejected, by every claſs of men. The aſtronomers alone favoured it with their notice, though rather as a convenient hypotheſis than an important truth. By the vulgar it was conſidered as a chimera, belied by the cleareſt evidence of our ſenſes; while the learned beheld it with diſdain, becauſe it militated againſt the fanciful diſtinctions, and the vague erroneous tenets, of the Peripatetic Philoſophy, which no one had ventured to call in queſtion; and it is amuſing to obſerve with what dexterity the Copernicans, ſtill uſing the ſame weapons, endeavoured to parry the blows of their antagoniſts. Its real merits and blemiſhes appear to have been overlooked by both parties. Brahé framed a ſort of intermediate

ſyſtem: but this Daniſh aſtronomer was more remarkable for his patience and ſkill in obſerving the heavens, than for his talents of philoſophical inveſtigation. Towards the commencement of the ſixteenth century, a new order of things emerged. The ſyſtem of Copernicus became generally known, and daily made converts. Its reception alarmed the ever-watchful authority of the church, rouſed her jealouſy, and at length provoked her vindictive artillery. The *ultima ratio theologorum* was pointed at the head of the illuſtrious Galileo, whoſe elegant genius diſcovered the laws of motion, extended the ſcience of mechanics, and added luſtre and ſolidity to the true ſyſtem of the univerſe. From the ſtorms of perſecution, Copernicus himſelf had been exempted only by a timely death.

Germany gave birth to Kepler, a man of extraordinary genius, ardour, and application. His laborious computations from the regiſter of Brahé diſſolved that ſpell which, for many ages, had enchanted the world; and the notion of circular and equable motions now received a fatal blow. He demonſtrated that the planets revolve in *elliptical* orbits, which no combination of Epicycles can deſcribe; and he purſued, with incredible perſeverance, every figurative analogy that his exuberant fancy could ſuggeſt. At length he obtained the full meaſure of ſucceſs, and laid open thoſe immortal laws which connect the motions, the diſtances, and the periods of the heavenly bodies.

The importance of Kepler's diſcoveries was not yet fully perceived. Gaſſendi, Ward, and Bouillaud attempted to combine his corrections with the ancient doctrines:—but it required a lofty genius to demoliſh the ſtructure of Ariſtotelian philoſophy. To Des Cartes is mankind indebted for that ineſtimable ſervice; and the magnitude of the atchievement may well excuſe the temerity of attempting to rear a new and unſtable edifice. The French philoſopher accurately underſtood the ſcience of mechanics, and was the firſt to transfer its principles to the explication of the appearances of the heavens. As the ſyſtem of vortices is now exploded, it has been the faſhion of late to undervalue the original author:—but, if the ſyſtem of Des Cartes, for nearly a century, maintained its reputation over a large portion of enlightened Europe, it had ſurely much intrinſic merit.

This bold ſyſtem was eminently fitted to captivate the imagination: it even retarded for a time the triumph of ſober and genuine philoſophy:—but the ſpirit of enquiry having now been ſet afloat, men dared to penetrate the ſanctuary of nature. Facts rapidly accumulated: and as the number of cultivators daily increaſed, the baſis of aſtronomical theory was improved and defined by the acquiſition of correct obſervations. The ſtudy of geometry was proſecuted with the happieſt ſucceſs, and that wonderful ſcience was advanced to a very high pitch of perfection. If Des Cartes introduced centrifugal forces, it was Huygens who perceived the importance of the ſubject, and inveſtigated the properties with depth and

and elegance. It would be needleſs to mention the ſcientific conſtellation which graced that active period. Every thing proclaimed an approaching revolution. At length, a genius of the firſt magnitude aroſe, the honor of his ſpecies, and the peculiar boaſt of our iſland, whoſe comprehenſive mind at once graſped the preceding diſcoveries, gathered the ſcattered facts into a focus, and finally developed with luminous evidence the ſublime ſyſtem of nature.

Here, after explaining ſome points of the Newtonian Philoſophy, Dr. Smith concludes his hiſtory.

INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING MISCELLANY.

Several of the firſt paragraphs under this head are from D'Iſraeli's Curioſities of Literature.

ILLIBERALITY OF CRITICISM.

Yes, ſhould Great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead!

THE greateſt authors of antiquity have ſmarted under the laſh of Criticiſm. Chevrau has collected a great number of inſtances. Leſt I ſhould prove tedious, I only ſelect a few.

It was given out, that Homer had ſtolen from Heſiod whatever was moſt remarkable in the Iliad and Odyſſey. The Emperor Caligula ſuppreſſed the works of this great poet: and gave for reaſon, that he certainly had as much right as Plato, who had ſo ſeverely condemned him.

Sophocles was brought to trial by his children as a lunatic: and ſome, who blamed the inequalities of this poet, have alſo condemned the vanity of Pindar; the hard and rough verſes of Æſchylus; and the manner in which Euripides conducted his plots.

Socrates, who has even been compared to Jeſus Chriſt, as the wiſeſt and the moſt moral of men, Cicero has treated as an uſurer, and Athenæus as an illiterate perſon. Mr. Cumberland, in one of his Obſervers, has induſtriouſly revived a calumny which moſt aſſuredly only took it's riſe from the malignant buffoonery of Ariſtophanes; who, as Jortin ſays, was a great wit, but a great raſcal. Should ſome future author draw his anecdotes from the writings of a Foote, we know well that he might delineate a ſpirited character; but nothing, at the ſame time, would be more fictitious.

Plato, who has been called, by Clement of Alexandria, the Moſes of Athens; the Philoſopher of the Chriſtians, by Arnobius; and the God of Philoſophers, by Cicero; has undergone a variety of criticiſms. Athenæus accuſes him of envy; Theopompus, of lying; Suidas, of avarice; Aulus Gellius, of robbery; Porphyry of incontinence; and Ariſtophanes, of impiety.

Ariſtotle, who, according to ſome writers, has compoſed more than four hundred volumes, and who for his work on animals received from Alexander eight hundred talents, has not been leſs ſpared by the critics. Diogenes Laertius, Cicero, and Plutarch, have forgotten nothing that can tend to ſhew his ignorance, his ambition, and his vanity.

If the reader does not feel himſelf weary, he may read on.

Virgil is deſtitute of invention, if we are to give credit to Pliny, Carbilius, and Seneca. Caligula has abſolutely denied him even mediocrity; Herennus has marked his faults; and Perilius Fauſtinus has furniſhed a thick volume with his plagiariſms. Even the author of his Apology has confeſſed, that he has ſtolen from Homer his greateſt beauties.

Horace cenſures the coarſe humour of Plautus; and Horace, in his turn, has been blamed for fiction and obſcurity.

The majority of the critics regard Pliny's Hiſtory only as a pleaſing romance; and ſeem to have quite as little reſpect for Quintus Curtius.

Pliny cannot bear Diodorus and Vopiſcus; and, in one comprehenſive criticiſm, treats all the hiſtorians as narrators of fables.

Livy has been reproached for his averſion to the Gauls; Dion, for his hatred of the Republic; Velleius Paterculus, for ſpeaking too kindly of the vices of Tiberius; and Herodotus and Plutarch, for their exceſſive partiality to their own country. Others have ſaid of Cicero, that there is no connection, and to adopt their own figure, no *blood* and *nerves*, in what his admirers ſo warmly extol. They ſay, he is cold in his extemporaneous effuſions, too artificial in his exordiums, trifling in his ſtrained witticiſms, and tireſome in his digreſſions.

Quintilian does not ſpare Seneca; and Demoſthenes, called by Cicero the Prince of Orators, has according to Hermippus, more of art than of nature. To Demades, his orations appear too much laboured; others have thought him too dry; and, if we may truſt Eſchines, his language is by no means pure.

Should we proceed with this liſt to our own country, and our own times, it might be curiouſly augmented; but, perhaps enough has been ſaid, to ſoothe irritated genius, and to ſhame faſtidious criticiſm. "I would beg the critics to remember," the Earl of Roſcommon writes, in his Preface to his Verſion of Horace's Art of Poetry, that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius; that Fundanius and Pollio are ſtill valued by what Horace ſays of them; and that, in their Golden Age, there was a good underſtanding among the ingenious, and thoſe who were the moſt eſteemed were the beſt-natured." I would hope, in ſpite of the daily cries we hear from diſappointed writers, that thoſe journaliſts, whoſe ſtyle and ſentiments render them reſpectable in the eyes of every man of letters, maintain with rigid integrity the fountains of criticiſm pure and incorrupt. They cannot be inſenſi-

ble that their volumes are not merely read, and then forgotten; but that they will remain as ſurviving witneſſes, for or againſt them, from century to century.

"Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
"His praiſe is loſt, who waits till all commend."

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

IN the preſent article I am little more than the tranſlator of the lively and ingenious Vigneul Marville.

The Republic of Letters is of an ancient date. It appears by the pillars Joſephus has noticed, on which were engraven the principles of the ſciences, that this republic exiſted before the Deluge; at leaſt, it cannot be denied, that ſoon after this great cataſtrophe the ſciences, flouriſhed.

Never was a republic greater, better peopled, more free, or more glorious: it is ſpread on the face of the earth, and is compoſed of perſons of every nation, of every rank, of every age, and of both ſexes. They are intimately acquainted with every language, the dead as well as the living. To the cultivation of letters they join that of the arts; and mechanics are alſo permitted to occupy a place. But their religion cannot boaſt of uniformity; and their manners, like thoſe of every other republic, form a mixture of good and of evil: they are ſometimes enthuſiaſtically pious, and ſometime inſanely impious.

The politics of this ſtate conſiſt rather in words, in vague maxims and ingenius reflections, than in actions, or their effects. This people owe all their ſtrength to the brilliancy of their eloquence, and the ſolidity of their arguments. Their trade is perfectly intellectual, and their rich. very moderate; they live in one continued ſtrife for glory, and for immortality. Their dreſs is by no means ſplendid; yet they affect to deſpiſe thoſe who labour through the impulſe of avarice or neceſſity.

They are divided into many ſects, and they ſeem to multiply every day. The ſtate is ſhared between the Philoſophers, the Phyſicians, the Divines, the Lawyers, the Hiſtorians, the Mathematicians, the Orators, the Grammarians, and the Poets, who have each their reſpective laws.

Juſtice is adminiſtered by the Critics, frequently, with more ſeverity than juſtice. The people groan under the tyranny of theſe governors, particularly when they are capricious and viſionary. They reſcind, they eraſe, or add, at their will and pleaſure, much in the manner of the Grand Monarque—*Car tel eſt notre plaiſir*; and no author can anſwer for his fate, when once he is fairly in their hands. Some of theſe are ſo unfortunate, that, through the cruelty of the

treatment they receive, they loſe not only their temper, but their ſenſe and wits.

Shame is the great caſtigation of the guilty; and to loſe one's reputation, among this people, is to loſe one's life. There exiſt, however, but too many impudent ſwindlers, who prey upon the property of others; and many a vile ſpunger, who ſnatches the bread from the hands of men of merit.

The public are the diſtributors of glory but, too often, the diſtribution is made with blindneſs, or undiſcerning precipitation. It is this which cauſes loud complaints, and excites ſuch murmurs throughout the republic.

The predominant vices of this ſtate are preſumption, vanity, pride, jealouſy, and calumny. There is alſo a diſtemper peculiar to the inhabitants, which is denominated *hunger*, and which occaſions frequent deſolations throughout the country.

This republic, too, has the misfortune to be infected with numerous Plagiariſts; a ſpecies of banditti who rifle the paſſengers. The corrupters of books, and the forgers, are not leſs formidable; nor do there want impoſters, who form rhapſodies and beſtow pompous titles on unimportant trifles, who levy heavy contributions on the public.

There are alſo found an infinite number of illuſtrious Idlers and Voluptuaries; who only ſeeking for thoſe volumes that afford amuſement, draw all their ſubſiſtence from the ſtate, without contributing any thing either to it's advantage or it's glory. There are alſo Miſanthropes, born with an hatred of men: Pedants, who are the terror of ſchool-boys, and the enimies of urbanity and amiable manners.

I will not notice the licentious Geniuſes of the republic, who are in an eternal hoſtility of ſentiments, and a warfare of diſputes; nor thoſe faſtidious minds, who are too delicate not to be offended every moment; nor thoſe Viſionaries, who load their imagination with crude and falſe ſyſtems.

All theſe may be ſuppoſed to exiſt in a republic ſo vaſt as that of Letters; where it is permitted to every one to reſide, and to live according to his own inclinations

THE SIX FOLLIES OF SCIENCE.

NOTHING is ſo capable of diſordering the intellects as an intenſe application to one of theſe ſix things; the Quadrature of the Circle; the Multiplication of the Cube; the Perpetual Motion; the Philoſophical Stone; Magic; and Judicial Aſtrology. While we are young, we may exerciſe our imagination on theſe curious topics, merely to convince us of their impoſſibility; but it ſhews a great defect in judgment to be occupied on them in an advanced age. 'It is proper, however,' Fontenelle remarks, 'to apply

one's ſelf to theſe enquires; becauſe we find, as we proceed, many valuable diſcoveries of which we were before ignorant.' The ſame thought Cowly has applied, in an addreſs to his miſtreſs, thus—

'Altho' I think thou never wilt be found,
Yet I'm reſolv'd to ſearch for thee:
The ſearch itſelf rewards the pains.
So, tho, the chymiſt his great ſecret miſs,
(For neither it in art or nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains;
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unſought experiments by the way.'

The ſame thought is in Donne. Perhaps Cowley did not ſuſpect, that he was an imitator. What is certain, Fontenelle could not have read either; and perhaps, only ſtruck out the thought by his own reflection.

Maupertius, in a little volume of Letters written by him, obſerves, on the *Philoſophical Stone*, that we cannot prove it is impoſſible to be attained, but we can eaſily ſee the folly of thoſe who employ their time and money in ſeeking for it. For it's price is too great to counterbalance the little probability of ſucceeding in it.—Of the *Perpetual Motion*, he ſhews the impoſſibility at leaſt in the ſenſe in which it is generally received. On the *Quadrature of the Circle*, he ſays he cannot decide, if this problem is reſolvable or not: but he obſerves, that it is very uſeleſs to ſearch for it any more; ſince we have arrived by approximation to ſuch a point of accuracy, that on a large circle ſuch as the orbit which the earth deſcribes round the ſun, the Geometrician will not miſtake by the thickneſs of a hair!

POTES, PHILOSOPHERS, AND ARTIST, MADE BY ACCIDENT.

ACCIDENT has frequently occaſioned the moſt eminent geniuſes to diſplay their powers. Father Mallebranche will ſerve for an example. Having compleated his ſtudies in philoſophy, and theology, without any other intention than devoting himſelf to ſome religious order, he little expected to become of ſuch celebrity as his works have made him. Loitering, in an idle hour, in the ſhop of a bookſeller, in turning over a parcel of books, *L' Homme de Deſcartes* fell into his hands. Having dipt into ſome parts, he was induced to peruſe the whole. It was this circumſtance that produced thoſe profound contemplations which gave birth to ſo many beautiful compoſitions in Phyſics, Metaphyſics, and Morality, which have made him paſs for the Plato of his age.

Cowley became a poet by accident. In his mother's apartment he found, when very young, Spenſer's Fairy Queen; and by a continual ſtudy of Poetry, he became ſo enchanted of the Muſe, that he grew irrecoverably a Poet.

We owe to the deformities of Pope's perſon the inimitable beauties of his elaborate verſe.

Dr. Johnſon informs us, that the late great Painter of the preſent age, had the firſt fondneſs for his art excited by the peruſal of Richardſon's Treatiſe.

Helvetius furniſhes me with the following additional inſtances.

M. Vaucanſon diſplayed an uncommon genius for Mechanics. His taſte was firſt determined by this accident; he, when very young, frequently attended his mother to the reſidence of her confeſſor; and while ſhe wept with repentance, he wept with wearineſs! In this ſtate of diſagreeable vacation he was ſtruck with the uniform motion of the pendulum of the clock in the hall. His curioſity was rouſed; he approached the clock caſe, and ſtudied it's mechaniſm; what he could not diſcover, he gueſſed at. He then projected a ſimilar machine; and gradually his genius produced a clock. Encouraged by this firſt ſucceſs, he proceeded in his various attempts; and the genius which thus could form a clock, in time formed a fluting antomaton.

It was a chance of the ſame kind which inſpired our great Milton to write his Epics. Milton, "*fallen on evil days,*" was happy to be enabled to retire; and it was in the leiſure of retreat and diſgrace he executed the poem which he had projected in his youth; and which has enabled our nation to boaſt of a work which is rivalled by none, if we except the Italians.

"If Shakeſpeare's imprudence had not obliged him to quit his wool trade, and his town; if he had not engaged with a company of actors, and at length, diſguſted with being an indifferent performer, he had not turned author; the prudent woolſeller had never been the celebrated poet.

"Accident determined the taſte of Moliere for the ſtage. His grandfather loved the theatre, and frequently carried him there. The young man lived in diſſipation: the father obſerving it, aſked, in anger, if his ſon was to be made an actor. "Would to God," replied the grandfather, "he was as good an actor as Montroſe." The words ſtruck young Moliere; he took a diſguſt to his tapeſtry trade; and it is to this circumſtance France owes her greateſt Comic writer."

"Corneille loved; he made verſes for his miſtreſs, became a Poet, compoſed Melite, and afterwards his other celebrated pieces. The diſcreet Corneille had remained a lawyer.

"Thus it is, that the devotion of a mother, the death of Cromwell, deer-ſtealing, the exclamation of an old man, and the beauty of a woman, have given five illuſtrious characters to Europe,"

"I ſhould never have done, (this great man concludes) if I would enumerate all the writers celebrated for their talents, and who owed thoſe talents to ſimilar incidents."

It is alſo well known, that we owe the labours of the immortal Newton to a very trivial accident. "When, in his younger days,

he was a ſtudent at Cambridge, he had retired during the time of the plague into the country. As he was reading under an apple-tree, one of the fruit fell, and ſtruck him a ſmart blow on the head. When he obſerved the ſmallneſs of the apple, he was ſurprized at the force of the ſtroke. This led him to conſider the accelerating motion of falling bodies; from whence he deduced the principles of gravity, and laid the foundation of his philoſophy."

Granger obſerves on Ignatius Loyola, that he was a Spaniſh gentleman, who was dangerouſly wounded at the ſiege of Pampaluna. Having heated his imagination by reading the Lives of the Saints, which were brought to him in his illneſs, inſtead of a romance, he conceived a ſtrong ambition to be the founder of a religious order. This is well known by the appellation of the ſociety of Jeſus, or the Jeſuits.

J. J. Rouſſeau found his excentric powers firſt awakened by the advertiſement of the ſingular annual ſubject which the Academy of Dijon propoſed for that year, in which he wrote his celebrated Declamation againſt the Arts and Sciences. It was this circumſtance which determined his future literary efforts.

La Fontaine, at the age of 22, had not taken any profeſſion, or devoted himſelf to any purſuit. Having accidentally heard ſome verſes of Malherbe, he felt a ſudden impreſſion, which gave an eternal direction to his future life. He immediately bought a Malherbe, and was ſo exquiſitely delighted with this Poet, that after paſſing the nights in treaſuring his verſes in his memory, he would run in the day time to the woods, and there concealing himſelf, he would recite his verſes to the ſurrounding Dryads.

Our celebrated Aſtronomer, Flamſteed, was an Aſtrologer by accident. He was taken from ſchool on account of his illneſs. In the narrative of his life he ſays, that Sacroboſco's Book de Sphæra, having been lent to him, he was ſo pleaſed with it, that he immediately began a courſe of Aſtronomic ſtudies. Mr. Pennant, in his life, tells us, that his firſt propenſity to Natural Hiſtory, was the pleaſure he received from an accidental peruſal of Willoughby's work on birds.

THE STUDENT IN THE METROPOLIS.

A MAN of Letters, who is more intent on the acquiſitions of literature than on the plots of politics, or the ſpeculations of commerce, will find a deeper ſolitude in a populous metropolis than if he had retreated to the ſecluſion of the country. The Student, as he does not flatter the malevolent paſſions of men, will not be much incommoded with their preſence. A letter which *Deſcartes* wrote to Balzac—who, incapable as he found his great ſoul to bend to the ſervilities of the courtier, was preparing to retire from court,

will illuſtrate theſe ſentiments with great force and vivacity. *Deſcartes* then reſided in the commercial city of Amſterdam; and thus writes to Balzac—

'You wiſh to retire; and your intention is to ſeek the ſolitude of the Chartreaux, or, poſſibly, ſome of the moſt beautiful provinces of France and Italy. I would rather adviſe you, if you wiſh to obſerve mankind, and at the ſame time to be plunged into the deepeſt ſolitude, to join me in Amſterdam. I prefer this ſituation to that even of your delicious villa, where I ſpent ſo great a part of the laſt year: for however agreeable a country-houſe may be, a thouſand little conveniences are wanted, which can only be found in a city. One is not alone ſo frequently in the country as one could wiſh: a number of impertinent viſitors are continually beſieging you. Here, as all the world, except myſelf, is occupied in commerce, it depends merely on myſelf to live unknown to the world. I walk, every day, amongſt immenſe ranks of people, with as much tranquillity as you do in your green alleys. The men I meet with make the ſame impreſſion on my mind as would the trees of your foreſts, or the flocks of ſheep grazing on your common. The buſy hum, too, of theſe merchants, does, not diſturb one more than the purling of your brooks. If ſometimes I amuſe myſelf in contemplating their anxious motions, I receive the ſame pleaſure which you do in obſerving thoſe men who cultivate your land; for I reflect, that the end of all their labours is to embelliſh the city which I inhabit, and to anticipate all my wants. If you ſee with delight the fruits of your orchards, which promiſe you ſuch rich crops, do you think I feel leſs in obſerving ſo many fleets, that convey to me the productions of either India? What ſpot on earth could you find, which, like this, can ſo intereſt your vanity, and gratify your taſte?'

ANECDOTES OF FASHIONS.

THE origin of many, probably of moſt Faſhions, was in the endeavour to conceal ſome deformity of the inventor. Thus Charles the Seventh, of France, introdueed long coats, to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes, with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a very large excreſcence which he had upon one of his feet. When Francis I. was obliged to wear his hair ſhort, owing to a wound he received in the head, it became a prevailing faſhion at Court.

Sometimes, Faſhions are quite reverſed in one age from thoſe of another. Thus, Bags, when firſt in faſhon in France, were only worn *en diſhabille*. In viſits of ceremony, the hair was tied in a ribband, and floated over the ſhoulders—all which is exactly contrary to our preſent faſhion. Queen Iſabella, of Bavaria, as remarkable

for her gallantry as the fairneſs of her complexion, introduced a faſhion of leaving the ſhoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

It is ſaid that Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by an Italian or Spaniſh lady, who in this manner ingeniouſly covered a wen which ſhe had on her neck.—When the Spectator wrote (obſerves his commentator) full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, Duviller, (whoſe name they bore) for the purpoſe of concealing a deformity in the ſhoulders of the Dauphin.

In England, about the reign of Henry the Fourth, they wore long-pointed Shoes, to ſuch an immoderate length, that they could not walk till they were faſtened to their knees with chains. Luxury improving on this ridiculous mode, it was the cuſtom of an Engliſh Beau of the fourteenth century to have theſe chains of gold or ſilver. A very accurate account of one of this deſcription may be found in Henry's Hiſtory of Great Britain, in his chapter on Manners, &c. Vol. IV. The Ladies of that period were not leſs fantaſtical in their dreſs; and it muſt be confeſſed, that the moſt cynical ſatiriſt can have no reaſon, on a compariſon with thoſe times, to cenſure our preſent modes.

The curious reader will find ample information on this ſubject in the ſepulchral monuments of Mr. Gough. In the reign of Richard II. their dreſs was extravagantly ſumptuous. Sir John Arundel had a change of no leſs than 52 new ſuits of cloth of gold tiſſue; adapted, I ſuppoſe, to the number of weeks in the year. The prelates in Chaucer's age indulged in all the oſtentatious luxury of dreſs; for, he ſays, though ſomething muſt be ſubtracted from the account of a ſatirical bard, that they had "chaunge of clothing everie daie."

The moſt ſhameful extravagance in dreſs is the following one, given by Brantome. Elizabeth of France, queen to Philip II. of Spain, never wore a gown twice; every day ſhe had a new one; and who can doubt this information, ſince Brantome aſſures us that he received it from her majeſty's own *tailleur*, who, he adds, from a poor man, became as rich as any one he knew.

There are flagrant follies in faſhions, which (Marville juſtly obſerves) we muſt ſuffer while they reign; and which do not appear in a truly ridiculous light, till they happen to be out of faſhion. In the reign of Henry III. of France, they could not exiſt without an abundant uſe of comfits. All the world carried in their pockets a *comfit-box*, as commonly as we do now ſnuff-boxes. When the Duke of Guiſe was killed at Blois, he was found with his comfit-box in his hand.

Bayle informs us, that ſhort and tight breeches were ſo much the rage in France, that Charles V. was obliged to baniſh this mode by *edicts*, which Mezeray gives. An Italian author, who wrote in the fifteenth century, ſuppoſes that an Italian traveller, whoſe modeſty was nice, would not paſs through France, becauſe he would not offend his eyes by ſeeing men whoſe cloths did not cover the parts we do

not name. There is ſome reaſon for this raillery, for the faſhion of wearing ſhort breeches was carried to an extravagance in the French court as well as in our own.

The variety of dreſſes worn in the reign of Henry VIII. is alluded to in a print of a naked Engliſhman holding a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of ſhears in his left hand. It was invented by Andrew Borde, a facetious wit of thoſe days. Under the print is an inſcription in verſe. Theſe are the firſt lines:

> "I am an Engliſhman, and naked I ſtand here,
> Muſing in my mind, what Raiment I ſhall wear;
> For now I will wear this, and now I will wear that,
> And now I will wear, what I cannot tell what."

In the year 1735, the gentlemen wore no hats, but a little chapeau de bras; in 1745, they wore a very ſmall hat; in 1755, they wore an enormous one: this may be ſeen in Jeffrey's curious collection of habits, in various nations and periods of time, with their different dreſſes.

Walſingham appears to date the introduction of French faſhions among us, from the taking of Calais in 1347.

Faſhions frequently derive their names from ſome temporary circumſtances; as after the battle of Steenkirk and Ramilies, cravats were called Steenkirks, and wigs Ramilies.

Jean des Caures, an old French writer, who died in 1586, has written in his Moral Eſſays a long declamation againſt the prevailing faſhions of his day. Among other things, we learn a ſingular cuſtom which the ladies there had of carrying *mirrors*, which were fixed to their waiſts. For which abomination, with others, he reaſonably concludes, they are loſt, and will be damned through all eternity. Theſe are ſome of his expreſſions—"Alas! in what an age do we live! To ſee ſuch a depravity on the earth which we ſee, that induces them even to bring into church theſe ſcandalous mirrors, which hang about their waiſts! Let all hiſtories, divine, human, and profane, be read; never will it be found, that theſe objects of vanity were ever thus brought into public by the moſt meretricious women. It is true, at preſent, none but the ladies of the court venture to wear them; but it will not be long before every citizen's daughter, and every female ſervant will wear them. This obſervation is not unjuſt. The court, in every age, and in every country, are the moddlers of faſhions; ſo that all the ridicule, of which they are ſo ſuſceptible, muſt fall upon them, and not upon the citizens, who are here but ſervile imitators.

To this article, as it may probably arreſt the volatile eye of our fair reader, we add what may ſerve as a hint for the heightening of her charms. Tacitus remarks of *Poppea*, the queen of Nero, that ſhe concealed a *part* of her face; "To the end," he adds, "that the imagination having fuller play by irritating curioſity, they might think higher of her beauty, than if the whole of her face had been expoſed."

There is a ſentiment in Taſſo beautifully expreſſed, and which I recommend to the attention of the ladies.

"*Non copre ſue bellezze, e non l'eſpoſe.*"

She did not cover, nor expoſe her beauties.

It is a fine deſcription of the artleſs charms of an amiable virgin. Perhaps ſome apology is needful for concluding this topic with the following juvenile poem.

STANZAS,

Addreſſed to Laura, intreating her not to Paint, to Powder, or to Game, but to retreat into the Country.

AH, Laura! quit the noiſy town,
And Faſhion's perſecuting reign:
Health wanders on the breezy down,
And Science on the ſilent plain.

How long from Art's reflected hues
Shalt thou a mimick charm receive?
Believe, my Fair! the faithful Muſe,
They ſpoil the bluſh they cannot give.

Muſt ruthleſs Art, with torturous ſteel,
Thy artleſs locks of gold deface,
In horrid folds their charms conceal,
And ſpoil at every touch a grace?

Too ſweet thy youth's enchanting bloom,
To waſte on midnight's ſordid crews:
Let wrinkled age the night conſume,
For age has but its hoards to loſe.

Sacred to love, and ſweet repoſe,
An arbour's vernal ſeat is nigh;
That ſeat the lilac walls incloſe,
Safe from purſuing Scandal's eye.

There, as in every lock of gold
Some flower of pleaſing hue I weave,
A goddeſs ſhall the Muſe behold,
And many a votive ſigh ſhall heave.

So the rude Tartar's holy rite,
A feeble MORTAL once array'd;
Then trembled in that mortal's ſight,
And own'd DIVINE the power he MADE.*

---

* The *Lama*, or god of the Tartars, is compoſed of ſuch frail materials as mere mortality; contrived, however, by the power of prieſtcraft to be immortal.

FEMALE BEAUTY, AND ORNAMENTS.

THE ladies in Japan gild their teeth; and thoſe of the Indies paint them red. The blackeſt teeth are eſteemed the moſt beautiful in Guzurat, and in ſome parts of America. In Greenland, the women colour their faces with blue and yellow. However freſh the complexion of a Muſcovite may be, ſhe would think herſelf very ugly if ſhe was not plaiſtered over with paint. The Chineſe muſt have their feet as diminutive as thoſe of the ſhe-goats; and, to render them thus, their youth is paſſed in tortures. In ancient Perſia, an aquiline noſe was often thought worthy of the crown; and, if there was any competition between two princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majeſty. In ſome countries, the mothers break the noſes of their children; and, in others, preſs the head between two boards, that it may become ſquare. The modern Perſians have a ſtrong averſion to red hair: the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of theſe diſguſting locks. The Indian beauty is thickly ſmeared with bear's fat; and the female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not ſilks, or wreaths of flowers, but warm guts and reeking tripe, to dreſs herſelf with enviable ornaments.

In China, ſmall eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows, that they may be ſmall and long. The Turkiſh women dip a gold bruſh in the tincture of a black drug, which they paſs over their eye-brows. It is too viſible by day, but looks ſhining by night. They tinge their nails with a roſe-colour.

An ornament for the noſe appears to us perfectly unneceſſary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwiſe; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickneſs of which is proportioned by the rank of their huſbands. The cuſtom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in ſeveral nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials; ſuch as green cryſtal, gold, ſtones, a ſingle and ſometimes a great number of gold rings. This is rather troubleſome to them in blowing their noſes; and the fact is, ſome have informed us, that the Indian ladies never perform this very uſeful operation.

The female head-dreſs is carried, in ſome countries, to ſingular extravagance. The Chineſe fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is compoſed of copper, or of gold, according to the quality of the perſon: the wings, ſpread out, fall over the front of the head-dreſs, and conceal the temples. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the noſe; the neck is faſtened to the body of the artificial animal by a ſpring, that it may the more freely play, and tremble at the ſlighteſt motion.

The extravagance of the Myantſes is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their head a ſlight board, rather longer than a foot, and about ſix inches broad: with this they cover their

hair, and ſeal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck very ſtraight; and, the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dreſs entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair, they paſs an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

To this curious account, extracted from Duhalde, we muſt join that of the inhabitants of the Land of Natal. They wear caps, or bonnets, from ſix to ten inches high, compoſed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually anoint the head with a purer greaſe; which, mixing with the hair, faſtens theſe *bonnets* for their lives!

ON JUDGING BY THE PERCEPTIONS OF OTHERS.

OUR greateſt miſtake in the purſuit of happineſs as well as of ſcience, is to judge by the perceptions of others, and not by our own. This perverſion is admirably ridiculed in ſome comedy, in which a young fellow naturally ſober, gives into debaucheries merely becauſe they are faſhionable. "I am horrid ſick," ſays he, "I am tired to death—I hate cards—but it is *life* for all that!"

My friend examine your heart—you yourſelf are the beſt judge of what contributes to your own happineſs. Is the pleaſure of ſhooting equal to the fatigue?—Put down the gun. Is the cry of the hounds a ſufficient charm to remove the fear of breaking your neck?—Come off your horſe. And in pure charity let me adviſe the "*im*patient fiſher" to convert his rod into a walking-ſtick, jemmy, and ſwitch. "For what? Do not gentlemen love country diverſions?" But if *you* do not, why ſhould you be governed by *their* inclinations?

Mr. Connoiſſeur, do not pretend raptures at muſic, you know you have no ear. Stare not at that picture, you are ſenſible you have no eye. Cloſe that book, let others weep; you have no heart. "Sir, it is the taſte to admire muſic, painting, and fine writing." I am very glad of it: but it is not *your* taſte, here

——————— hinc vos,
Vos hinc, mutatis diſcedite partibus—

Now confeſs honeſtly, Mr. Sportſman, that you have more pleaſure in Snyder's pictures, than from hunting in propriâ perſonâ; that the French horns at a concert have more harmony than in a wood. And, Mr. Connoiſſeur, you are now in your element.—Is it not better to "join the jovial chaſe" than the inſipid crew of the dilettanti?

Let us remember and practice the old maxim,

——— trahit *ſua* quemque Voluptas.

OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE WAY OF FAME.

THE rubs and difficulties which the public throw in the way of a genius at his firſt appearance, are frequently too great to be ſurmounted.

We are apt to form our opinion of a man's abilities, by his reſemblance to ſome other man of reputation in the art or Science he profeſſes. A painter, muſician, or author, perfectly new, we are afraid to commend; like hounds, we wait for the opening of one whoſe cry we may venture to follow. But it ſhould be remembered that a ſure mark of a genius is originality. As he is original, and therefore new, perhaps it may be neceſſary to conquer ſome prepoſſeſſions before we can judge of his merit; and as he is generally incapable, from that modeſty which ſo frequently attends ability, of inſiſting on his own excellencies, the world ſhould take that taſk from him. But does it ſo? Or from the fear of commending haſtily, leave a being to languiſh in obſcurity, which ſhould be protected and encouraged. The greateſt part of thoſe who ſeem to have been born to make mankind happy, were themſelves miſerable. A melancholy catalogue might be made of theſe. If we know any thing of Homer, it is, that he ran about ballad-ſinging. Poor, unhappy, half-ſtarved Cervantes, Camoens, Butler, Fielding! Does it not grieve you to be told that the author of Tom Jones lies in the factory's burying-ground at Liſbon, undiſtinguiſhed, unregarded—not a ſtone to mark the place! And would it not raiſe our indignation to behold ſtately monuments erected for thoſe whoſe names were never heard of, until they appeared in their epitaph?—were they not conſidered rather as monuments of the ſculptor's art, than as preſerving the memory of the perſons whoſe duſt they ſo pompouſly cover?

The inſtances of thoſe original geniuſes, who in their life-time have enjoyed the public applauſe and lived by it, are very few—indeed I cannot recollect any, Garrick excepted. I do not conſider Virgil or Pope in this light: they are not original. It is true that Shakeſpeare lived well enough, but the money he got was by acting, not writing. Milton was in tolerable circumſtances, but if he had nothing more to depend on than the profit ariſing from the ſale of the fineſt poem in the world, he muſt have ~~been~~ ſtarved.

It is common when we ſpeak of a genius, to ſay, he will not be valued until he is dead—not that his death is eſſential to his reputation; but there is a neceſſity of his being known and underſtood, before he can be eſteemed; and it generally happens that life is of too ſhort duration for that purpoſe—

> "But the fair guerdon when we hope to find
> And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
> Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred ſhears
> And ſlits the ſpin-ſpun life."———

ON COMMON SUPERSTITIONS.

THOUGH ſuperſtition is pretty well laughed away, yet there are ſome points in which we can never get the better of it. The wedding ring in the coffee-grounds, the coffin in the candle, the ſtranger in the fire, are marked by none but vulgar and fooliſh eyes. You ſee ſalt ſpill, hear death-watches, owls hoot, dogs howl, and deſpiſe the omen—you are above it. But let me aſk *you*, an enlightened philoſopher, whether you are above choice of ſeats at whiſt? Whether you have not really believed that your chance for winning was much bettered by your taking the fortunate chairs, and of courſe obliging your adverſaries to ſit, not in thoſe of the ſcornful, but of the loſers? When you quit the game on a run of ill luck, what is it but declaring your belief that the games already played have an influence upon thoſe which are to come?

Each ticket in a lottery has an equal chance—do you think ſo? Number 1000 got the great prize in the laſt lottery: now, confeſs honeſtly that you feel ſomething within that tells you the ſame number can never win the great prize again—you would prefer every other number to it—and yet reaſon ſays, that all the tickets have an equal probability of ſucceſs. In theſe inſtances, and many others, ſuperſtition, even in cultivated minds, will be always more than a match for truth.

A gentleman coming a paſſenger in a veſſel from the Weſt Indies, finding it more inconvenient to be ſhaved than wear his beard, choſe the latter; but he was not ſuffered to have his choice long: it was the unanimous opinion of the ſailors, and indeed of the captain as well, that there was not the leaſt probability of a wind as long as this omnious beard was ſuffered to grow. They petitioned, they remonſtrated, and at laſt prepared to cut the fatal hairs by violence. Now, as there is no operation at which it is ſo much the patient's intereſt to conſent, as that of the barber, the gentleman quietly ſubmitted; nor could the wind reſiſt the potent ſpell which inſtantly filled all their ſails, and "wafted them merrily away."

You ſee we have only got rid of *general* ſuperſtition, we ſtill retain that which belongs to our particular profeſſion or purſuits.

FRIENDSHIP.

THE neceſſity of friendſhip is the precious ſource of all human virtue; ſweet neceſſity, preſcribed by that Firſt Cauſe which made it the comforter of the univerſe. One man only has wrote againſt friendſhip;* he wiſhed to exhibit it as viſionary; his conduct contradicted his writings.

* Helvetius.

Friendſhip is real; and if there be one only man who will affirm that he has felt but for a moment the pleaſure of diſintereſted love, his opinion is calculated to deſtroy all the contrary ſophiſtry. The ſame ſenſation is doubtleſs more or leſs refined, more or leſs durable; it is embelliſhed with different ſhades in ſuperior minds, and its actions is regulated by their different degrees of nobleneſs.

Shall I hazard the thought! Friendſhip exiſts among villains. Hands ſtained with blood graſp each other in a ſtrict and monſtrous union. Collected together by foul deeds, they ſwear fidelity to each other; ſincere tears flow from their ferocious eyes; their horrible compact exhibits the outlines of an immaculate, though disfigured, ſenſation. They ſupport, they comfort each other, and generoſity blazed, even in the dark receſſes where they whet their poignards.

Behold! one of them taken and condemned to the puniſhment he deſerves, he does not betray the tie of mutual confidence. A compaſſionate courage ſtill ſubſiſts in his degraded and guilty mind; he refuſes to name his accomplices, he wiſhes to preſerve them from the tortures he dares with ſo much intrepidity. He loves them then; he thinks himſelf bound by the ſervices he has received: at the foot of the ſcaffold he does not belie his conſtancy; and, ſtruggling between anguiſh and fear, he does not betray any cowardly or perfidious weakneſs; a remnant of virtue breaks forth in this wretch, cruſhed under the executioner's bar; he expires with his ideal glory; he deſcends to the grave, pleaſed not to have violated, in ſpite of torments, the covenant of ſecrecy and friendſhip.

How I love to indulge the thought of indiſſoluble ſympathy!—And why ſhould there not be an intimate connection between men of ſenſations? I will allow there is no relation between inactive and mute matter; but that hearts, formed for each other, ſhould not fly to meet; that they ſhould not gueſs, that they ſhould not recognize one another, cannot be adopted by any one who has felt the attractive and repelling force of love and averſion.

Voltaire has defined friendſhip to be the marriage of two ſouls. That is well expreſſed. He who only lives for himſelf, cannot be happy; he who would concentre all in ſelf will be alone; whoever lives alone is deprived of the delight of ſentiment; for ſentiment is only the re-action of two hearts united.

Friendſhip, like love, owes all its energy to ſtrength of mind; ſuch a ſacrifice that ſuch a one cannot conceive, is executed freely and with rapture by another.

Pyrrhus's attendants, conſoling him for the loſs of a freind, among other arguments, repreſented the inutility of grief. "I know it," replied he; "but he died before I could return him the pleaſure he gave me."—A noble ſentiment, and well expreſſed!

Ajax, when with Philoſtrates, ſpoke thus to Achilles; "Which of thy heroic actions made thee forget danger moſt?" "Thoſe," replied he, "I undertook for a friend." "And which," ſaid Ajax, "was the eaſieſt? "The ſame," replied Achilles. "And of thy

wounds, which was the moſt painful?" "That which Hector gave me." "Hector! I don't know he wounded thee." "He mortally wounded me—he killed Patrocles!"

It is ſaid, friendſhip may require, but not extort. That propoſition is falſe. Friendſhip ſhould extort; it ought even to be haughty, becauſe that right is reciprocal. Abſtracted from that, friendſhip is but a mere connexion.

I know nothing but foul deeds that can put a bar to friendſhip: but for our friend, we ſhould bid defiance to taunting and ridicule.

In an Engliſh comedy, one ſays to another, "You pretend to be my friend?" "Yes." "How will you prove it?" "My purſe is at your ſervice." "Very well! what if I was in love with your miſtreſs?" "I would give her up to you." "Suppoſe a man gave me the lie?" "I would fight for you." "And if any one railed againſt me?" "I would ſpeak well of you to thoſe who ridiculed you." "If that's the caſe, thou doſt love me."

CONVERSATION.

SOME men, in converſation, are animated, and diſplay the happieſt thoughts; thoughts which are ſometimes more delicate and applicable to circumſtances and events than thoſe we ſee in print. The incident, the *a propos* ſtamps expreſſion, and charms us with its conciſeneſs and originality. Should they write, they are abſolutely deficient in art and method, and they prove, to the ſurpriſe of thoſe who know them, that they only know how to ſpeak. On the other hand, ſuch an author is dry, heavy, or at a loſs in converſation. Such was Corneille, ſuch was Richardſon, ſuch was La Fontains; and it has been ſaid of more than one man of genius, after he has been heard—What, is that he?

Talents are divided; they are very rarely united in the ſame degree. To write and to ſpeak are two diſtinct endowments, and this double advantage may very poſſibly not belong to the ſame man.

Authors, whoſe works are read and eſteemed, are certainly men of wit; but is it ſo clearly demonſtrated, they are thoſe who are poſſeſſed of the moſt ſpirit and eloquence? Sometimes we meet thoſe unexpected characters who aſtoniſh us, characters who ſurpriſe us the more as they are very wide of the current ideas; they ſeem as if they belonged to another world; their manner of viewing objects, their diction have no reſemblance to what we know; it is not the ſtyle of literary men, it is their own; it moves us, it ſtrikes us, it makes us think; we aſk ourſelves, how we come to be ſo much agitated by the converſation of ſo wild and uncultivated a man; he neither adopts the words nor uſual turns of phraſe. His idiom is novel, and yet it affects us.

Tyranniſed over by cuſtom, we return the day after to our accuſtomed habit, to the factitious taſte, to the ſhreds of faſhion to the

routine, or elſe our favourite author, whom we have once praiſed and will ever praiſe, not to appear inconſiſtent.

We credit more the books than the ſentiment of our admiration: we know not how to preſerve, to ripen, to propagate it; we forget the moſt forcible, the neweſt, the trueſt ideas, becauſe we have not the talent of graſping them, and treaſuring them up, as Montaigne ſays "Such a one is a wonder," ſays Montaigne again, in whom his wife or valet never obſerved any think remarkable. None but the thinking perſon can diſtinguiſh the great from the vulgar man."

To illuſtrate this reflection, a man of wit is always attended to, whilſt the man of genius dies unnoticed. A language is ſometimes formed unintelligible to thoſe who know not how to ſtudy it; two or three men then take in his ideas and the reſt deſpiſe what they are incapable of comprehending.

I believe there are ſome people of ſo lively and deep an underſtanding, that, diſguſted with not being able to make themſelves underſtood, they converſe with themſelves, until they find the man with whom they can communicate.

The converſation of a man of learning is better than a book, becauſe a book can never anſwer one objection.

It is an eaſy matter to diſcover a writer who has the ſtyle of converſation from the retired man who is only acquainted with calm and ſolitary reading. One improves much better in a free and open converſation.

Party ſpirit has no longer admittance in diſputation. One muſt know how to ſay, *I was in an error.*

PARTY SPIRIT.

Written by Mercier.

TRUTH is every where; but do you wiſh to find it? Separate it from the ſpirit of party which ſo often obſcures it. When you ſee any ſect whatever, you may be certain error is mixed with truth, which will be no longer diſtinguiſhable.

Truth is plain, and does not depend on authority. It removes the ſtyle of diſputation, and is a ſtranger to paſſion and haughtineſs.

Community of opinions will always be a ſign of mediocrity of mind; they become a ſtrange mixture when formed into an aſſembly; the moſt fooliſh replace their inſufficiency with a fanatic tone; they think themſelves invincible becauſe they are united. They are deceived; as it is impoſſible but in a body there muſt be ſome fooliſh, weak and ignorant perſons. Thoſe men will perform ſome character; they utter nonſenſe and abſurdities; they exaggerate the principles of the ſect; and the body that receives them becomes bound for their nonſenſe; quarrels ariſe, their clothes and manners are turned into ridicule; ſenſible men ſuffer for their errors, impertinences are the exageration of the imprudent.

The Encyclopedical ſect, the Œconomic ſect, the Academic ſect, by forming an offenſive and defenſive league have given cauſe for

the attack, and have invited men of ſenſe to ridicule ſuch ſtrange pretenſions in the preſent age. The more numerous the members the more confined they are. This obſervation of Monteſquieu's is applicable to all thoſe little modern ſynods who have declared, *ſcience, doctrine, and taſte*, to be only found amongſt them. The ſpirit of *Coterie* ſoon deſtroyed the ſpirit of univerſal benevolence with which they ſeemed to be animated.

Is it not more uſeful, when a man feels himſelf capable, to walk in the liſts according to his own fancy, and not to be bound to follow thoſe wandering banners, diſplayed only to rally weak minds; to ſearch calmly after truth, without fancying ſuch or ſuch a ſociety, proſtrated before ſuch a chief poſſeſſes an excluſive privilege for the diſcovery.

If one wiſhes to be juſt to every body, and not to be guilty of groſs errors, one muſt not adopt party ſpirit.

SCIENCE.

SCIENCE is neceſſary to man, to overcome his weakneſs, his miſery, and to counterbalance the evils to which nature made him tributary. Science is a collection of obſervations and uſeful experiments. Science conſiſts not in the luxury of the mind, and ſtill leſs in an idle curioſity which applies itſelf to trifling things. Science has a ſerious reflecting character, and watches over the wants of humanity; it was ſcience that formed the firſt inſtrument of tillage, as well as the new teleſcope.

From whence ariſes the imperfection of law? from ignorance; from whence the evils of ſuperſtition? from ignorance; from whence that deſtructive ſyſtem of medicine which poiſons or ſhortens our days? from ignorance. It is then our moſt formidable enemy. It makes man the moſt ſtupid and moſt wretched of beings; for the inſtinct of animals is preferable to that kind of reaſon which is imperfect, and ſurrounded with clouds of error and prejudice.

Man is a being ſuſceptible of the higheſt degree of perfection; that is what diſtinguiſhes him. Look into the hiſtory of ignorant nations, what abſurd and unhappy ideas do they entertain! Reflect on all thoſe ſacrifices of human victims; ſee the ſavages devouring the fleſh of Captain Cook!

If a people that cultivate the ſciences are not exempt from certain diſaſters, it is becauſe thoſe ſciences are not as yet ſufficiently ſpread amongſt them, that their government is not ſufficiently enlightened, as it ſtill preſerves ſome impreſſion of the barbarous ages.

Science is uſeful to morals; that is to ſay, to the art of living in ſociety. Refined and delicate probity requires the knowledge of a multitude of duties.

Every good that has been aſſured is due to ſcience, whoſe dawn we begin to perceive. Every evil that ſubſiſts is owing to ignorance.

What is the exiſtence of a Samoied, of a Laplander? Thoſe people, through exceſs of miſery, are on the point of deſtruction, and their miſerable nouriſhment reſults only from a ſpecies of continual conflict.

Ignorance not only diſhonours, but alſo weakens thoſe empires that, having only a half legiſlation, have only a moiety of proſperity and power. Turkey, Perſia, India, all thoſe vaſt and beautiful climates contain minds entirely unenlightened, devoid of exalted ſentiments, while ruinous tyranny roams, ſword in hand, over thoſe fields favoured by nature, and ſheds at will the blood of a multitude of ſlaves, who live like ſheep, waiting the moment they are to be ſacrificed.

France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Italy, and England, experience political concuſſions; but the inhabitants of thoſe countries are infinitely more eaſy, more free, more happy, than the reſt of the globe. Notwithſtanding the philoſopher is ready even to call them demi-barbarians, becauſe they have not as yet brought to ſuch perfection as they might the art of living in ſociety; but he hopes that knowledge will bring them a greater addition of happineſs.

Cruelty diſappears before the knowledge of an enlightened nation; and the tongue of the moſt haughty authority is ſilent when it is deprived of reaſon. The moſt ignorant and ſuperſtitious people are ſtill the moſt wicked and moſt cruel.

LOVE.

THIS paſſion is defined in all times, painted in various colours, and ſtill unknown, notwithſtanding the drawings of the greateſt maſters.

A violent inſtinct, which ſurmounts the moſt powerful difficulties; an excluſive paſſion that is itſelf unacquainted with its impetuoſity, unknowing its own daring ſpirit.

It is the ſtrongeſt power in nature; it is the lover that liſts the human heart up to all extremities.

The force and activity of this productive impulſe ſeldom conſults our laws and inſtitutions. Nature has confided to it the truſt and guard of future generations. It proceeds to the accompliſhment of her ſovereign laws; and the obſtructions which are oppoſed to its courſe, only change inſtinct into rage, inſtead of deſtroying it.

Love ſtamps a new character on the ſoul; which from hence receives the ſtamp of mildneſs and humanity. The man who withdraws from its enjoyments is always ſtern and harſh: his heart hardens and grows violent; he is no longer diſpoſed to be compaſſionate; pity is a ſtranger to his breaſt. Do you wiſh to ſee a ſtate the moſt abject? Contemplate thoſe degraded beings in the ſeraglios; their minds are mutilated as well as their bodies; of all ſlaves they are the moſt deſpicable and the moſt cruel; of all the ſentiments in their hearts, none remain but meanneſs, and an inward rage that fer-

ments and increaſes; they have no enjoyment but in as much as the cries and tears of their victims ſympathize with the horrible jealouſy that corrodes them; they thirſt after the anguiſh of others, to ſoften their own; they muſt ſee others wretched, to alleviate for a inſtant their own unhappineſs; they glory in reducing a being poſſeſſed of ſenſibility, under ſuch deſpotiſm which has been as fatal to themſelves.

Love produces the greateſt pleaſure that can ſtrike the ſenſes; it is violent with almoſt all mankind; ſome carry it to an exceſs of rapture, to ecſtacy, even to fury, if this word may be uſed to deſcribe the tranſports of ſupreme voluptuouſneſs.

Love is the monarch of the empire, poſſeſſed by imagination; there it reigns, creates or deſtroys objects, and produces ſuch extraordinary effects. Without imagination, which forms a divinity of beauty, the ſenſual emotion, placed in the ſcale, would be, indeed, but deſpicable.

The ſeat of love is in the centre of the impaſſioned heart; but if this flame, which ought to be divided between two beings and play on their ſurface, ſhould remain only in the boſom of one of the two victims, it burns, it devours.

Love is the firſt emotion of a pure and tender mind; whilſt the other paſſions concentre man within himſelf, this only makes him live in another, extinguiſhing unſocial, perſonal intereſt, to enhance the enjoyment received in the pleaſure of ſerving the beloved object.

Debauchery is the offspring of diſquietude, diſtraction of mind, ſelfiſhneſs, and the impoſſibility of employing the mind in the reflection occaſioned by great ideas and noble ſentiments. Love, which is its antidote, is accompanied with ſtrength, courage, and great enterpriſes; and we ſeldom meet with men of genius who have not left ſome traces of the ſoft flame which has inſpired them in their writings.

This precious ſenſibility, this neceſſity of loving, which animates and vivifies all beings, is a virtue; as, by detaching us from ſelf, it teaches us to attach ourſelves more cloſely to others; it leſſens pride, and ſoftens ferocity. The conſtant good this paſſion procures excuſes the accidents it occaſions. Perhaps, in the inſtant of its greateſt activity, it entirely fills the whole ſoul: but this momentary giddineſs does not laſt; love can neither harden hearts, nor deſtroy the ſocial virtues; the lover becomes a huſband, a father, and conſequently, is more cloſely bound by the title of citizen. Love communicates its amiable and generous ſentiment to every thing in contact with it; it inſpires great and elevated thoughts, and we can diſcover in thoſe works which ſurvive their authors, whether they knew what it was to love; as a mild but penetrating ardour is exhibited in their productions. Love oftener aids our virtues than our vices; the heart being warmed, improves: after a ſhort frenzy it is formed. Man becomes more feeling and wiſer; he preſerves his good qualities, and has only loſt a little time, given up to pleaſure.

True love reſides not in groveling, narrow ſouls, or it ſoon changes its ſituation; but its greateſt conqueſt is over debauchery, that monſter which puts on love's maſk to debaſe our minds, and obſcure our beſt qualities.

A ſtill better conſideration, ariſing from the love two beings have for each other, is the friendſhip which, neceſſarily originating thence, is rendered permanent. Love is the only reſpectable and powerful cauſe of ſuch an affection. By the law of nature we love the object that moſt ſtrikes us; but reflection, ſentiment, friendſhip, and confidence, muſt attach us to that. Every thing unites in this one point; without ſuch a ſentimental affection, the fire of the ſenſual paſſion evaporates and gives way to diſguſt. From thence it happens that beauty is ſometimes forſaken, and that every woman, even the moſt apparantly diſguſting, may inſpire a durable and tender ſentiment.

TO THE HOMELY FEMALES.

IT is frequently ſaid, there goes a fine woman, and we ſcarcely ſee any thing but her face.—There are among thoſe reputed homely, beauties, that do not ſtrike the ſight; therefore, we ſhould not blame an attachment. The moſt beautiful women are not thoſe only who inſpire the ſtrongeſt ſenſations. On barely ſeeing a woman, who can diſcover all the attractions ſhe poſſeſſes, in a *tetê-a-tetê?* Can any one gueſs at the graces, the art, the reliſh of her careſſes? What animated beauties dart even from thoſe eyes which ſeem cold or abſent! Nay, the very ſmile which enflames one heart will glance lightly over another. This difference of taſte is the cauſe that all women find admirers, and that ſhe who ſeems the moſt unfortunate has no reaſon often to envy her who has the greateſt train of lovers, whoſe homage is not always confirmed in the ſhade of myſtery.

It is there the deceit of art often diſappears; it is there it often happens, that the haughty beauty has no longer the ſame perfections, while the rival ſhe diſdained, accumulates triumphs due to graces which are ſtrangers to the proud and vain.

If love, as Ninon De l'Enclos uſed to ſay, is a piece where the *interludes* are the longeſt, what can be more enchanting than to find in a paſſion, which ſometimes tends to humble man, that charming graceful reaſon which enlightens, inſtructs, and metamorphoſes the pleaſures of voluptuouſneſs into ſuch pure enjoyments as belong to the mind.

HISTORY OF THE MAID OF THE HAY STACK.

A GERMAN lady of great beauty and accompliſhments having married a Heſſian officer, who was ordered to *America*, and not being able to acquire any tidings of him in her own country,

came over to *England.* Here, ſhe could only learn the deſtiny of her huſband, from thoſe ſhips which had either tranſported troops to the continent, or were bringing back the wounded. Day after day ſhe wandered on the beach at *Portſmouth*, and hour after hour ſhe wearied her eyes bedewed with tears in the vain expectation of ſeeing him. She was obſerved, at the ſame ſpot, ere it was light, and watched each motion of the waves until the ſetting ſun. Then her haunted imagination preſented him mangled with wounds, and the ſmalleſt guſt of wind ſeemed to threaten her with an eternal ſeparation. Did a ſhip enter into port, her eager ſteps led her to the ſpot, and many an enquiry was repaid with an inſolent rebuff. After eight months ſpent in this anxious manner, a ſhip arrived bringing her the melancholy pleaſure, "that ſome Heſſian officers, who were wounded, were on their paſſage." Her impatience increaſed daily. A veſſel at length arrived reported to have Heſſian troops on board. She kept at ſome diſtance for fear of giving too great a ſhock to her huſband's feelings, ſhould he be among them. He was landed with others. She fainted, and he was conveyed, ſhe knew not where. Having recovered, and going to the different inns, ſhe found at laſt her huſband. The maſter of the inn informed her, "he was very bad," and ſhe begged that her being in England might be gradually broken to him. When ſhe entered the room, he burſt into a flood of tears. A lady was ſupporting him in her arms. What words, or painter, could repreſent the tragedy that followed! He had married in *America*, and this perſon was alſo his wife. He entreated "pardon," was paſt reproach, for in a few minutes after he ſunk into the arms of death. The Lady, whoſe melancholy hiſtory we are recording, ruſhed from the room, and leaving her clothes and money at her lodging, ſhe wandered ſhe knew not whither, vowing "that ſhe would never enter houſe more, or truſt to man." She ſtopped at laſt near *Briſtol*, and begged the refreſhment of a little milk. There was ſomething ſo attractive in her whole appearance as ſoon produced her whatever ſhe requeſted. She was young, and extremely beautiful:—her manners graceful and elegant, and her countenance intereſting to the laſt degree.—She was alone—a ſtranger—and in extreme diſtreſs;—ſhe aſked only for a little milk—but uttered no complaint, and uſed no art to excite compaſſion. Her dreſs and accent bore viſible marks that ſhe was a foreigner of ſuperior birth. All the day ſhe was ſeen wandering in ſearch of a place to lay her wretched head; ſhe ſcooped towards night a lodging for herſelf in an old hay-ſtack. Multitudes ſoon flocked around her in this new habitation, attracted by the novelty of the circumſtance, her ſingular beauty, but above all the ſuddenneſs of her arrival. French and Italian were ſpoken to her, but ſhe appeared not to underſtand theſe languages; however when ſhe was accoſted in *German*, ſhe evidently appeared confuſed;—the emotion was too great to be ſuppreſſed, ſhe uttered ſome faint exclamation in one tongue, and then, as if hurried into an imprudence,

ſhe attempted to be alſo without knowledge of this language. Various conjectures were inſtantly formed, but what ſeemed paſſing ſtrange was her acceptance of no food, except bread or milk, and that only from the hands of females! On the men ſhe looked with anger and diſdain, but ſweetly ſmiled as ſhe accepted any preſent from the other ſex. The neighbouring ladies remonſtrated with her on the danger of ſo expoſed a ſituaiton, but in vain, for neither prayers nor menaces could induce her to ſleep in a houſe.

As ſhe diſcovered evident mark of inſanity, ſhe was at length confined in a mad-houſe, under the care of Dr. RENAUDET, phyſician at the *Hot Wells*. On the firſt opportunity ſhe eſcaped, and repaired to her beloved hay-ſtack. Her rapture was inexpreſſible on finding herſelf at liberty, and once more ſafe beneath this miſerable refuge.

Beneath a hay-ſtack LOUISA's dwelling roſe,
Here the fair maniac bore four winters' ſnows.
Here long ſhe ſhiver'd, ſtiffening in the blaſt,
And lightnings round her head their horrors caſt.
Diſhevel'd, lo! her beauteous treſſes fly,
And the wild glance now fills the ſtaring eye;
The balls fierce glaring in their orbits move;
Bright ſpheres, where beam'd the ſparkling fires of love,
Ill ſtarr'd LOUISA!

It was nearly four years that this forlorn creature devoted herſelf to this deſolate life, ſince ſhe knew the comfort of a bed, or the protection of a roof. Hardſhip, ſickneſs, intenſe cold, and extreme miſery, have gradually impaired her beauty, but ſhe ſtill is a moſt intereſting figure; and there remains uncommon ſweetneſs and delicacy in her air and manner; and her anſwers are always pertinent enough, except when ſhe ſuſpects the queſtion is meant either to affront or enſnare her, when ſhe ſeems ſullen and angry. Some Quaker ladies at this time interpoſed, and Louiſa, as ſhe was called, was conveyed to *Guy's Hoſpital*, where, it is reported, Dr. Saunders,* being ſtruck with the fame of the *pneumatic remedies*, has conſigned her wholly to the care of Dr. Thornton, and has requeſted that phyſician to confirm his experience in theſe *new remedies* by participating with him a ſhare of his practice in that hoſpital.

The perſon with whom ſhe lodged, upon her death bed, divulged the ſecret of the flight of this ſtranger from Portſmouth, which correſponds nearly with the time of her arrival near Briſtol, and future enquiries have diſcovered, that ſhe is "*the natural daughter of* FRANCIS *Emperor of Germany*." Vide the Narrative of Facts reſpecting the Briſtol Stranger, or the Maid of the Hayſtack.

---

* This conduct in a *teacher of medicine* deſerves to be particularly noticed, and cannot fail to meet with general applauſe; for, alas! ſuch inſtances of diſintereſtedneſs are extremely rare!

DANGER OF SPORTING WITH THE AFFECTIONS.

Illuſtrated in a Tale.

A CERTAIN Engliſh cleygyman, eminent for his accompliſhments, who had ſpent many years in travelling with a young nobleman, took up, at length, his reſidence in the neighbourhood of a great town, at the ſeat of his young pupil. He then entertained the firm perſuaſion, "that true felicity and virtue conſiſt in uniformly ſubjecting all the paſſions to the dictates of the underſtanding." His ardour for knowledge, and the conſtant ſucceſſion of new objects, which naturally reſulted from his ambulatory mode of exiſtence, had hitherto rendered it no very difficult matter to realize this truth. But the moment he was ſettled, his mind begah to vary with the ſcene. Where ſo many objects ſolicited his attention at the ſame time, ſome were unavoidably preferred. A fine garden, delightful arbours, a beautiful ſheet of water, ſtreams, caſcades, grottos, wilderneſſes, large fields, delicious woods, and extenſive plains, engroſſed at firſt his whole attention. The united charms of ſuch rural and enchanting ſcenes were his evening and morning amuſement. Wherever he went on buſineſs or pleaſure, he ſtill felt a ſecret impulſe recalling his affections to the ſpot, where all his happineſs naturally centered. Even here, however, like the firſt man in the boſom of paradiſe, he was ſoon far from being completely bleſſed. No longer abſorbed in other purſuits, he ſighed inſenſibly for a companion to ſhare his enjoyments. Now, if a ſpotleſs maiden ſhould appear; all innocence, and all ſoul; all love, and of love all worthy; if in her large arched forehead all the capacity of immeaſureable intelligence, which wiſdom can communicate be viſible; if her compreſſed, but not frowning eyebrows, ſpeak an unexplored mine of underſtanding, or her dimpled cheek ſymphathetic goodneſs of heart, which flows through the clear teeth, over her pure and efficient lips; if ſhe breathe humility and complacency; if dignified wiſdom be in each tone of voice; if her eyes, neither too open nor too cloſe, often gently turned, ſpeak the ſoul, that ſeeks a ſiſterly embrace; if ſhe be ſuperior to the powers of deſcription; if all the glories of her angelic form be inbibed like the mild and golder rays of an autumnal evening ſun; what do you think would become of our philoſopher, and of his ſublime theory?—Near this retirement, there chanced to reſide a lady of moſt exquiſite beauty; but, alas! ſhe had not that ſanctity of innocence, that divinity of maiden purity before deſcribed, but wiles affecting every look of modeſty. She poſſeſſed the wretched pride of ſilence, a meaſured affectation of ſpeech, eyes arrogantly overlooking miſery and poverty, an authoritative noſe, and lips blue with envy, or half bitten through from artifice or malice. The elegance of her perſon ſoon however attracted the attention of the philoſopher, and fancying the mind muſt

correſpond, through the medium of a friend he obtained an interview. This lady, who was ſo well able to put on the maſk, liſtened with attention to his diſcourſe, and ſeemed eager to cultivate his acquaintance. Not inſenſible of the conqueſt ſhe had made, ſhe diverted her female friends with the tender ſenſibility of the *poor fool*, her lover, as ſhe uſed to ſtyle him. This coquetry being managed with addreſs, was nicely calculated to operate on an eaſy and unſuſpecting mind. Imagine now the ſenſibility of the philoſopher, who had ſingled out the fair by the kindeſt partiality, when aſſured ſhe had all along regarded him with a ſimilar emotion. His happineſs became inſeparable from hers. He ſoon, however, experienced all thoſe teaſing perplexities which the artifice of a cunning woman was able to contrive. The triumph of conqueſt was her only aim. So capricious and evaneſcent appeared the attachment of an inconſiderate and giddy mind. The impreſſion on ſuch, like thoſe made on a ſtream by the gentleſt breeze, exiſt but for a moment: far otherwiſe the attachment of the feeling, the ſuſceptible, and the penſive. How infinitely more durable the tender ſenſibilities he indulged! He poſſeſſed, however, too much good ſenſe not to ſee through her duplicity; and to diſcover that ſhe was trifling with the ſenſibilities of a heart, which thouſands would have ſoothed and cheriſhed with joy; yet to tear from his boſom all at once its deareſt object on earth, occaſioned the moſt ſerious and inexpreſſible concern. The ſtruggle was indiſpenſable, and competent to all his philoſophy. It was reaſon aſſerting her ſupremacy over paſſion, and Heaven ſtriving for the maſtery over man. At this interval, the lady removed the maſk, and married a wild fortune-hunter, who ſoon brought her into contempt and wretchedneſs. Happy would it have been for our philoſopher, could his wounded mind have been reſtored to its former health and tranquility. But his heart was gone, and with it all reliſh for life. It was not henceforward in the power of medicine, variety, or expedient, to afford him the leaſt interval of ſerenity. His nights and his days were alike dreary and joyleſs. The ſcenes which had been the witneſſes of his happier hours now became the conſtant and ſolitary companions of his wretchedneſs. At laſt, overwhelmed with thought, the brain ſunk lethargic, and the philoſopher was converted into the happier idiot, until death ſoon, fortunately, cloſed the melancholy and degrading ſcene.

CONVENT OF LA TRAPPE.

IN the year 1140, that is to ſay, a little more than ſix hundred years ago, a count of Perch, who had led a very irreligious life, made a vow, during a violent tempeſt, that if he eſcaped ſhipwreck, he would found, upon his eſtate, a monaſtery, and that the roof of the church ſhould have the form of a ſhip's keel. Upon his return to his domain, he choſe, for the ſituation, a wild valley, very low,

and the only deſcent was by a narrow paſſage, hence the name La Trappe. The regulations of this convent were exceedingly auſtere. By degrees its manners became relaxed, when a ſingular adventure gave riſe to the greateſt reform in this inſtitution. The eſtate fell by inheritance to M. L'abbe de Rancé, a man of a good family, and naturally of a benevolent heart, but given up to an unfortunate amour. As he returned from a journey, having been abſent but a few days upon buſineſs, on his arrival he went to his beloved miſtreſs, a woman of the greateſt beauty and vivacity, and by means of a key he paſſed along a dark paſſage, and aſcending a private ſtair-caſe, opened the door of her chamber, when lo! inſtead of the beauteous Monbazon, he beheld, by means of a blue lamp, a head beſmeared with blood on the toilette, and caſting his frantic eyes around, he ſaw a coffin in which ſhe was placed, which, being too ſmall, the head had been cut off, and put in a diſh on the table. This frightful ſpectacle inſpired him with the reſolution of abandoning the world, and of entering into the convent of La Trappe, where he introduced all the auſterities of St. Barnard.

Now did Remorſe efface the guilty ſcene,
Which to his breaſt apply'd the dagger keen,
Reſtrain'd in full career the erring youth,
And led him back to innocence and truth:
'Twas *here* he fled, divorc'd from pleaſure's chain,
To woo religion in this gloomy fane,
To waſh away with tears his errors paſt,
And ſpend each day as though it were his laſt.

The monks of La Trappe never ſpeak, they eat only vegetables, and drink water; they riſe every morning at two, and after matins they make themſelves a grave, in remembrance of their mortal ſtate; they wear camlet next the ſkin, and lie upon ſtraw. In the place where they aſſemble to warm themſelves, which is the only indulgence they take, over the fire-place, there is the picture of a moſt beautiful woman, and a perſon turns it every five minutes, when a half putrified ſkeleton appears.

ANECDOTES.

AN EPIGRAM ON THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA, AND A RECEIPT BY VOLTAIRE.

"King, author, philoſopher, poet, muſician,
Free-maſon, economiſt, bard, politician,
How had Europe rejoic'd if a Chriſtian he'd been!
If a man—how he then had enraptur'd his queen!"

THE above was many years ago handed about Berlin, and ſhewn to the King, who with the ſpirit of Lord Mansfield, deemed it a libel, becauſe it was true; and inſtead of filing an information, and taking the tedious methods practiſed in this country, took a ſummary way of puniſhing the author, who he knew from internal evidence muſt be Voltaire, at that time a reſident in Berlin.

He ſent his ſerjeant at arms, (one of the tall regiment) not with a mace and ſcrap of parchment, but with ſuch an inſtrument as the Engliſh drummers uſe for the good of ſuch foot ſoldiers as commit any offence againſt *the law military*.

The Pruſſian hero went to the poet, and told him he came by his Majeſty's ſpecial command, to reward him for an epigram on his royal maſter, by adminiſtering thirty laſhes on his naked back. The poor philoſopher knew that remonſtrance was vain, and after ſubmitting with the beſt grace he could, opened the door, and made the farewell *congé* to his unwelcome viſitor; who did not offer to depart, but told him, with the moſt Germanic gravity, that "the ceremony was not yet concluded; for that the monarch he had the honour of ſerving, muſt be convinced that his commiſſion was punctually fulfilled, on which account he muſt have a receipt." This alſo was ſubmitted to, and given in the manner and form following:

"Received from the right hand of *Conrad Bacoffner*, thirty laſhes on my naked back, being in full for an epigram on *Frederick the third king of Pruſſia*;—I ſay received, by me *Voltaire*. *Vive le Roi.*"

This anecdote was not known until after Voltaire's death, when old Frederick, in a facetious moment, produced the receipt to ſome of his favourite courtiers.

URSA MAJOR.

WHEN James Boſwell took Doctor Johnſon to his father's houſe in Scotland, old Boſwell, aſtoniſhed at the ſingularity of his manners, remarked that Jamie had brought an odd chiel along with him. "Sir," ſaid Boſwell, "he is the grand luminary of our hemiſphere; quite a conſtellation, Sir!"—"*Urſa major*, I ſuppoſe," ſaid the old fellow.

ALGERINE WIT.

A FRENCHMAN being taken priſoner by the Algerines, was aſked what he could do as a ſlave? His anſwer was, "he had been uſed to a ſedentary employment." "Well then," ſaid the pirates, "we will put you on a pair of feather breeches, and ſet you to hatch chickens."

A FRENCH DEFINITION OF A WHIG AND A TORY.

"PRAY, Monſieur de Vergennes," ſaid the late King of France one day at his levee, "what do you take to be the difference between a whig and a tory?"—"Pleaſe your Majeſty," replied the miniſter, "I conceive the difference to be merely nominal,—the Tories are Whigs when they want places, and the Whigs are Tories when they have got them."

A NEW WAY TO WARM BEER.

THE late Sam Foote could ſay any thing of any body, or to any body,—when he was once at the table of Lord Kelly, remarkable for his rubicundity of noſe, a gentleman preſent complained that the beer was rather cold,—"get his Lordſhip to dip his noſe into the tankard," ſaid Foote, "and if he keeps it there half a minute, and the beer does not boil, it muſt be *fire-proof*."

COMPLIMENTS.

THE witty and licentious Earl of Rocheſter meeting with the great Dr. Iſaac Barrow in the Park, told his companions that he would have ſome fun with the ruſty old put. Accordingly, he went up with great gravity, and taking off his hat, made the doctor a profound bow, ſaying, "Dr. I am yours to my ſhoe tie." The doctor ſeeing his drift, immediately pulled of his beaver, and returned the bow, with "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rocheſter followed up his ſalutation by a deeper bow, ſaying, "Dr. I am yours to the centre." Barrow, with a very lowly obeiſance, replied, "My lord, I am yours to the antipodes." His lordſhip nearly gravelled, exclaimed, "Dr. I am yours to the loweſt pit of hell."—"There, my lord, (ſaid Barrow ſarcaſticly) I leave you," and walked off.

WAY TO HELL.

THE ſame nobleman once endeavoured to throw off his wit upon a young academic at Oxford, by thus accoſting him,

"Pray, Mr. Student, can you tell,
Which is the neareſt way to hell?"

The other inſtantly retorted;

"Some ſay Woodſtock, I ſay nay,
For Rocheſter's *the neareſt way.*"

A PAIR OF SPARE BEAUX.

TWO *petit maitres* running againſt each other, "I hope (ſays one to the other) you are not hurt." "I (ſaid the other) ſincerely hope *you* are not hurt." "The devil confound you both (cried an Iriſh baſket woman) two puffs of wind might as well meet with a bruiſe, as two ſuch *hollow atomies* as you are hurt one another."

THE CATECHISM.

A COUNTRY clergyman meeting a neighbour, who never came to church, although an old fellow of above ſixty, reproved him, and aſked him if he never read at home? "No, (replied the clown) I cannot read." "I dare ſay (ſaid the parſon) you do not know who made you." "Not I, in truth," cried the countryman. A little boy coming by at the ſame time, "Who made you, child?" ſaid the parſon. "God, Sir," anſwered the boy. "Why, look you there, (quoth the clergyman) are not you aſhamed to hear a boy of five or ſix years tell me who made him, when *you*, that are ſo old a man, cannot?" "Ah! (ſaid the fellow) it is no wonder that he ſhould remember; *he was made but the other day; it is a great while, maiſter ſince I was made.*"

A ROYAL BON MOT.

A CERTAIN Captain, remarkable for his *uncommon height*, being one day in the rooms at Bath, the Princeſs Amelia ſaw him, and was ſurprized with the ſingularity. Upon enquiry ſhe was told his name and family, and that he had been originally intended *for the church.* "Rather for the *ſteeple*," replied the royal humouriſt with her uſual complacency.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF PETER THE GREAT.

I DURING the firſt reſidence of the Czar in Holland, no one could doubt, who ſaw him employed in learning the art of ſhip-building at Saardam, and endeavouring every where to obtain inſtruction concerning the ways and means of exciting a ſpirit of commerce, of eſtabliſhing manufactures, and of working up raw materials, no one could doubt, I ſay, that his principal object, the end of all his labours, was the eſtabliſhment of manufactures in his own dominions.

As he was likewiſe very eager to engage foreign artiſts, artiſans, and manufacturers to ſettle in Ruſſia, granting them entire liberty, and various privileges, the Jews of Amſterdam thought they might derive advantage from this diſpoſition.

For this purpoſe they applied to the celebrated De Witſon, burgo-maſter of Amſterdam, the Dutchman whom Peter honoured with the greateſt ſhare of familiarity, and begged of him to endeavour to prevail on his Czarian Majeſty to permit the Jews, as well as other foreigners, to ſettle in Ruſſia to trade, and eſtabliſh manufactures. They did not forget to ſet forth the great advantages that would reſult to his empire from the extenſive ſale of its productions, which the Jewiſh merchants would procure; and they offered to preſent the Monarch with the ſum of one hundred thouſand florins, as the firſt mark of their gratitude.

De Witſon ſuffered himſelf to be perſuaded, and promiſed to embrace the firſt opportunity of ſpeaking to his Majeſty. He kept his word, and laid his demand before him in a very circumſtantial manner. The Czar viſited De Witſon's family every day; held this honeſt man in high eſtimation, conſulted him about every thing, and conſidered him as the beſt maſter he could have in a variety of matters. It was therefore, painful to ſend him away with a refuſal. However after having liſtened with the moſt ſerious attention to the propoſals, he anſwered with a ſmile, "Mynheer Witſon, you know the Jews, and the ſpirit of my people. I am acquainted with both. It is not yet time to open a paſſage to the Jews into my country. You will therefore, tell them from me, that I thank them for their offers, but that if that they ſettled in my dominions at preſent, I ſhould not be able to repreſs my pity. Though they are reputed to have the ſecret of deceiving all the world, I fear that my Ruſſians would make them dupes in their turn."

II. The Czar Peter was too wiſe a mornarch to loſe ſight for a moment of ſo important an object as agriculture. Whatever part of the world he viſited nothing relative to that ſcience eſcaped his attention. In all his travels, whether through France, Holland or Germany, when he ſaw the country people at work, on the right or left of the road, he left his carraige to obſerve them, and generally converſed with them on the ſubject of their occupations. He frequently entered their houſes, examined every thing, particularly their utenſils of huſbandry, of which he ſometimes made drawings on the ſpot, and always wrote down his remarks on tablets he carried about with him for that purpoſe. It was more eſpecially his amuſement at each ſtage, while the horſes were changing.

As he was paſſing through a village on his return to Paris, he ſaw a man, dreſſed very differently from the peaſants, at work in a garden of moderate extent. Finding, on enquiry, that this laborious cultivator was the vicar of the place, he entered the garden, which he perceived to be well ſtocked with handſome fruit trees, the houſe being ſituated in the middle, and a little foreſt of mulberry trees behind. The Czar converſed with him a full half-hour, and learned that the greateſt part of the trees had been planted by the vicar himſelf who ſtill continued to prune them with his own hands.

The Prince aſked with aſtoniſhment, why he was obliged to ſubmit to ſuch laborious occupations, and if his pariſhioners never gave

him their assistance.—"Very seldom, Sir," answered the vicar. "When any of them have a few moments leisure, they do not want a good inclination; but they have always so much business themselves, that they have little time to spare to do mine. However, the duties of my office leave me sufficient for the cultivation of my little piece of ground; and if the season is favorable, I always make a few hundred livres a year by the sale of my fruits and silk, which are a very necessary addition to my slender allowance."

The Russian Monarch was enchanted and wrote down the name of this worthy pastor of his tablet. Then turning to the companions of his travels,—"Observe this worthy ecclesiastic, said he;—"the labour of his hands supplies him with cyder, wine, and ready money into the bargain. Do not fail to remind me of him when we return to Russia. I'll try if there are any means to animate our village priests to cultivate their glebes, in order to deliver them at once from poverty and sloth."

III. When Peter and his consort dined or supped alone, which often happened, they had only a very young page, and favourite chambermaid of the Empress to wait on them. And when he had several of his ministers, or general officers, at his table, he was only attended by his cheif cook, and two very young pages, who had orders to retire as soon as the desert was put on the table, and a bottle of wine had been set before each guest.

No lackey ever made his appearance during his repasts, except when he ate in public. "I have no occasion for them," he often repeated, to make their observations on me, when I give a loose to my conversation."

He said one day, at table, to the old Baron of Mardfeldt, envoy from the court of Prussia——"Hirelings and lackeys never lose sight of their master's mouth. they are spies on all he says; misconstrue every thing; and consequently repeat every thing erroneously."

IV. Among the remarkable things that attracted the Czar's attention at Amsterdam, the assemblage of all the religions of the earth was that which struck him most forcibly. He could not divest himself of astonishment on seeing, that none of the many different religious ceremonies, which were publickly performed was ever interrupted or molested; and that no quarrel ever arose, either from coversation or writing, on these matters.

He was one day talking on this subject with one of the magistrates, who observed to him that the port of Amsterdam was open to all the nations of the universe, and that here every one enjoyed the free exercise of his religion. The belief of those who come to reside among us, continued he, and their religious ceremonies, are of little consequence to the state, if they contain nothing contrary to our laws.—"This system of government," answered the Czar, "is highly favourable to commerce. It contributes greatly to the influx of foreigners into Amsterdam, and consequently increases the public

revenues. I cannot give ſufficient praiſe to a conduct which it is fully my intention to imitate in my city of Peterſburgh."

Peter, in reality, executed this noble project. He not only tolerated every ſect of Chriſtians, but alſo granted them the liberty to elect an eccleſiaſtical council to decide in all caſes relative to marriages and religious matters, each according to its reſpective laws and cuſtoms; and without being ſubject to the controul of the ſynods of the Ruſſian clergy, or any court of juſtice whatever.

LADY Wallace and David Hume were partial to each other. They once croſſed the frith from Kinghorn to Leith together, when a violent ſtorm rendered the paſſengers apprehenſive of a ſalt water death; and her ladyſhip's terror induced her to ſeek conſolation from her friend, who, with infinite *ſang froid*, aſſured her, "he thought there was great probability of their becoming food for fiſhes."——"And pray, my dear friend," ſaid Lady Wallace, "which do you think they will eat firſt?"——"Thoſe who are gluttons," replied the hiſtorian, "will undoubtedly fall foul of me; but the epicures will attack your ladyſhip."

GENERAL Mackenzie, when commander in chief (during the late war) of the Chatham diviſion of Marines, was very rigid in exacting the duties of the profeſſion. Among the other regulations, he would ſuffer no officer out of the uniform, to be ſaluted by the guard; and one day the general obſerved a lieutenant of marines in a plain dreſs in the King's Yard, and though he perfectly knew the young officer, he called to the ſentinel to *turn him out;* the lieutenant on this declared his name and rank, but the general would not liſten; "I know you not," ſaid he—"Sentinel, out with him."

A ſhort time after the above adventure, General Mackenzie having been at a ſmall diſtance from Chatham, on a viſit, returned in the evening in a blue coat, and claimed entrance at the yard gate, with all that confidence which his ſituation warranted. The centinel demanded the counterſign, which the general not happening to know, deſired the preſence of the officer of the guard, and this officer luckily proved to be the lieutenant whom the general had treated ſo cavalierly on a like occaſion. "Who are you?" enquired the officer. "I am General Mackenzie," was the reply. "What! without an *uniform!*" rejoined the lieutenant! "O get back; get back, impoſtor! The general would ſeverly chaſtiſe your preſumption, if he knew you aſſumed his name to evade orders, which reflect the higheſt honour on his military character." Mackenzie on this retreated; and the next day, inviting the officer to breakfaſt, candidly told him, "that he had diſcharged his duty with commendable exactneſs."

POETRY.

NEW-ENGLAND DESCRIBED.

By Timothy Dwight, D. D.

——————HAIL, O hail,
My much lov'd native land! New Albion hail!
The happieſt realm, that, round his circling courſe,
The all-ſearching ſun beholds. What though the breath
Of Zembla's winter ſhuts thy lucid ſtreams,
And hardens into braſs thy generous ſoil;
Though with one white and cheerleſs robe, thy hills
Inveſted, riſe a long and joyleſs waſte;
Leafleſs the grove, and dumb the lonely ſpray,
And every paſture mute: What though with clear
And fervid blaze, thy ſummer rolls his car,
And drives the languid herd and fainting flock,
To ſeek the ſhrouding umbrage of the dale;
While man, relax'd and feeble, anxious waits
The dewy eve, to ſlake his thirſty frame:
What though thy ſurface, rocky, rough and rude,
Scoop'd into vales, or heav'd in lofty hills,
Or cloud emboſom'd mountains, dares the plough,
And threatens toil intenſe to every ſwain:
What though foul Calumny, with voice malign,
Thy generous ſons, with every virtue grac'd,
Accus'd of every crime, and ſtill rolls down
The kennell'd ſtream of impudent abuſe:
Yet to high Heaven my ardent praiſes riſe,
That in thy lightſome vales he gave me birth,
All-gracious, and allows me ſtill to live.
Cold is thy clime, but every weſtern blaſt
Brings health, and life, and vigour on its wings;
Innerves the ſteely frame, and firms the ſoul
With ſtrength and hardihood; wakes each bold
And manly purpoſe; bears above the ills,
That ſtretch, upon the rack, the languid heart
Of ſummer's maiden ſons, in pleaſure's lap,
Dandled to dull repoſe. Exertion ſtrong
Marks their whole life. Mountains before them ſink
To mole-hills; oceans bar their courſe in vain.
Thro' the keen wintry wind they breaſt their way,
Or ſummer's fierceſt flame. Dread dangers rouſe
Their hearts to pleaſing conflict; toils and woes
Quicken their ardour: while, in milder climes,
Their peers effeminate they ſee with ſcorn

On lazy plains, diſſolv'd in putrid ſloth,
And ſtruggling hard for being. Thy rough ſoil
Tempts hardy labour, with its ſturdy team,
To turn, with ſinewy hand, the ſtony glebe,
And call forth every comfort from the mould,
Unpromiſing but kind. Thy houſes, barns,
Thy granaries, and thy cellars, hence are ſtor'd
With all the ſweets of life: while thro' thy realm,
A native beggar rarely pains the ſight.
Thy ſummer glows with heat; but choiceſt fruits
Hence purple in the ſun; hence ſparkling flowers
Gem the rich landſcape; donable harveſts hence
Load the full fields: pale Famine ſcowls aloof,
And Plenty wantons round thy varied year.
Rough is thy ſurface; but each landſcape bright,
With all of beauty, all of grandeur dreſs'd,
Of mountains, hills, and ſweetly winding vales,
Of foreſts, groves, and lawns, and meadows green,
And waters, varied by the plaiſtic hand,
Through all their fairy ſplendor, ceaſeleſs charms,
Poetic eyes. Spring bubbling round the year,
Gay-wand'ring brooks, wells at the ſurface full,
Yield life, and health, and joy, to every houſe,
And every vivid field. Rivers, with foamy courſe,
Pour o'er the ragged cliff, the white caſcade,
And roll unnumber'd mills; or, like the Nile,
Fatten the beauteous interval; or bear
The ſails of commerce through the laughing groves.
With wiſdom, virtue, and the generous love
Of learning, fraught, and freedom's living flame,
Electric, unextinguiſhable, fir'd,
Our Sires eſtabliſhed, in thy cheerful bounds,
The nobleſt inſtitutions, man has ſeen,
Since time his reign began. In little farms
They meaſur'd all thy realms, to every child
In equal ſhares deſcending; no entail
The firſt-born lifting into bloated pomp,
Tainting with luſt, and ſloth, and pride, and rage,
The world around him: all the race beſide,
Like brood of oſtrich, left for chance to rear,
And every foot to trample. Reaſon's ſway
Elective, founded on the rock of truth,
Wiſdom their guide, and equal good their end,
They built with ſtrength, that mocks the battring ſtorm,
And ſpurns the mining flood; and every right
Diſpenſ'd alike to all. Beneath their eye,
And forming hand, in every hamlet, roſe
The nurturing ſchool; in every village, ſmil'd
The heav'n inviting church, and every town

A world within itſelf, with order, peace,
And harmony, adjuſted all its weal.
Hence every ſwain, free, happy, his own lord,
With uſeful knowledge fraught, of buſineſs, laws,
Morals, religion, life, unaw'd by man,
And doing all, but ill, his heart can wiſh,
Looks round, and finds ſtrange happineſs his own;
And ſees that happineſs on laws depend.
On this heav'n laid foundation reſts thy ſway;
On knowledge to diſcern, and ſenſe to feel,
That free-born rule is life's perennial ſpring
Of real good. On this alone it reſts.
For, could thy ſons a full conviction feel,
That government was noxious, without arms,
Without intrigues, without a civil broil,
As torrents ſweep the ſand-built ſtructure down
A vote would wipe its very trace away.
Hence too each breaſt is ſteel'd for bold defence;
For each has much to loſe. Choſen by all,
The meſſenger of peace, by all belov'd,
Spreads, hence, the truth and virtue, he commands.
Hence manners mild, and ſweet, their peaceful ſway
Widely extend. Refinement on the heart
Illumes the general maſs. Even thoſe rude hills,
Thoſe deep embow'ring woods, in other lands
Prowl'd round by ſavages the ſame ſoft ſcenes,
Mild manners, order, virtue, peace, diſcloſe;
The howling foreſt poliſh'd as the plain.
From earlieſt years, the ſame enlightened ſoul
Founded bright ſchools of ſcience. Here the mind
Learn'd to expand its wing, and ſtretch its flight
Through truth's broad fields. Divines, and lawyers, hence,
Phyſicians, ſtateſmen, all with wiſdom fraught,
And learning, ſuited to the uſe of life,
And minds, by buſineſs, ſharpen'd into ſenſe,
Sagacious of the duty, and the weal,
Of man, ſpring numberleſs; and knowledge honce
Pours its ſalubrious ſtreams, through all the ſpheres
Of human life. Its bounds, and generous ſcope,
Hence Education opens, ſpreading far,
Through the bold yeomanry, that fill thy climes,
Views more expanded, generous, juſt, refin'd,
Than other nations know. In other lands,
The maſs of man, ſcarce rais'd above the brutes,
Drags dull the horſemill round of ſluggiſh life:
Nought known, beyond their daily toil; all elſe
By ignorance's dark curtain hid from ſight.
Here, glorious contraſt! every mind, inſpir'd
With active inquiſition, reſtleſs wings

Its flight to every flower, and, ſettling, drinks
Largely the ſweets of knowledge.
Candour, ſay,
Is this a ſtate of life, thy honeſt tongue
Could blacken ? Theſe a race of men, thy page
Could hand to infamy ? The ſhameful taſk
Thy foes at firſt began, and ſtill thy foes,
Laborious, weave the web of lies. 'Tis hence,
The generous traveller round him looks, amaz'd,
And wonders at our unexpected bliſs.

EVENING CONTEMPLATIONS IN A COLLEGE;

An Imitation of Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-Yard.

BY MR. DUNCOMBE.

THE curfew tolls the hour of cloſing gates,
With jarring ſound the porter turns the key:
Then in his dreary manſion ſlumbering waits,
And ſlowly, ſternly, quits it, though for me.

Now ſhine the ſpires beneath the pallid moon,
And through the cloiſters peace and ſilence reign;
Save where ſome fiddler ſcrapes a drowſy tune,
Or copious bowls inſpire a jovial ſtrain.

Save, that in yonder cobweb mantled room,
Where ſleeps a ſtudent in profound repoſe,
Oppreſs'd with ale, wide echoes through the gloom,
The droning muſic of his vocal noſe.

Within thoſe walls, where through the glimmering ſhade
Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
The peaceful fellows of the college ſleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early prayers,
The noiſy ſervants rattling o'er their heads,
The calls of buſineſs, and domeſtic cares,
Ne'er rouſe theſe ſleepers from their downy bed.

No chattering females crowd their ſocial fire,
No dread have they of diſcord and of ſtrife,
Unknown the names of huſband and of ſire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they baſk'd beneath the ſunny walls,
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight:
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
How ſmoke the cutlets in their crowded plate!

Oh! let not temp'rance, too diſdainful, hear
How long their feaſts, how long their dinners laſt:

Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous ſneer,
On theſe unmarried men reflections caſt.

The ſplendid fortune, and the beauteous face,
(Themſelves confeſs it, and their ſires bemoan)
Too ſoon are caught by ſcarlet and by lace;
Theſe ſons of ſcience ſhine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
If theſe no feats of gaiety diſplay,
Where through proud Ranelah's wide echoing vault
Melodious Fraſi* trills her quivering lay.

Say, is the ſword well ſuited to the band?
Does 'broider'd coat agree with ſable gown?
Can Mechlin laces ſhade a churchman's hand?
Or learning's votaries ape the beaux of town?

Perhaps in theſe time tottering walls reſide
Some who were once the darling of the fair,
Some who of old could taſtes and faſhions guide,
Controul the manager, and awe the play'r.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant mind
With Rome's rich ſpoils, and truth's exalted views,
Fir'd them with tranſports of a nobler kind,
And bade them ſlight all females—but the muſe.

Full many a lark, high towering to the ſky,
Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light;
Full many a ſtar, unſeen by mortal eye,
With twinkling luſtre glimmers through the night.

Some future Herring, who, with dauntleſs breaſt,
Rebellion's torrent ſhall like him oppoſe;
Some mute, unconſcious Hardwicke here may reſt,
Some Pelham dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applauſe;
'Midſt ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To ſhield Britannia and Religion's laws,
And ſteer, with ſteady courſe, the helm of ſtate.

Fate yet forbids; nor circumſcribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines,
Forbids in Freedom's veil t' inſult the throne,
Beneath her maſk to hide the worſt deſigns;

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind
With—'Penſions, taxes, marriages, and Jews.'
Or ſhut the gates of heaven on loſt mankind,
And wreſt their darling hopes, their future views.

---

* A late celebrated Italian ſinger.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous ſtrife,
Their wiſhes never yet have learn'd to ſtray;
Content and happy in a ſingle life,
They keep the noiſeleſs tenour of their way.

E'en now their books from cobwebs to protect,
Inclos'd by doors of glaſs in Doric ſtyle,
On poliſh'd pillars rais'd, with bronzes deck'd,
They claim the paſſing tribute of a ſmile.

Oft are the author's names, though richly bound,
Miſpelt by blundering binder's want of care,
And many a catalogue is ſtrew'd around,
To tell th' admiring gueſt what books are there.

For who, to thoughtleſs ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold ſhort dalliance with a book?
Who there but wiſhes to prolong his ſtay,
And on thoſe caſes caſts a lingering look?

Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes,
Novels, Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require,
For Songs and Plays the voice of Beauty cries,
And Senſe and Nature Grandiſon deſire.

For thee, who mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate,
If chance, with prying ſearch, in future years,
Some antiquarian ſhould enquire thy fate;

Haply ſome friend may ſhake his hoary head,
And ſay, 'Each morn unchill'd by froſts he ran,
'With hoſe ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,
'To reach the chapel ere the pſalm began;

'There, in the arms of that lethargic chair,
'Which rears its old moth-eaten back ſo high,
'At noon he quaff'd three glaſſes to the fair,
'And por'd upon the news with curious eye.

'Now by the fire engag'd in ſerious talk,
'Or mirthful converſe, would he loitering ſtand;
'Then in the garden choſe a ſunny walk
'Or launch'd the poliſh'd bowl with ſteady hand.

'One morn we miſs'd him at the hour of prayer,
'Nor in the hall, nor on his favourite green;
'Another came: nor yet within the chair,
'Nor yet at bowls, or chapel was he ſeen.

'The next we heard that in a neighb'ring ſhire,
'That day to church he led a bluſhing bride;
'A nymph whoſe ſnowy veſt and maiden fear
'Improv'd her beauty while the knot was ty'd.

Now, by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,
'He roves enraptur'd through the fields of Kent:
'Yet ever mindful of the place he lov'd,
'Read here the letter which he lately ſent.'

THE LETTER.

IN rural innocence ſecure I dwell,
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown;
Approving conſcience cheers my humble cell,
And ſocial quiet marks me for her own.

Next to the bleſſings of religious truth,
Two gifts my daily gratitude engage;
A WIFE—the joy and tranſport of my youth,
A SON—the comfort of declining age.

Seek not to draw me from this calm retreat,
In loftier ſpheres unfit, untaught to move;
Content with plain domeſtic life, where meet
The ſweets of friendſhip, and the ſmiles of love.

A FEMALE WORTHY.

"BEYOND that hillock, topp'd with ſcatter'd trees,
That meet, with freſheſt green, the haſtening breeze,
There, where the glaſſy brook reflects the day,
Nor weeds, nor ſedges, choke its cryſtal way,
Where budding willows feel the earlieſt ſpring,
And wonted red-breaſts ſafely neſt, and ſing,
A female worthy lives; and all the poor
Can point the way to her ſequeſter'd door.
"She, unſeduc'd by dreſs and idle ſhow,
The forms and rules of faſhion never knew;
Nor glittering in the ball, her form diſplay'd;
Nor yet can tell a diamond from a ſpade.
Far other objects claim'd her ſteady care;
The morning chapter, and the nightly prayer;
The frequent viſit to the poor man's ſhed;
The wakeful nurſing at the ſick man's bed;
Each day to riſe before the early ſun;
Each day to ſee her daily-duty done;
To cheer the partner of her houſhold cares,
And mould her children from their earlieſt years.
"Small is her houſe; but fill'd with ſtores of good;
Good, earn'd with toil, and with delight beſtow'd.
In the clean cellar, rang'd in order neat,
Gay ſmiling Plenty boaſts her caſks of meat,
Points, to ſmall eyes, the bins where apples glow,
And marks her cider-butts, in ſtately row.

Her granary fill'd with harveſt's various pride,
Still ſees the poor man's buſhel laid aſide;
Here ſwells the flaxen, there the fleecy ſtore,
And the long wood-pile mocks the winter's power:
White are the ſwine; the poultry plump and large;
For every creature thrives, beneath her charge.
" Plenteous, and plain, the furniture is ſeen;
All form'd for uſe, and all as ſilver clean.
On the clean dreſſer, pewter ſhines arow;
The clean-ſcour'd bowls are trimly ſet below;
While the waſh'd coverlet, and linen white,
Aſſure the traveller a refreſhing night.
" Oft have I ſeen, and oft ſtill hope to ſee,
This friend, this parent to the poor and me,
Tho' bent with years, and toil, and care, and woe,
Age lightly ſilver'd on her furrow'd brow,
Her frame ſtill uſeful, and her mind ſtill young,
Her judgment vigorous, and her memory ſtrong.
Serene her ſpirits, and her temper ſweet,
And pleas'd the youthful circle ſtill to meet,
Cheerful, the long accuſtom'd taſk purſue,
Prevent the ruſt of age, and life renew;
To church, ſtill pleas'd, and able ſtill to come,
And ſhame the lounging youth, who ſleep at home.
" Such as her toils, has been the bright reward;
For Heaven will always toils like theſe regard.
Safe, on her love, her truth and wiſdom tried,
Her huſband's heart, through lengthen'd life relied;
From little, daily ſaw his wealth increaſe,
His neighbours love him, and his houſehold bleſs;
In peace and plenty liv'd, and died reſign'd,
And, dying, left ſix thouſand pounds behind.
Her children, train'd to uſefulneſs alone,
Still love the hand that led them kindly on,
With pious duty, own her wiſe beheſt,
And, every day, riſe up and call her bleſt.
" More would ye know, of each poor hind enquire,
Who ſees no ſun go down upon his hire;
A cheerful witneſs, did each neighbour come;
Aſk each ſad wanderer where he finds a home;
His tribute e'en the vileſt wretch will give,
And praiſe the uſeful life, he will not live."

AN INTENDED INSCRIPTION, WRITTEN FOR THE MONUMENT ON BEACON-HILL, IN BOSTON, AND ADDRESSED TO THE PASSENGER.

By James Allen, of Boſton.

WHERE ſtretch'd your ſail, beneath what foreign ſky
Did lov'lier landſcapes ever charm your eye?
Could fancy's fairy pencil, Stranger! ſay,
E'en dipt in dreams, a nobler ſcene pourtray?
Behold yon vales, whoſe ſkirts elude your view,
And mountains fading to aërial blue!
Along their bow'ry ſhades how healthy toil
Alternate ſports, or tends the mellow ſoil.
See rural towns mid groves and gardens riſe,
And eaſtward,—where the ſtretching ocean lies,
Lo! our fair capital ſublimes the ſcene,
New *Albion's* pride, and ocean's future queen;
How o'er the tradeful port auguſt ſhe ſmiles,
Her ſea-like haven boaſts an hundred iſles,
Whence hardy commerce ſwells the lofty ſails
O'er arctic ſeas, and mocks the polar gales,
Thence tides of wealth the wafting breezes bring,
And hence e'en culture feels its vital ſpring.
Theſe ſcenes our Sires from rugged nature wrought,
Since—what dire wars their patriotic race have fought!
Witneſs yon tracts, where firſt the Briton bled,
Driv'n by our youth redoubted PIERCY fled:
There BREED aſcends, and BUNKER's bleeding ſteeps,
Still o'er whoſe brow abortive Vict'ry weeps;
What Trophies ſince! the gaze of after times,
Rear'd *Freedom's* empire o'er our happy climes!
But hence, fond Stranger, take a nobler view,
See yon ſhorn elm,* whence all theſe glories grew.
Here, where the armed foe preſumptuous trod,
Trampled our ſhrines, and even mouth'd our GOD,
His vengeful hand, deep as the parent-root,
Lopt each grown branch, and ev'ry ſuckling ſhoot;
Becauſe beneath her conſecrated ſhade
Our earlieſt vows to LIBERTY were paid.
High from *her Altar* blew the heaven-caught fire,
While all our wealth o'erhung the kindling pyre.
How at the deed the nations ſtood aghaſt,
As on the pile our plighted lives we caſt!
O! if an alien from our fair domains,
The blood of *Britain*, hapleſs, taint your veins,
Pace o'er that hallow'd ground with awful tread,
And tears, atoning, o'er yon relick ſhed;

---

* The ſtump of Liberty-tree.

But if, American! your lineage ſprings,
From Sires, who ſcorn the pedigree of kings,
A Georgian born you breathe the tepid air,
Or on the breezy banks of *Delaware*,
Or hardy *Hampſhire* claim your haughty birth,
Revere yon root, and kiſs its nurt'ring earth:
O be its fibres fed with flowing ſprings,
Whence roſe our empires o'er the thrones of kings;
E'en now deſcend, adore the dear remain,
Where firſt rear'd Liberty's illumin'd fane,
There all the race, while times revolve ſhall come,
As pilgrims flock to MECCA's idol'd tomb.

TO CLEANTINE.

TELL me, unfeeling maid, of ſordid mould
Whoſe thoughts the charms of wealth alone approve,
Say, can your glitt'ring, dear lov'd idol—gold,
Compenſate for the bliſs of mutual love?

To win the rich prize to your longing arms,
Try ev'ry ſcheme, that takes th' unwary heart;
With practis'd ſkill diſplay your brighteſt charms,
Spread ev'ry lure, and practiſe ev'ry art.

And then with downcaſt, paſſion-feigning eye,
Falſely reluctant take the offer'd hand;
At Hymen's altar liſp the conſcious lie,
With mock confuſion, and demeanor bland.

In proud magnificence, ah! roll along,
The glitt'ring ſlave of pageant-loving pride,
And ſhine ſupreme amidſt the birthnight throng,
(Much envy'd lot) ſome Timon's ſplendid bride.

Theſe all my pity, more than envy raiſe;
The arts of pride reflection cannot drown;
And while your face the maſk of mirth diſplays,
Your aching heart will ſigh for bliſs unknown.

Mine be the maid whoſe ſentiments refin'd,
Not fortune with her golden lure can move;
Who ſeeks alone the mutual-kindling mind,
And nobly aſks for nought in love, but love.

With gen'rous ſcorn, her guiltleſs ſoul diſdains
The poor low triumph of a little mind,
To ſmile exulting o'er a Lover's pains,
And taunt the wretch to miſery conſign'd.

Tender, ingenous, devoid of art,
Not meaning ill, nor idly fearing wrong,
The genuine dictates of her gentle heart,
Flow pure and artleſs from her faithful tongue.

Truth ſhould her brighteſt, richeſt meed prepare,
To bleſs the maid, who does her truth avow;
And on the tender, and the conſtant fair,
Should Love and Faith their choiceſt gifts beſtow.

Unfriended let him live, that can deceive,
And that kind heart to lovelorn woe conſign;
For him no ſympathizing boſom heave,
That, wanton, e'er ſhall force a ſigh from thine.

ODE TO THE PEREMPTORY, ILL-NATURED, AND UNWELCOME MONOSYLLABLE—NO.

THOU ſaucy malapert! away!
Thy name, ah! may I never hear,
Nor blaſts malignant e'er convey
Thy mandate to my ſtartled ear,
May winds diſperſe the ſound in air,
E'er on the trembling nerve impreſt,
(The ſound that fills with grief the breaſt,
And gives the heart to dire deſpair)
All hateful! may the maid I love renounce thee,
And never, with averted look, pronounce thee.

Full many a heart, oppreſt with woe,
Has cauſe to mourn thy baleful powers,
That bid the ſtream of ſorrow flow,
Fall faſt adown in briny ſhow'rs.
For ſweatmeats teazing, many a boy,
Struck with the heart-appalling ſound,
Has weeping rolled along the ground,
His little boſom dead to joy;
Or fled to vent the greif that rends his ſoul,
In ſome dark corner or ſome gloomy hole.

Thou offspring vile of tyrant pride,
Thou lordeſt o'er the weak and poor;
Like ſurly porter, or ſour maſtiff try'd,
Doſt ſpurn the ſuppliant from the door—
To wand'ring mendicants well known,
Thy dreaded name gives little care,
But ſinks the wretch, who ſeeks a boon,
In loweſt depths of dark deſpar,
The pliant courtier, at my Lord's levee,
More than the devil dreads the ſight of thee.

In all its gorgon terrors deck'd,
Thy form the trembling poet ſcares;
Who long, in ſpite of cold neglect,
Has worry'd patronage with pray'rs.
The wretched ſcribler ſlow retires,

Dejected, all his wiſhes croſt,
All hopes of future fortune's loſt,
And quench'd the muſe's ardent fires;
Full well his lengthen'd face, and hollow cheek,
The poignant anguiſh of his ſoul beſpeak.

The ſighing lover, too, poor wight!
By thee (hard caſe) expell'd from heav'n,
Muſt quit his dear-lov'd fair-one's ſight,
And fly, to lonely deſerts driv'n:
Wild-ſtarting, ſtill he ſeems to hear,
Re-echo'd 'midſt the gloom profound,
The dreadful hope-deſtroying ſound,
All ſad vibrating on his ear:
And lonely wand'ring o'er the wild, diſtreſt,
He ſtrays forlorn, and weeping beats his breaſt.

Ah! ne'er with rigor ſtern oppoſe
The gentle wiſhes of a genial flame,
Nor give a prey to hopeleſs woes,
The heart a better meed may claim.
But, when with wild, unbrideled force,
Heedleſs of reaſon's high beheſt,
Rude paſſions ſway the ardent breaſt,
Reſtrain us in our headlong courſe:
When we, forgetful, ceaſe to act as men,
Step reſolute between, and check us then.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

By ——— *Evans.*

AS from the eaſt, yon orb firſt darts his ray
O'er heav'ns blue vault, and weſtward bends his way;
So Science in the orient climes began,
And, like bright Sol, a weſtern circuit ran;
From Egypt's ſchools to Greece was learning brought,
What Cadmus old, or Palamedes taught;
Her form illuſtrious Athens did illume,
And rais'd the genius of imperial Rome.
From Latium's plains ſhe ſought Britannia's ſhore,
And bid her barb'rous ſons be rude no more.
Fierce nations roam'd around the rugged iſle,
Till Science on its fields began to ſmile.
Fair Cam and Iſis heard no muſe's ſtrains,
Their ſhades were trod by wolves and fiercer Danes;
'Till, with the Arts, Auguſta's grandeur roſe,
And her loud thunder ſhook the deep's repoſe:
And ſuch in time (if right the Muſe deſcries)
Shall this wide realm with tow'ry cities riſe.

The ſpacious Delaware through future ſong,
Shall roll in deathleſs majeſty along ;
Each grove and mountain ſhall be ſacred made,
As now is Cooper's Hill and Windſor's ſhade.
Fluſh'd with the thought, I'm borne to ages hence,
The muſe wrought viſion ruſhes on my ſenſe,
Methinks Meſſiah's enſign I behold
In the deep gloom of yonder ſhades inroll'd,
And hear the goſpel's ſilver clarion ſound,
Rouſing with heav'nly ſtrains the heathen round:
Methinks I hear the nations ſhout aloud,
And to the glory-beaming ſtandard croud ;
New inſpiration ſhake each trembling frame,
The Paracelete pour forth the lambent flame,
In unremitting ſtreams on ev'ry ſoul,
While thro' their breaſts celeſtial tranſports roll.
Stupendous change ! methinks th' effects appear;
In the dark region ſacred temples rear
Their lofty heads. Fair cities ſtrike my ſight ;
And heav'n-taught Science ſpreads a dazzling light,
O'er the rough ſcene where Error's court was found,
And red-eye'd Slaughter crimſon'd all the ground.

TO MY PEN.

LITTLE pliant, paſſive tool,
Employ'd alike by wit and fool,
By high and low of all conditions,
By Poets, Beaux, and Politicians,
By Doctors, Parſons, ledger'd cits,
By Lawers, Clerks, and would-be Wits :
Theſe all thy uſes know full well,
Theſe all can of thy ſervice tell,
Yet none of them, in tuneful lays,
E'er thought thee worth one line of praiſe.
When in their ſervice worn quite out,
Too oft the thoughtleſs, thankleſs rout
No ſigns of gratitude diſplay,
But caſt the careleſly away,
Among the ſweepings of the floor
To lie, and ne'er be thought of more ;
Or toſs thee (ſhameful) on the fire,
On ſmoking ſea-coal to expire.
So, when advanc'd their private ends,
Some men forget their kindeſt friends;
So miniſters, on heights ſublime,
Forget the ſteps by which they climb,
And elevated next the throne,
Oft kick their friendly ladder down.

Slave to the Muſe's ſcribbling train,
Muſt thou for them ſtill drudge in vain?
Conductor of the poet's fire,
Muſt thou unnotic'd then expire,
And ne'er on thee the grateful Bard
Beſtow one verſe, thy bleſt reward?
Forbid it all ye tuneful throng!
Forbid it all ye powers of ſong!
Bards and their pens, like friend and brother,
Should kindly recommend each other.
Without a recollective ſigh,
Thou ſhalt not in oblivion lie;
This verſe will ſhew how much I prize thee—
And could I—I'd immortalize thee.
Thou ne'er ſhalt ſtain the guiltleſs page,
With the mad ſtrains of party rage;
No virtuous character defame,
Or tinge the modeſt cheek with ſhame;
Or ever publiſh venal lays,
To any worthleſs patron's praiſe;
Or e'er, the ſenſe of ſhame forgot,
Careleſs let fall a vicious blot.
Be this my ſole deſign and end,
To prove thee ever virtue's friend,
And ſtill thro' life determin'd ſhew
To vice an unrelenting foe:
And then if honeſt fame refuſe
A wreath to grace my humble muſe,
I blame not her—but muſt infer it—
My verſe has had no real merit.

FINIS.

NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY

MAGAZINE.

No. 1.

For APRIL, MAY & JUNE, 1802.

Conditions of the New England QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

1. Each Number shall contain 288 pages.
2. The Numbers shall be published once a Quarter.
3. The price of each Number one Dollar.

Subscriptions received by Cotton Bingham, No. 44 Cornhill, and by other Booksellers in Town and Country.

NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY

MAGAZINE,

No.

For APRIL, MAY & JUNE, 1802.

Conditions of the New England Quarterly Magazine.

1. Each Number shall contain 288 pages.
2. The Numbers shall be published once a Quarter.
3. The price of each Number one Dollar.

Subscriptions received by Caleb Bingham, No. 44 Cornhill, and by other Booksellers in Town and Country.

TO THE SONS OF GENIUS.

The Proprietors, knowing that there are many young men, whom the Muſes have enliſted in the ſervices, and who would be fond of communicating to the public through the medium of a literary miſcellany, a portion of their lucubrations, invite them to encloſe their favors, and ſend them to No. 44 Cornhill, directed to the Editors of the New England Quarterly Magazine. Any productions, moral, amuſing, inſtructive, or uſeful, will be gratefully received, and freely admitted. Criticiſm ſhall not be malignant; candor's eye will peruſe the communication, and gratitude acknowledge it.

PRINTING,

IN ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES,

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,

By Moses Sprague,

No. 4, MARLBORO' STREET;

Who has for Sale, a New Democratic Edition of JEFFERSON'S NOTES

ON VIRGINIA, with a Portrait of the Author.

New Books for Sale

By CALEB BINGHAM, No, 44 Cornhill.

Atala, or the Love and Conſtancy of two Savages in the Deſart.
Price, 75 cents.

An Hiſtorical Grammar, or a Chronological Abridgement of Univerſal Hiſtory, 75 *cents.*

American Precedents of Declarations.

Mackenzie's Voyage to the Weſtern Ocean.

George Barrington's Voyage to Botany Bay.

Morſe's Gazetteer of the Eaſtern Continent, &c.